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ELI AND SYBIL JONES:

THEIR LIFE AND WORK.

BY

RUFUS M. JONES.

"Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine."

In Memoriam.

PRESENTED

BY

**HENRY H. MOSHER FUND
NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING
RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS**

PHILADELPHIA

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TO
THE SWEET AND SHINING MEMORY
OF
PLINY EARLE CHASE,
WHOSE SCHOLARSHIP AND CHRISTIAN MANHOOD INSPIRED
YOUNG MEN TO RICHER AND PURER LIVES, AND
WHO AS TEACHER POINTED STUDENTS
TO THE
GREAT MASTER,
THIS BOOK
IS
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
BY HIS PUPIL.

PREFACE.

IN our busy and material lives we all need to be reminded at times that there have been and still are among us those who have deadened love of self, whose struggle on earth, far from being to amass any kind of treasures, is to bring before as many human beings as possible the great plan of salvation, the means of elevation from degradation to lofty Christian individuality, and the source of a power and a love which are making all things new in proportion as submission is given thereto.

We are not always conscious of the strength exerted around us by seemingly trivial forces, but their work is no less important in the development of the globe than the violent upheavals which overawe us by their stupendous might. So, often, quiet lives extend a wider permanent influence for the welfare of man than do those of men and women who receive the unstinted praise of their contemporaries.

ELI and SYBIL JONES have done valuable service, and have lived lives full of teaching to those who wish to

enter upon a course of devoted obedience to the same Master. I have prepared this sketch of their lives and work from the love which I feel for them, and in the hope that it will interest and profit others. I am conscious that the stamp of youth is on the work, but I am certain that it has been undertaken and accomplished in the spirit of sincerity.

The visit to Liberia was wonderful in many ways, and should have been published after their return, so that their work might have brought forth more decided fruit. The letters from Palestine and Syria were written for the *Friends' Review* by Eli Jones and Ellen Clare Miller (since Pearson). Extracts have been chosen to give their descriptions of the country and the nature of their work there.

The book has been prepared in the midst of other work, and that must in part be the apology for its imperfections. Having as a young man received invaluable help from these two Friends, and feeling that their words and lives have done much to throw light on the true path which broadens into the "highway of holiness," it is my hope that this simple recital may in a measure repay what I owe them and find a place of usefulness in the world.

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ELI AND SYBIL JONES.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

“Man is the nobler growth our soil supplies,
And souls are ripened 'neath our northern skies.”

THE man whose early life was passed in the isolation of primeval forests, and who grew to manhood carrying on an unceasing struggle to turn the rough, uncultivated soil into productive fields, gardens, and pasture-lands, has worked into his life something which no coming generation can inherit or acquire. He has missed the broad culture of the schools and universities, he cannot gain the intellectual skill which long study gives, but he has had a training which lays a foundation for the keenest judgment and for prompt decision in complicated circumstances, and his soul in solitude has taken in truths of God which often escape men lost in the tumultuous world of business and pleasure. The men who were born during the first quarter of a century after our national life began have nearly all been characterized by special traits which will perhaps not appear again in the more developed growth of the nation. It has not astonished us to see a man leave his little cottage

after twenty-five years of toil and go through all the grades of honor, reach a position from which he could hardly go higher, and finally depart from a life unspotted, respected by mankind.

But in this development there is no chance: he mounts by a law which, if we knew it, is as unvariable as that of gravitation. The powers of the mind and soul seek a field in which they may be put to work at profit. It cannot be uninteresting to follow the course of a man who has shown—at least to those who have known him well—that there was something in him of value to the world. In measuring the worth of any man, we must not be dazzled by the glare of earthly glory, but calmly inquire what he has done that has built itself into other lives, and we must look beyond outward things to see in how far he has been the honored tool of the Supreme Worker.

The family of Jones is a large one, and its genealogical table would make a long story. Welsh John succeeded Welsh John, and was called John's son until time wore the name down to Jones. Generation after generation they held their place and did their work among the Welsh hills, until one of them was called upon to steer the Mayflower with its precious load to Plymouth. Eli Jones writes in a letter dated 1st mo. 9th, 1888: "I have been reading Bonvard's *Plymouth and the Pilgrims*, from which I learn that Isaac Robinson, son of the Rev. John Robinson, pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers, was an early settler at Plymouth, and that he became a Quaker. Our grandmother Jepson was a Robinson, and, for aught I know, great-great-great-grandniece of this very Isaac Robinson. The

captain of the *Mayflower* was a Jones. With him we claim kindred, and that claim is readily allowed. Now, if our great-great-great-grandsire was the venerable patriarch who led in prayer and gave the memorable parting charge * to the Pilgrims, and if his son, our great-great-greatuncle, was, as history relates, a trading man in the colony and a "convinced Friend," it is certainly fitting that we should take a lively interest in what occurred among our kin in 1620."

Much later, after many settlements in different parts of New England had failed, and the Pilgrim and Puritan colonies were in prosperous growth, three brothers bearing the name of Jones came to this continent. One of them found a forest home on the bank of the Androscoggin River, six miles from Brunswick, in the township of Durham and District of Maine. Quite a large number of friends collected here, and a meeting-house was built not far away. There was a large Friends' meeting at Deering, near Portland, and the name of Jones was common among its members. The monthly and quarterly meetings at each place were frequently visited by Friends from the other, necessitating a foot-journey of fully forty miles through almost

* John Robinson's charge is as follows: "I charge you, before God and his blessed angels, that ye follow me no further than ye have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the Reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God. I beseech you remember it—'tis an article of your Church covenant—that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written word of God."

pathless woods. The house is still standing in which Abel Jones was born. He determined to leave his home and go farther north. He travelled on horseback up the Kennebec River as far as Vassalboro', and then rode ten miles east to the north-eastern end of what is now China Lake, in earlier times often called the "Twelve-mile Pond," because it is twelve miles from Augusta, the State capital. His young bride, Susannah Jepson, rode on horseback from North Berwick, a distance of one hundred and fifteen miles. She was attended by her brother alone, and brought only what a pair of saddlebags could hold. Here in a little house, in the year 1807, their first child was born and named Eli. A letter was at once sent to the young child's grandfather and grandmother at Durham. The letter came to the nearest post-station, twelve miles away, and was taken in charge by an elderly Friend who lived there. He volunteered to start out at once to carry the letter to its destination, thinking it might contain valuable information. As he listened to its contents at the end of his journey he made the significant remark, "Is that all there is in it?" and jogged back home.

One's first thought would be that if a child was to be brought up in the Maine woods, it would make very little difference in what part of the State the spot happened to be; but it is not at all so. As a young life is very susceptible to outward scenes and every-day events, we can hardly estimate the moulding influence of little things.

The life of the few families in the early history of China would be exceedingly interesting if we only had a graphic sketch from the pen of one of its settlers.

Owning the acres they cleared and tilled and the houses in which they dwelt, they called no man master, but they bowed in reverence before their heavenly King and obeyed His commandments. They did their day's work week after week, little thinking that a generation would come which would wish to follow the story of their trials and triumphs, their joys and sorrows; and now almost all that is left us is the inherited strength from their sturdy lives and a few stories of their sufferings.

Without doubt, nothing in nature had more influence on the bent of Eli Jones's mind than China Lake and its beautiful shores. A boy placed on the bank of a lake stretching off seven miles becomes inheritor to a domain more vast than the acres of water it contains. He feels that he owns so much of this world's glory, and this feeling of ownership lifts him out of the common, dull round of life. Year by year he owns more in proportion as his soul expands and he sees more of God's work and God's love in the painted sunsets beyond the western shore and in the forests above and below the placid waters. No one who has not experienced it can appreciate the worth of a lake to a boy. It is not simply because he can fish there, or can swim there, or can make a rude boat and so float on its surface. That is its chief worth to the thoughtless boy, but it was not all to the keenly perceptive child who was father to the man Eli Jones. It was his great playmate whom he loved. It was at the same time his teacher, whose "various language" spoke a Father's presence and His love.

It is very monotonous toil changing a rough forest to a productive farm, but a youth becomes a familiar

friend to stumps, hillocks, and rocks; to him the mounds are Indian graves, the tall stones mark the final resting-places of mighty chiefs, and his imagination fills the round of work with marvellous scenes. Very many, doubtless, see only their work and the fruit of it, but there are a few who see mysteries and learn lessons wherever they are placed, so that monotony is changed to endless variety. Eli Jones was one of those boys who make gain from ethereal things.

The spot which Abel Jones chose for his home had many of the characteristics of a scene in Maine. Hills were backed by other hills, and not far in from the lake was a mile-long "horseback." * The trees were not pigmies in those days, but giant oaks and pines,

" Whose living towers the years conspired to build,
Whose giddy tops the morning loved to gild."

There were dense forests of cedar, and the scattered bass-woods made the whole place fragrant in the spring. Never had an axe swung in these solitudes, and the mighty power of the ages was felt as these stout pines met the breeze. It was no small privilege to be canopied with such a tent as their meeting tops made.

" Whoso walks in solitude
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave, rock, and bird
Before the money-loving herd,—
Into that forester shall pass,
From these companions, power and grace.
On him the light of star and moon
Shall fall with purer radiance down ;

* These ridges are very abundant in Maine, and are supposed to owe their origin to glacial action.

All constellations of the sky
Shed their virtue through his eye.
Him Nature giveth for defence
His formidable innocence.
The mounting sap, the shells, the sea,
All spheres, all stones, his helpers be."

China had first been settled in 1774 by a family of Clarks. There were four brothers, two of whom were Friends. They cut the first tree that a white man's axe had ever felled in the township, and began to survey the land for homes. The two Friends chose the eastern and the others the western side of the lake. Life in the midst of the Maine forest implied struggle, and these families were courageous. No report of possible gold-mines or other hidden wealth drew them and those who followed them, but the desire to seek out quiet homes for themselves and their children where the temptations to a life of uselessness would be few. Trials they expected, and they were not spared. It was a hand-to-hand contest with want. At one time a cow was nearly the only valuable possession of the little company, and this was accidentally shot for a deer. The men went often ten miles through the woods, by the aid of "spotted" or "blazed" trees, to get their corn ground. We are told that in one case the mother was forced to put stones, in lieu of potatoes, in the hot ashes to induce her crying hungry children to go to bed until they should be called, and often the potatoes which had been planted were dug up to be eaten. Indians and the wild animals were around them, continually causing fear. In a cove at the south-western shore of the lake is a large heart, called the "Indian's

heart," cut in a huge boulder, and in spring nearly covered by water.* This marks the encampment of a tribe of Indians naturally friendly to their white neighbors, but exceedingly treacherous. On one occasion they visited the settlers in a body, and while the latter were unsuspectingly entertaining them they threw water on the guns of the white men, and only the darkness of the night saved these from destruction.

Gradually one family after another was added to the community, and as they all came for the same purpose, the settlement was composed of strong characters. These farmers had the idea that it should not be the chief aim of those who till the soil to grow rich, or to fill the market with choice vegetables, or to gain an easy livelihood, but rather to send out from their households sons and daughters marked by strength of character and able to do manly and womanly work in the various spheres of the world. Their visible work-field may have seemed narrow and roughly hedged in, but they felt the needs of the future, and did their best to raise a tower of strength in the land by properly training their successors. The horizon which shuts in their real domain expands as the times grow riper.

The first Friends' meeting in China was held about 1803, in a private house two and a half miles from the south end of the lake. Abel Jones was married to Susannah Jepson in this house in 1806, and about seven years later a meeting-house was built, to which Eli was taken even before it was wholly finished. This building was heated by a wood-fire under an iron kettle, and in every particular it was plain and rough; but no more sincere praises to the Lord have risen

through the arches of marvellously wrought cathedrals than in this forest meeting-house. Eli Jones's grandfather on his mother's side was the first acknowledged minister in this meeting. Eli first heard the gospel preached in this house, and here he saw the occasional visitors from afar. Each year, which added its natural increase to the boy's stature, was marking a no less evident growth of mind and vigor of spirit. His mother taught him that "serving God and keeping His commandments was the whole duty of man." He was shown by the quiet example of both parents that honest work in the right spirit is an essential part of pure and undefiled religion, while the lives of Joseph, Samuel, David, and Daniel were put before him, showing him the justness of God's dealing in the different ages, both in rewarding righteousness and in punishing unrighteousness. Those heroes of faith of the Old Testament made a deep impression on him, as they must on every young person whose mind is not corrupted by the unnatural and impossible fictions of the present day; but the pages which told of Christ's work and words, His life and death, were so fixed in his mind and heart that the great Master early began to shape and strengthen the character of His chosen disciple.

CHAPTER II.

AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME.

“My mind, aspire to higher things—
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust.”

PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE opportunities for study in China were not enough to satisfy a boy with even a moderately strong desire for knowledge. Books were as rare as in the days before John Gutenberg, and Eli Jones has often said that if he had been asked ten times a day what he most wished for, he would have answered each time, Books. The fact that he longed so to read, and that he was almost entirely confined to the Bible, resulted in his becoming thoroughly familiar with the different parts of that great Book. It furnished him his poetry, his history, and his ethics; it was his reading-book and his spelling-book. Joseph in his coat of many colors and David with his sling were as much acquaintances of his as were the few boys he played with. David's lament for Jonathan and Deborah's song of triumph, the spiritual melody of the Psalms and Isaiah's rapt words, made him feel the power of Hebrew poetry, while the New Testament was helping him to know the manliness and divinity of Christ. What boys acquired in those days was well acquired, and if they did not have as much learning, they often were

imbued with a better learning than at the end of the same century. It is certain that Eli had the spirit to learn, and did what he could to lay a proper foundation.

While he was still very young he came with his father and mother to live at the south end of the lake, and there was built the house which has been the birth-place and home of so many of the Jones family. During the years of political excitement and fierce war against the mother-country—the years between 1812 and 1815—hardly a rumor of the outside strife had penetrated the long line of unbroken forests. While men were dying daily to force England to respect American rights, and while Europe was united to crush Napoleon, the citizens along China Lake were building brick-kilns to make material for the chimneys of their houses, doing their every-day work without knowing, perhaps, that Bonaparte was in the world, and having no fear that a war-cloud might break over them. Thus the future lover of peace dwelt in peace, and he did not need to learn the horrors of war by experience to hate it.

A schoolhouse was built just over the hill north of his home, and thither he went to be taught; but the terms were very short, and the teachers only knew a few first principles, though they faithfully labored to fix these in the minds of their pupils. One teacher, after working two days on a problem in long division, gave the result to Eli Jones, saying, "I know that is right now, but I can't explain it to you or tell you why it is done that way." Eli had an exalted opinion of one of the teachers who held sway in this little house, and has often spoken of him with affection. He spent a whole

winter teaching his older pupils to spell ordinary English words correctly, and took Eli through the spelling-book until all the words in it were fixed visibly in his brain, where they have since remained; and in all his teaching since spelling has been one of the branches which was not elective in the course.

During the winter of 1827 he had the benefit of the charitable fund at the Friends' School in Providence, R. I. He divided the half year with another scholar, so that he had only three months, but he was prepared to make the most of this opportunity. He took ship-passage from Bath to Providence. The first night after his departure from home his mother passed in walking the floor and worrying for her boy tossed on the sea, as she supposed, but he was quietly sleeping all the while in his berth on the ship, which had anchored in the harbor on account of fog, and sailed the next morning.

Friends' School, which had been opened at Portsmouth in 1784, was in its second organization less than ten years old when he came to it, but it was firmly established, and was often visited by its foster-father, the venerable Moses Brown. The institution consisted of one tall, massive brick building looking toward the south, and two lower transverse wings, to which successive additions have been made to meet the needs of the times. In front and rear of the buildings were extensive grounds divided into yards, lawns, and groves of oak and chestnut trees, then in their youth, now majestic with the increase of half a century. Beyond the boundary of the school property, toward the river which Roger Williams had crossed in his search for a peaceful abode, were great forests of

ancient maples, oaks, and chestnuts, with hillsides of towering hemlocks, and swamps where the boys, who did not study botany, sought for little beyond the extermination of a marvellous race of black snakes. From the cupola of the middle building was a prospect of wide extent, showing to the new-comers the whole State at a glance, and placing before their eyes the waters of Narragansett Bay.

Enoch Breed—called universally “Cousin Enoch”—was at the head of the school as superintendent, while his wife, “Cousin Lydia,” was the matron. She was a sweet, lovely lady, and her presence was felt by all in the school. “Cousin Enoch” was not an educator, but he was a kind, fatherly man, a shrewd manager, a good farmer, and an exemplary character. He always wore his broad-brimmed hat, and was never seen outside of his private room with it off; the boys looked upon him as their patriarch, and, indeed, it is said that on one occasion he was asked if he were Methuselah, and dryly answered, “No, I am Enoch.”

Isaiah Jones taught the mathematics, and was considered a very successful teacher. The other instructors were David Daniels, who taught what Latin was then required; George Jones, Moses Mitchel, Abigail Pierce, and Mary Almy.

Reading, spelling, and grammar were the only classes which recited; all the other work of the school was done privately, each student being independent and going as slowly or rapidly as his brain-power and ambition prescribed. Mathematics was the important branch, and each boy copied problems and their solutions into interminable copy-books. The school-room

was small and lighted by tin oil lamps on the desks. In this room there were often one hundred and fifty boys: a number of these were appointed as monitors to report all disorderly conduct to the teachers.

The meetings were held in the building in an upper chamber, where boys and girls and teachers sat in the same room. These were generally silent meetings, but occasionally William Almy or Doctor Tobey came to give them counsel.

Among the schoolmates of Eli Jones were James N. Buffum, since ex-mayor of Lynn, Mass., and Peter Neal, also since ex-mayor of the same city, now on the committee of the school. The latter relates that Eli Jones received the "christening" always given new boys in those days, and his remark on that occasion was characteristic of him. The old students were put in line at night on the play-ground, and among them stood the newcomer. A "dummy" with swollen cheeks came to each boy in turn, and was answered by all, "Um!" until he reached Eli, who, as instructed beforehand, said, "Squirt," when suddenly his face was filled with water. Instead of the attack which the boys expected, Eli quietly remarked, "*That was cleverly done.*" Peter Neal remarks that if he had been known as he was a month later, he would have received no christening.

His schoolmates relate that he was a good boy, and that he was generally liked. In his youth he was much troubled by an impediment in his speech, and he early resolved to remedy it as much as possible. He was the only one of scholars or teachers in the boarding-school who was accustomed to speak in the

Friends' meeting. He had already begun to speak at home, and, notwithstanding the trial which it was to him as a young man, he stood up among the boys and forced his voice to say what was in his heart. Few who heard him on those occasions are alive now, but these few remember how it impressed them to see one who played with them on the campus and sat with them in classes speak so earnestly before them and all the rows of solemn Friends. They respected his message, for his life was pure.

He had a dread of the nursery, and resolved to keep out of it, but he was taken with typhoid fever, and after vainly fighting it off at last succumbed to be doctored in the vigorous way of those times. He had a long, hard siege of it, and lost a number of weeks from his brief term; but this short break from his usual life and the intercourse with cultivated teachers and scholars could not fail to leave its impress. It lifted his aspirations and widened somewhat the course of his thoughts, giving an impulse to his future life more valuable than mere knowledge. While it is to be regretted that so short a time was given him for satisfying his longings for a higher education, we rejoice that he knew so well how to school himself and to be a teacher to himself. He was a good mathematician, and his copy-books show that he was no tyro at figures; but he affirms that his drill in the old spelling-book was of far greater worth to him than his higher mathematics.

When he reached home from Providence, he found a young brother twenty-one years younger than himself. This was Edwin, the youngest of the family of

eleven, and to him fell the homestead and the care of the father, mother, and sister Peace.

There is still standing a little red building, about one mile from South China, called the Chadwick School-house, in which many a man has laid his A B C foundation. Its external and internal appearance would not lead one to suppose that this was a "temple of learning" or any other kind of a temple, but not a few successful men look back to it with a feeling of reverence, and the near presence of a yard where many others of its day tenants of earlier time lie under toppling stones, just carved enough to tell the names and some of the virtues of those beneath, gives somewhat of a sacredness to the little building. It was in this house that Eli first opened his mouth to speak in the assemblies of the people. He was quite young, less than fourteen, when he arose in a meeting in that house and said, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." On their way home his grandfather asked who had spoken in the "body of the meeting," but the grandmother checked her husband with a slight nudge and answered the question by a motion of her finger. A few years ago a very aged man came up to Eli Jones and said, "I remember the first time you ever spoke in meeting, and I know what you said." From this time on he was often heard briefly in religious assemblies, and he was encouraged by older Friends to be faithful in delivering his message when impressed.

After his return from Providence School, Eli Jones began to be a definite worker for the bettering of the world, and the seeds he then planted have brought forth the blade and the ear, and now the full corn is in

the ear. He and a few others organized a temperance society of which he was the secretary; and many meetings were held in China and the adjoining town. Essays were written and speeches were delivered against the use of intoxicating drinks. This organization was made two years before the Washingtonian movement was started, and its influence in the State was great, aiding undoubtedly the enactment of the "Maine Law" which has made itself felt in all our States and in many of the other countries.

The same winter he was one of a small company which met to start a public library. They formed a successful library association. Books soon began to come in, and from that day Eli Jones has not wanted for reading matter. With few exceptions, when absent doing higher work, he has attended the meetings of this association and aided it by his zeal and counsel.

It is a matter of interest to notice a young man who had just barely become a full-fledged citizen turning his mind so strongly toward enlightening those near him, and that, too, in a community where he did not have the example of any predecessor to arouse him and spur him on. He was travelling a new road, and building as he went. The secret of it all was that there was something in him which forbade rest and inaction. In early years he saw fully that the part of man which ate and slept was not the important part, but that there was something within him which could span space and time, and which was spoken to by the whisperings of the Spirit of the eternal Ruler.

At the present time biographies are within the reach of all boys, and they can see how great men and good

men have made their lives complete—how they shaped their course, what goal they set before them, and what lifted them to the mark. In his youth, Eli Jones had almost no possibility of knowing from the record of other lives how best to build in youth. His father was a righteous man, whose actions were living epistles, and his mother was a living, teaching Christian. From both he inherited much and learned much ; but “there is a divinity that shapes our ends,” and, once in the hands of the great Potter, there is a marvellous shaping of the clay. Biographies, all good books, and directions in the right way are helps, but submission to be trained and then used by the Master Builder, is infinitely more of a help in the making of a right man.

Great men of all ages have recognized a power, a daimon, an ecstasy—or, better, a Spirit—inspiring them, urging them to seek truth and beauty, to live lives of truth and beauty and goodness, and to shun as their greatest enemy everything that distorts and ties weights to their flying feet. Everything teaches the man who is to be wise ; but most of all the Spirit teaches those who give ear unto Him ; and if any one thing has made the life of Eli Jones a success, it is that he listened actively to the voice which said, “Give me thine heart.”

CHAPTER III.

MARRIAGE WITH SYBIL JONES.

“I see in the world the intellect of man,
That sword, the energy his subtle spear,
The knowledge which defends him like a shield—
Everywhere; but they make not up, I think,
The marvel of a soul like thine.”

BROWNING.

IN 1833, Eli Jones was married to Sybil Jones, the daughter of Ephraim and Susannah Jones.

Susannah was the daughter of Micajah Dudley, son of Samuel Dudley, a great-grandson of Samuel Dudley of Exeter, N. H., the eldest son of Gov. Thomas Dudley, the pilgrim of Plymouth, said to have been descended from the lineage of the earls of Leicester. Both Sybil Jones's parents and grandparents were Friends, and her grandfather and great-grandfather Dudley were preachers of fine talents and high character.

Ephraim Jones was a “noble man” and a strong character. He was often deeply lost in thought, to such an extent that many anecdotes are related of his absent-mindedness which are very amusing. He did not want in vigor of mind, and he was one of the marked men of the town. Some are still alive who remember him as he stood up at quarterly meeting

and took his text, "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" He was a man who left a remembrance behind him, and the strength of his life has not been lost. His wife Susannah lived to the good old age of ninety-four, and was loved by all who saw her. "Grandmother Jewel" was her name in her old age. Eli's mother, who was nearly as old, was also named Susannah, and it was a memorable day for the grandchildren when these two grandmothers talked together of the olden time. "Grandmother Jewel" was very deaf, but otherwise she was a vigorous woman as long as she lived, and, ripe with years and blessed with the fruit of those years, she passed from this world a few months before her daughter.

It is told that when Eli Jones visited Sybil Jones with the purpose of asking her to become his life-companion, the latter, not suspecting the weight of his mission, took down the Bible to read a chapter, as was always customary in those days before visitors returned home. On this occasion Sybil Jones opened to the twentieth Psalm, beginning, "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee, send thee help from the sanctuary and strengthen thee out of Zion; remember all thy offerings and accept all thy burnt-sacrifices; grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel." The mission was accomplished successfully, and for forty

years the lives of Eli and Sybil Jones were linked together by the bonds of deep and pure love, while their aims, longings, and desires were merged into the one purpose of showing to the world that there is a love which transcends all earthly affection, and that God's love is an unbroken canopy which shelters the races of the round globe. Herein was their love continually made more perfect. I may quote as applicable to them the beautiful words of Izaak Walton, written to express the regard between the saintly George Herbert and his wife: "For the eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance; indeed, so happy that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love and joy and content as was no way defective, yet this mutual content and love and joy did receive a daily augmentation by such daily obligingness to each other as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls as was only improvable in heaven."

Sybil Jones was born at Brunswick, Me., in 1808. Her birthplace was very near the early home of Abel Jones. Only her youngest years were spent here, but she always had a love for her first home, and one of her early poems, written at about the age of twenty-one, speaks of it with fondness.

Her early life was spent at Augusta, "which was the birthplace of those deep religious impressions that formed the motive-power of a life pre-eminently con-

secrated to the service of her Redeemer and the human race." She often felt that the sermons and exhortations to which she listened during her early years were not of such a nature as to bring her to a saving knowledge of the sacrifice and love of Christ. Perhaps too little care was taken in those days to fulfil the Lord's command, "Feed my lambs;" and it is possible that our Society would have been more strongly built up if those good men who preached zealously to *edify* the *Church* had done so more effectually by taking the little ones by the hand and pointing them to the Source of satisfying life.

A good Methodist minister at Augusta spoke kindly to Sybil Jones of her highest welfare, and she was very much helped and instructed by him in the way of life. She came to realize that she must be born again, and she accepted Christ, by whom alone she could become a child of God. Her love for the Methodists became very strong, and it was a most humiliating cross to her to obey her father's will that she should show her Quakerism by wearing a Friend's plain bonnet. There is a true anecdote which may properly be told, since it shows what her will was by nature, as we shall see later what power she had when it was in harmony with God's will. She was to attend China monthly meeting with her father, and he insisted that she should wear the "plain" bonnet. His request conflicted very much with her determination, but it was not possible to move him from his purpose. There was no course which could be taken to avoid wearing it, but she put it on bottom side up, and rode with it so from Augusta to China. But she fortunately

saw and felt the simplicity and sincerity of Friends, as well as the spirituality of their faith, and she became firmly fixed in the belief that to be a true Quaker was to be a genuine Christian, a faithful follower of Jesus as he and his apostles marked out the road; and I must believe that if we all looked to the same source for light and guidance, and if we strove as earnestly to walk closely in His footsteps as she did, we should have little need of apologies and defences for our simple faith.

In 1824-25 she attended the Friends' School at Providence, and for the next eight years she was engaged in teaching. She felt a deep interest in all that concerned her pupils, and it was the beginning of her efforts to open to the eyes of the young a new world of knowledge, beauty, and truth. One who has taught with a heart in the work will never cease to look upon children with loving eyes; and they were always the especial objects of her regard irrespective of their race or color.

While still a teacher her father took her one day to attend Sidney monthly meeting, across the Kennebec River, about twelve miles from China. Lindley M. Hoag, then a young man, was at the meeting. He felt called to deliver a message to some one in the women's meeting, and an opportunity was given him to accomplish his purpose. He went to the women's side of the house and powerfully and clearly set forth the state of mind of some one present, and with prophetic words he pointed out the future course of this young Friend if she should be fully faithful to her inward promptings. Sybil Jones knew that he was

laying open her heart, and she was much moved. When her gift as a minister was acknowledged, and she went out to hold meetings, she found Lindley Hoag present at the first one she attended, and for some time it seemed to her that she could not speak before him ; but she overcame the feeling and was well favored to speak. This guidance from ministers who were moved to speak to her case, and the power given to her to declare the condition of others, were strikingly illustrated during her whole life.

During these years of teaching she was much given to writing, and she not only copied many of the poems of her favorite authors, but she composed numerous poems on various subjects, and wrote short maxims for the rule of her conduct and life. It is very striking and touching to see how she regarded the brevity of life, for almost all that is left of her compositions is tinged with thoughts of death and the grave. One poem is written "To Consumption," and she seems to have been impressed with the feeling that her days were to be few, but she hails with joy the beginning of another life and the freedom from the cares and troubles of this present world. After saying how soon "life's sickly dream" will be over she writes—

"Oh may my future hours be given
To peace, to virtue, and to Heaven,
My hopes retain immortal birth,
My joys ascend above the earth,
My steps retrace the path they trod,
My heart be fixed alone on God!"

While still young she burned most of her prose and poetic compositions, partly because she was so often

forced to read them aloud to company, and very little from those years remains.

The following short poem may be as interesting as any, as her early wish here expressed was so perfectly fulfilled in the character of her accepted life-companion :

“What! shall a face, then, win my heart,
Mere symmetry of form?
Such thrilling raptures *this* impart
With *love my bosom* warm?
As well might ocean’s billow heave
When not a wind did rise,
As Fancy thus my heart deceive
And fix my wandering eyes,
No; ’tis the beauty of the soul
That could my bosom fire;
This would my tenderest thought control,
And love and truth inspire.”

The thoughts expressed in some of her maxims show the bent of her mind, whether they are original or not. For example: “If you are told that another reviles you, do not go about to vindicate yourself, but reply thus: My other faults, I find, are hid from him, else I should have heard of them too;” “Fix your character and keep to it, whether alone or in company;” “No man can hurt you unless you please to let him; then only are you hurt when you think yourself so.”

Whatever her early attempts may show, Sybil Jones was certainly of a highly poetic nature. Her whole organism was so delicate that musical tones proceeded from her at the slightest touches from within or without. Melodious words came almost unsummoned to

her lips as she plead with sinners to come to the waters of life and "drink without money and without price." John Bright told the present writer that it was always a delight to him to listen to her, and that he regarded her as a poet of high degree in her thought and expression.

So with her daily duties and her thoughts of life and the future she developed from girlhood to womanhood, and at the age of twenty-five became the wife of Eli Jones. The joy and fruit resulting from their union show unmistakably how fully they were suited for each other, and they gave each other mutual help and inspiration. Their married life was begun at South China upon a farm which has since been divided into a number of smaller ones. The young wife was very careful in her expenditures, and an accurate account of all their expenses and their income was minutely kept by her.

The Friends' meeting-house was three miles away at Dirigo. Thither they rode through the long, quiet woods every First and Fifth day to take their places among the rows of Friends waiting upon the Lord. Few houses made with hands have received more devoted worshippers, and few places have been more hallowed by the presence of pure souls met with one purpose, that of honoring the Ruler of the universe and learning from His Holy Spirit. Here, in the presence of sympathizing listeners, the voices of these two young Friends were often heard, and they were early enrolled among the ministers of the Society. The phrase of the early Friends was truly fitting in their case: "Their gifts were acknowledged." The men and women of China

meeting made it their greatest endeavor to serve God acceptably in the path of daily duty and self-denial. One by one their beautiful lives have ended; happily, a few of them are yet left as examples, but a Quakerism—or rather a Christianity—which could round and perfect such characters had no earthly origin. China meeting at this time did not abound in powerful ministers, but its members were men and women whose lives were transparent and pure. They were “diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord,” and they lived sermons. There has almost always been in this community one or two Hymenæuses and Philetuses who have drawn creeds for their private guidance and who have severely troubled the Friends; but such disturbances have generally resulted in the exaltation of the true faith, and, as in the natural world the struggle to overcome hindrances to growth adds strength and vigor, so a wolf in sheep’s clothing within the fold increases the vigilance of the spirit and the dependence on the great Shepherd. There were many intricate questions now and then arising for discussion which gave valuable instruction to the young ministers, and they were gradually being prepared for useful service. Those of other denominations who know only of a training in a theological seminary as a fitting for preaching and teaching cannot understand how they were being taught in this remote country village; but “by the Spirit’s finer ear” they were hearing truths of life and immortality, and on the Rock they were building characters of gold, silver, precious stones.

Eli Jones was a hard-working man, not only doing his farm-work, but at different times owning shares in

mills at Albion and in China and assisting in the work of running them. After living a few years at South China he removed to Dirigo and settled on a farm near the Friends' meeting, where he lived until 1886.

While Eli Jones was in London in 1875 he wrote to Sarah Fobey, a lifelong friend of his beloved wife, for her recollections of their school-days together, and her thoughts as to Sybil Jones's spiritual exercises then and since. She wrote from Montreux, Switzerland, as follows :

“ My mind is filled with sweet and precious memories of the dear one. She and I met at Friends' School in Providence in 1825. We met as strangers, but a feeling of sympathy which is not easily explained soon drew us together, and our intercourse there was the commencement of one of the most delightful friendships that in all this changing scene grew stronger and brighter with every passing year. I remember her as one of the most studious pupils in the school, always coming to her class with her lessons fully prepared and reciting them in a manner that gained the admiration of her classmates. She had great love for the beautiful, and a keen enjoyment of beautiful language whether poetry or prose, and committing to memory, as she did, with ease, her mind thus early became stored with much that was an enjoyment to her in after years. In our Scripture lessons we made our own selections, hers were always the most beautiful portions of the Bible, often from Isaiah and the Psalms, a long chapter thoroughly committed to memory, and recited in a

manner which showed she appreciated the truths it declared.

“To her schoolmates she was most kind and affectionate, and by her readiness to assist them in their lessons and in every way to do them good gained their universal love and esteem.

“She had a great flow of animal spirits, and entered with warmth and interest into all our innocent pleasures and amusements; but such was her sense of justice and of right that she would never overstep the bounds of order nor disobey the regulations of the school. Of her religious feeling and experience at that time I cannot speak. It was not the custom then, as now in our Society, to speak of conversion or to tell what God had done for our souls; and I had supposed that it was not until after her return home that she gave her heart to Jesus and became fully and entirely a child of His, ready to do His bidding, and desiring above every other consideration to follow Him in the way of His leading. How faithfully she did so, going from place to place, from city to city, from State to State, finally from continent to continent, declaring the unsearchable riches of Christ! One of the most affectionate and loving of mothers, she counted nothing too near or too dear to part with for His blessed name's sake.

“How many sinners she has warned! how many inquirers she has pointed to Jesus, the door of hope! how many mourners she has comforted! She faithfully obeyed the injunction, ‘Sow ye beside all waters,’ and the seed thus sown has taken root, and will continue to bear fruit long after we shall have gone to join the dear ones who earlier than we have entered into

their Master's rest. Who can calculate the amount of good that one such life of dedication and devotion has accomplished? It seems to me that a faithful record of it should be an incentive to others to seek to follow her as she followed Christ. To me she was the most remarkable woman I have ever met, and I feel it to have been a peculiar blessing to have known her so long and loved her so well. Now, as I write, 'Memory opens the long vista of buried years,' and my heart travels through them all. I linger around sunny spots, happy hours, days of delight, seasons of sweet spiritual communion, in which she related to me the wonderful dealings of her heavenly Father toward her, and the remarkable manner in which she was often supplied with means to accomplish the service she believed He required of her—how when there seemed no way for her to move He made a way.

"She always seemed to me to be so spiritually-minded, and to live so near her Saviour, as to be led and guided in a remarkable manner by Him. I remember her when she opened her prospect to go to Europe for the last time. She rises before me now, as she has often done, as I saw her then. Soon after the meeting of ministers and elders assembled Doctor Tobey arose and said, 'If there is a subject of particular interest and importance to come before the meeting, this seems to be the proper time.'

"She had not expected to present it at that sitting, but, as she afterward told me, she said to herself, 'That surely means me.'

"She sat a little, while a feeling of great solemnity overspread the meeting. She then arose with the most

beautiful and heavenly expression of countenance, her whole soul filled with the engrossing subject, and with a grace and elegance of manner of which she was entirely unconscious told us in beautiful and touching language what she felt called to do in the service of her Lord, gratefully acknowledging His many mercies thus far in her journey of life, and her unshaken confidence and trust in Him for all that was to come. The meeting was greatly moved and she was liberated with entire unity.

“How lovely and sweet she was! and, though she lived so many years and did so much good in them all, it always seems to me that she died ‘in the midst of her years.’

“Oh, we should have liked to keep her longer, the dear one! But He who seeth to the end knew when to close the strife—

‘Knew when to loose the silver cord,
To break the golden bowl,
And give to her that richest gift,
Salvation of the soul.’ ”

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST VISIT.

“He who in glory did on Horeb’s height
Descend to Moses in the bush of flame,
And bade him go and stand in Pharaoh’s sight—
Who once to Israel’s pious shepherd came,
And sent him forth his champion in the fight,—
He within my heart thus spake to me:
‘Go forth! Thou shalt on earth my witness be.’”

SCHILLER.

IN the autumn of 1840, Sybil Jones was liberated by her Friends to attend meetings and do religious work in the provinces, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. In this work she was attended by her husband, and they passed through many trying circumstances; but, being sustained from above, they came home bringing sheaves with them and feeling that they had been instruments in God’s hand of doing good. A brief account of this journey was kept by Sybil Jones. It has never been published, but is full of interest to all those who love to follow the steps of devoted servants of the Lord.

During the first winter of the Revolutionary War, Benedict Arnold and a band of soldiers forced their way over almost insurmountable obstacles through the Maine woods to capture Montreal, Quebec, and the other Canadian strongholds. Historians have

followed their track, carefully noting every detail of their march, recording what they suffered and what injuries they inflicted, and that, too, though the expedition failed of its end and many a fair young life was lost in vain. Certainly, we can well afford to follow the pilgrimage of two soldiers of the cross fully as heroic, carrying to those otherwise perishing the news of life and salvation.

Sybil Jones was thirty-two years old when she made this visit; she was in delicate health, and obliged to leave her two young children, James Parnell and Narcissa, behind; but her whole soul was in the work, and she writes as she would have done when years had fully developed her. In this and her other diaries there often occur expressions which to the frequent readers of Fox and the early missionary Friends may sound stated and formal, but there is a life pervading the whole which shows conclusively to a thoughtful person that these phrases are not forms, but words clearly expressive of what she felt burning in her heart, and they add to rather than detract from the weight of her account. There is a wonderful depth of meaning and originality in the expressions of Friends which unfortunately is lost sight of by continual use, just as in all language word-metaphors which subtly picture thoughts become cold by use and lose their picturesqueness. In reading the pages recording the earnest labors of long ago let us read in them all that was put there by looking for the feeling and life under the words:

“Left home with a certificate from some of my friends to visit some of the British provinces, the 23d

of 8th mo., 1840, in company with my husband. He also has a certificate for said service. Being disappointed in a female companion, we had either to resign the prospect of a visit this season or proceed with no other company than our dear friend Daniel Smiley, who, with a minute from his monthly meeting, concluded to accompany us to Nova Scotia. It was a trying case, but, feeling as though the present time was the right time, we informed the committee appointed by the monthly meeting for the purpose of providing us with suitable company, how it was with us. They met with the elders, and informed us of their conclusion, which was that they thought best for us to proceed if it seemed like the right time, as we had informed them. We had to proceed on the prospect of apprehended duty under discouraging circumstances, yet I trust with a humble reliance on Him who hath said, 'I will be a defence unto Israel.' Being favored to resign ourselves to His direction and protection, we felt our only strength to be in Him, feeling, too, the consoling assurance that our dear friends we have left behind will travail in exercises with us for the Truth's honor and our preservation from every hurtful thing. We leave our dear children in the best place we could find. . . . Above all, we have felt a humble trust that He who never slumbers will keep them; and in remembrance of the blessed promise, that all things shall work together for good to them that love and fear God, I have been enabled under multiplied discouragement to adopt the language, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.' Blessed be His name for ever who has been with me in six

troubles, and has given me assurance that He will not forsake even in the seventh if my place is where Mary's was of old.

"We attended two meetings the day we left—one in Windsor, the other in Whitefield—which were very trying meetings. . . .

"*Second day, 31st.* Arrived at Joseph Ester's in Calais; had a favored meeting this evening in the Calvinist Baptist meeting-house. The people here are so attached to Friends that they think it a privilege to let us have a house for a meeting. The Baptists claimed the privilege, and we thought best to improve it. After meeting I took cold from the damp air so frequent in this place, and was confined to the house till 9th mo. 4th. Proceeded to an appointment at St. Stephen's (English side), First day, 9th mo. 6th, at two P. M., at the Methodist house, which was a humbling season to the poor creatures, but the eternal truth reigned over all, and I hope the 'blessed Master of assemblies' had the honor, for it was by the might of His power that the tall cedars of Lebanon bowed and the oaks of Bashan bent. Nothing is too great for Him to do for us when our trust is in Him. May it ever be placed there! Second day, 7th, had a meeting at St. Stephen's in a Baptist house; put up at Ruggles's temperance house; felt quite at home here; they were an interesting family. We sat with the family before leaving them, and divine ability was given to speak in the language of encouragement to them, assuring them that a *little* with the incomparable blessing of a peaceful mind was better than hoards of gold obtained in a way to

injure our fellow-creatures. The demoralizing effects of the sale and use of ardent spirits were lamentably felt here. The landlord told us that he was once in the habit of keeping them for travellers and others, but became convinced that it was wrong. It brought him into a close trial, he told us, for this was the chief source of income. He said he prayed to his heavenly Father to direct him what to do, and the answer was that he must carry on the baking business. He accordingly entered into it, and with the assistance of two or three daughters he made a good income. Oh that all would go and do likewise who are in this iniquitous practice, that must surely prove, if persisted in, their condemnation!

"*8th.* Parted from several of our dear friends who came to bid us farewell, and proceeded on our journey; came about noon to Oak Bay, parish of St. David's, a small village. Here we paused a little, but proceeded. My mind became distressed for leaving the place without trying to have a meeting, which I kept to myself until we had travelled about two and a half miles, when I was obliged to request our dear friend to turn about; which was crossing to us all, feeling very anxious to get along, having been detained from my ill-health, meetings, etc. beyond our expectations. But on turning toward the place I think we all participated in the reward of peace. We stopped at William Josling's, who met us with tears of joy. Oh may we omit nothing required of us, but be willing to do and suffer His will who will do all things well! This evening had a meeting in the Baptist house. It was a solemn season, and to the honor of truth, I trust. Lodged at William Golding's, who was in a tried state of mind owing to entanglement with

the doctrine of predestination. He spoke of the circumstance of Pharaoh where the Lord said, 'For this same purpose I have raised thee up;' also named the passage from the apostle, 'Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump, to make one vessel for honor and another for dishonor?' He said that he considered it as a temptation of the enemy, but at times could hardly keep it out of his mind. As the subjects opened to my mind I endeavored to explain them. . . . He seemed satisfied, and said he had never had so clear an explanation before. Not feeling clear of the place without trying for another meeting, we accepted the Methodist house, which was kindly offered. A Universalist encountered me after meeting. I endeavored to keep near best help. He became silent, and I think the truth sank deep in his heart. We parted in mutual love and good feeling. He was a member of the legislative council, a man of talents. We called on the Methodist minister and his wife, who received us gladly; we thought them sincere-hearted followers of Christ. Parted under a feeling of holy relationship. Left this place for Tower Hill, in the parish of St. David. Arrived in a lonely-looking place, very desolate, where were a few inhabitants and a schoolhouse. There are few here who reflect, I think, that they must die, and that it is needful to prepare for that solemn event. We left them under serious impression, I think. We called on a woman apparently dying, who said she was not prepared to die; her sins were not forgiven. The family and several neighbors present were in great distress. I felt moved to call her attention to Jesus, who alone could help, reminding her

of the penitent thief upon the cross. Surrounding beholders were warned to seek the Lord while in health, and not put it off till a dying bed, as the pains of the feeble body were enough to bear, without the indescribable pains of a wounded conscience. We called again on the sick woman, who seemed a little revived. I felt drawn to impart some words of encouragement, also to supplicate our heavenly Father on behalf of all present. My dear husband imparted some words of encouragement to her. We then left her bedside, where extreme poverty and want were strikingly apparent, with some assurance that she would find forgiveness and go in peace. We proceeded to meeting. A large number of thoughtless mortals were assembled. We had to travail in deep exercises for the awakening of life. Dear husband supplicated for divine aid, which was mercifully granted. Truth finally obtained the victory. It is the Lord's doing and marvellous in our eyes.

"*15th.* Had a meeting at Bearing in a schoolhouse at the fourth hour, and one at Mehanas, parish of St. Stephen's, at seven—the last a truly contriting season. I proceeded, accompanied by my dear husband, to visit some public-houses and places where liquor is sold, and to visit some serious people. This work of apprehended duty was most humiliating to the poor creature, but cheerful submission clothed my mind with sweet peace. We were treated kindly by all, and all expressed their thankfulness to us for calling, and received civilly what we had to deliver to them, saying they knew the right, but were unwilling to do it. Not feeling clear of these parts without a meeting with the Congre-

gationalists at Calais, though I thought it probable that they would not grant it, I informed our company of it, who encouraged me to attend to the opening. Accordingly, a messenger was despatched, and returned word that they were expecting to meet in the evening for a prayer-meeting, and would cheerfully give up the meeting to us without a single objection. The Lord will make a way where there appears to be no way. In the evening we met with them, and had a good meeting, mutually satisfactory.

"*17th.* Sat down at the house where we were staying with the family at meeting hour. Our little number with the family were enough to inherit the Saviour's blessed promise, 'There will I be in the midst of them.' We gave no notice, but two or three neighbors somehow got information and joined our company. At first it was a stripped season. The cloud as big as a man's hand was hardly discernible, but in the Lord's own time He blessed us indeed. His power arose to the contriting of all present. It was truly a refreshing time, in which we could say, 'The Lord is my goodness and fortress, my high tower.'

"*18th.* Had a meeting at the Ledge in St. Stephen's at two o'clock. Some of the true wrestling seed were present, who were visited in their low dwelling-place and refreshed with the circulating influence of divine love, which spread even to the skirts of the assembly. I am ready to say, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.' 'He brought me into his banqueting-house, and his banner over us was love.'

"*26th, which was First day.* Had a meeting in the city of St. John, in the Methodist chapel in Germania

street, at 2 P. M., and one at 6 o'clock in the parish of Portland, in the Methodist house. Several thousand souls met with us this day, and the Lord blessed us abundantly to the refreshing of the weary traveller toward the city of rest. Lodged at the Methodist preacher's, William Temple, who was truly hospitable. On the morning of the 28th went to the steamboat bound to Annapolis, but, it being stormy, the captain deemed it improper to put out to sea. Having our horses and carriage put on board at high tide, and could not get them off until tide served again, we felt some anxiety, fearing we had not done right in this procedure, as the elements seemed against us. We met with a man named Abial L. Brown on board, who kindly asked us to go home with him and remain until the boat should go. We gladly accepted his invitation and went to the house, where the family received us with affection, set some refreshments before us, of which we gladly partook, not having taken any breakfast and having walked some distance in the wet and cold. After being thus refreshed and having warmed ourselves, we felt inclined to assemble the family for a religious opportunity, which was gladly acceded to on their parts. The season was a truly comforting one. Afterward we inquired for a woman who had spoken to us the evening before after meeting and manifested a great desire to have an interview with us. From our description one of the daughters kindly offered to try to find her, though they could not tell her name. She made a successful attempt, and soon came with Elizabeth Girard, as she said her name was. She was a Friend in principle, though belonging to the Methodists. She lamented much the

extravagant conformity to the vain fashions of the world, which is at enmity to Christ—said they had sorrowfully departed from the simplicity which marked the members in their rise in Wesleyan days. She spoke of the spiritual worship very clearly as that which was alone acceptable unto God. The storm subsided at about ten o'clock. We left, accompanied by E. G., who went to the steamboat with us. After our imparting some advice to this dear friend, she left. At about one o'clock we left St. John's City, and in twelve hours were across the Bay of Fundy at Annapolis. I was not very seasick; He who holdeth the waters in His hand preserves us yet. Little vital religion is felt in this part of the heritage. The people here have many advantages for a livelihood. The land has a rich soil, and the Annapolis River flowing through it in the midst of an extensive valley, where many of its farms stretch along its banks, the rich products may be borne through the river into the Bay of Fundy to distant parts. Thus was a kind Providence bountifully blessed, but a worldly spirit is prevailing among them.

"*14th.* Held a meeting at Granville, and on the 15th went over Young's Mountain. Again not feeling clear, had a meeting in the evening, a memorable season of humbling contrition to most present. A young man named James Van Blarcum, being at this meeting, was convinced of the truth. May the Lord give him strength to suffer for His cause, which will no doubt be the case if he proves faithful!" *

* James Van Blarcum was at work on a house when the notice was given for this meeting. On hearing that a woman would preach, he said he would go and hear what these heretics had to say. It was a revela-

Eli and Sybil Jones attended many more meetings in the provinces, among them Annapolis, Wilmot Mount, Wolfville, Falmouth, Pictou, and Truro, making many weary journeys, some days riding as much as forty-three miles to hold a meeting. These long rides were attended with many discomforts, as it was the eleventh month, and the weather extremely raw and cold. The roads were in poor condition, and the mud oftentimes almost impassable. Sybil Jones describes the difficulties encountered in making their way to Truro: "Coming to two roads about noon, we inquired of an innkeeper the direct road to our destination. We followed his directions, found excellent roads, but, being through a thick forest, it was rather lonely. The weather being cloudy, night came on early, without discovering any opening in the dense forest that encompassed us. The thought did not occur that we might be on the wrong road until the horses began to wade very deep in mud. My husband sprang out of the carriage to lead the horses. After proceeding a few steps, the mire growing deeper, he ordered the carriage stopped, and after travelling around some time in the dark he exclaimed that we were on the wrong road—that we had come to the end of a road. Our feelings can better be imagined

tion to him; his eyes were opened, and the whole course of his life changed. A few years after this he came to China, so that he might know more of Friends and their principles. At first his family were so displeased at his becoming a Quaker that he was forced to leave his home, though he was afterward highly respected by them all. He became a powerful minister in the Society, and was for a number of years connected with Oak Grove Seminary. He was married to Eunice, sister of Eli Jones.

than described. Strangers in a strange land, in a vast wilderness at the end of our road, and the night being without even starlight, I shall never forget my feelings. We found our carriage was fast in the mire. After unharnessing the horses, which with some difficulty leapt out on hard footing, the men soon pried the carriage out and harnessed to return, while I stood on a dry spot where my dear husband had placed me. I was afraid that we had been directed there for a wicked design, when these words came to me: 'Judah's lion guards the way, and guides the traveller home.' After going back about fifty rods we discovered a light, and, going to it, found that it proceeded from a little hut. The people said that we could get across the woods, to the right road by going a quarter of a mile, and kindly offered to go with us and show us the way. We followed through the roughest road I ever passed. One had to hold the carriage behind to keep it from upsetting. We arrived safe on the road, happy and thankful."

They had many "opportunities" in family circles, which they always found refreshing. They met with great kindness, although in many places they were greatly grieved to find that the spirit of the world held sway over the people. In many cases a great controlling power was felt, and they left believers much strengthened in the Lord to cope with the adversary. Owing to the inclemency of the weather they deemed it expedient to return to their homes. The homeward journey was long, and they were often able to get but scanty accommodations; but they ever found the "Lord a covert from the storms," and proved Him to be "as

the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." They were greatly cheered on retracing their steps to find that the seed scattered on their journey of love had fallen in good ground. The tavern-keeper with whom they had labored so lovingly had given up his sinful business, and was now keeping a strictly temperance house. Indeed, there was now no rum sold in the town. With deep interest and love for the dear people in the field in which they labored, and looking to God to bless their labors, they took their way to the home where were the dear children whom to leave was so hard.

It was the beginning of winter before they prepared to return, so that it was impossible for them to use the carriage with which they made the journey, and it was finally decided to put the carriage on runners, and in this way the long return journey was made.

Some years later they went over the same ground by carriage on a second visit to the provinces. In one place, as they were driving along through a long wood, they were met in the road by a huge bear, which stood its ground for some time, but finally retreated and allowed the Friends to go on their mission. Soon after this visit Eli Jones felt that it was his duty to go over the meetings of Canada and to speak to the Friends there, both in the different assemblies and by their firesides. His dear wife in the mean time was making a tour through New England, doing the work which was laid upon her. It was a trial for them to be so widely separated, but each was in the proper place. Sybil Jones was brought low with sickness

and forced to hasten home. Eli Jones came from his field of service, and called on his friend Daniel Smiley, where he found his wife very ill; but recovery was granted, and they came rejoicing to the family at home.

CHAPTER V.

EAST, WEST, AND SOUTH.

"I have always been thinking of the different ways in which Christianity is taught, and whenever I find any way that makes it a wider blessing than any other, I cling to that: I mean to that which takes in the most good of all kinds, and brings in the most people as sharers."

AFTER their return from this last visit they passed a few years in quiet work at home, often attending the different quarterly meetings in New England, and generally taking an annual trip to Newport to be present at the yearly meeting, which was occasionally attended by Friends from the West and from Great Britain, bringing thither knowledge of far-off lands where the whitening fields called for more laborers.

In 1845 they felt called to go over the meetings of Friends in nearly all parts of the United States, and this and the next year were mostly taken up with that work.

Eli Jones has since travelled over this ground many times, and has often visited the different yearly meetings of America, but always with quite different feelings from those which were in their hearts at the first extensive visit. John Wilber had been "disowned" by the Friends only two years before, and his upholders who had separated from the Society were in many of the meetings which they visited. There was a general

feeling of sorrow that a second unhappy division should appear in the midst of peaceful neighborhoods and the animosity arising from fruitless argument had weakened the loving spirit and dampened the zealous ardor of many who should have been the unbiased spokesmen of the gospel of Christ.

Eli and Sybil Jones endeavored to draw the two parties together into the house of faith and true belief. It is almost impossible in the midst of church differences for any one who is interested to be unprejudiced in his judgment. Bitterness shows itself in the hearts of the most loving. Differences are exaggerated and words are misunderstood for things. The main body are over-eager to win back those they are losing, while they are inflicting deeper wounds by their too hasty blows at what seems the heresy of their opponents, and the latter cherish a feeling of glory in the size of the rent they are making. These two Friends tried sweetly and gently to persuade those differing with them that the ancient Rock was the only foundation for their building. They visited the families of nearly all the meetings and impressed their thoughts on the individual members. If perhaps they accomplished little in cementing the two bodies, they did much to strengthen the weak and to point the unsheltered to a Tower of safety and defence. It may be interesting to follow them in a few extracts from Sybil Jones's journal :

“Left home 9th mo., 1845, with a certificate to visit in the love of the gospel the yearly meetings of Ohio, Indiana, Baltimore, and North Carolina. We took

passage on the steamer John Marshall from Augusta to Boston, and from there by cars to Lynn, where we attended their quarterly meeting. Friends in this meeting are brought under deep exercise on account of the attendance of a committee from the Separatists and John Wilbur in person. They took full liberty to throw out their sentiments and bore very hard on Friends, all of which Friends were mercifully favored to bear with true Christian patience. After being detained seven hours the meeting adjourned until nine the next morning, at which time they convened without interruption and were greatly refreshed together.

"From Lynn we went to New Bedford, where a small meeting of the Wilburites is held, some of whom we called to see and were treated kindly, but were painfully afflicted in spirit under a sense of their alienation from the unity of the Spirit by which we are called. Friends here are not numerous, but upright standard-bearers. In the morning attended Newtown meeting, which was also attended by the Separatists (a few being here). After a time of solemn retirement before the Lord truth rose into dominion and a contriting time it was."

They went on by boat to New York, and from there to Philadelphia and Baltimore, where John Meader, Thomas Willis, Richard Carpenter, and others met them to go in their company farther west: "We reached Mount Pleasant the day previous to select meeting, which began the 8th of 9th mo. The spirit of bitterness has made sad havoc here. The four visiting Friends were duly proved in suffering with the suffering. No notice was taken of any certificates

on their minutes. The servants of the Lord in attendance were of one heart and one mind, and there were times amid the conflict that the gracious ear, I doubt not, inclined to the fervent petition, 'Lord, save us or we perish.' A calm stole over the troubled waves, and ability was vouchsafed to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ.

"The meeting closed on the 12th of the month, and the next morning we proceeded on our way to Cincinnati. We took the steamer New Hampshire, and were more than five days on the Ohio River. The water was low, so that we were often aground some hours. We had a meeting on board with the passengers, and it was crowned by the presence of Him who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand and causeth the mountains to flow down at His presence. We were treated with great kindness and respect. The first part of our passage I noticed some playing cards, which brought me under great exercise, and after carefully examining the subject I thought it my duty before retiring to rest to walk to the table and express my feelings. Asking leave of them, I proceeded to relieve my mind, which was received kindly, and I saw no more card-playing afterward. I felt great peace in taking up this cross. May I always be willing to do His will who leadeth safely and sustaineth the soul amid every conflict!

"We arrived in Cincinnati on the 18th. After our arrival I informed a Friend that the subject of visiting families had rested with great weight upon my mind; which he communicated to some of the select members, and it resulted in an opportunity with all of them.

I opened the subject before them, and a sweet cementing season of divine approval was graciously afforded. They fully and feelingly united with us and encouraged us to proceed therein."

They visited nearly all the families in that region, and felt encouraged in the labor. She writes:

"I believe it is the design of the Head of the Church to pour out a rich blessing on this part of His inheritance; indeed, He seems turning His hand upon the little ones, and will, I believe, raise up valiants among the youth, who will publish with the voice of thanksgiving and tell of all His wondrous works."

Having done much work in Ohio and Indiana, they came over the Alleghany Mountains, and revisited Baltimore, forming many pleasant acquaintances with the Friends in that city, and holding meeting for public worship, as well as visiting the families for more quiet work. They next turned toward the South, and reached North Carolina in time for the yearly meeting. There was much feeling here in regard to the separation, and an epistle from the Separatists was rejected at this yearly meeting.

In regard to the slaves, she writes:

"Vital religion is very low. Truth has fallen in the streets, and Equity cannot enter in some places. Here is a suffering seed in many portions of this land of slavery. Friends have borne in meekness a noble testimony against its iniquity, and, though they often feel disheartened at the shadowy prospect, I believe their upright example has had, and will still have, salutary influence. The Lord has inclined His gracious ear to the multiplied cries of the oppressed, and

those who suffer for them as being bound with them, and will hasten the blessed day when Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hand unto God and the oppressor shall no more oppress.

“There are so many rents and divisions throughout Christendom that many are crying, Who shall show us any good? I earnestly desire that these overturnings and siftings may tend to draw the people to the living eternal Substance, to build on the ancient Foundation of all the holy prophets and apostles. There is great need of more dedication and a stirring up to greater diligence in this land.”

The work and service in Carolina were carried on in great bodily weakness, and often Sybil Jones was compelled to remain at home while Eli Jones and the Friends with them attended the meetings. At the beginning of the new year they returned to their Maine home to pass a few quiet years before undertaking a still more extensive journey.

CHAPTER VI.

VOYAGE TO LIBERIA.

“Be sure they sleep not whom God needs, nor fear
Their holding light his charge, when every hour
That finds that charge delayed is a new death,

* * * * *

So intimate a tie connects me with our God.”

BROWNING.

THERE is wonderful harmony in God's work in the different kingdoms and sub-kingdoms of His domain. When His method of working is resisted, there is always harsh conflicting, and finally He removes the obstacle; but wherever we look, so long as there is a submission to His plan, there is never a jar, never a halt on the road to the great end which He has in view, be it in the growth of a tree, in the motion of a world through space, in the maturity of animal or human life, or in the development of spiritual being. But the first rule that must be fulfilled before He can rightly use any of His intelligent creations is that they fully submit themselves to Him to be trained and used. Just as the brook yields strict obedience to the gentle impulse which moves it from its source on through its winding channel to its home in the great ocean of waters, so all who are to be the servants of the Most High must be *willing* to become the instruments through which He works, and must let Him flow through unhindered. Those whom He will use He

prepares just as much, and in a higher sense, as He makes the lily grow—not by any toiling and spinning on its part, but by putting a life within it which animates and builds up the whole structure; and as the lily adorns the spot in which He puts it, so His workmen should beautify the vineyard where He sets them.

It is a very marked fact in the lives of the two of whom I am writing that they not only gave themselves up to be prepared by Him who was to use them, but they also waited until He showed them where they should work. There is work everywhere which is waiting to be done, nor does any one do well who idly sits still until he is told just where to begin, but God has His chosen workmen fitted on purpose for a special place, as much as an earthly master-builder, and the time comes to every one when it is imperative for him to hear the order which he is to execute. The Lord spake unto Moses often, and He who made known His ways then has power to tell His will to whom he wishes now, and the proper messenger does not embark before the message comes.

I find in the earlier life of Eli and Sybil Jones that their great, absorbing wish was that they might be in full harmony with Him whom they served. They looked up to be taught, and He gave just the right service to enlarge and strengthen their powers, so that they might be prepared for the more difficult undertaking which now presented itself. No one who reads the journal which follows will think they went to Liberia prompted by their own feelings, but the service was evidently *laid upon them*.

To understand properly the struggle through which Sybil Jones passed before leaving her home, it will be necessary to picture to ourselves the circumstances surrounding her nearly half a century ago. She had grown to womanhood in a little town in Maine, having exceedingly limited opportunities for obtaining a knowledge of the world and the ways of men and women; she was now the mother of five children, who needed their parents' care; she had just undergone the sorrow of seeing many dear to her pass from earth, while still others of her family were already on deathbeds: and now she was to go from all that earth held dearest to her, perhaps never to see even her own country again. To-day to travel is the ordinary course; fifty years ago it was a rare and momentous event for one to go far from home. It would seem most hazardous to a frail woman to go from Maine to Baltimore, there to embark, not in a steamer with modern conveniences, but in a sailing-packet with rough passengers and still rougher crew, for the west coast of Africa. Let us not wonder as we read her account that she waited long and counselled earnestly with her own heart, for if she should go self-sent only perils insurmountable would be before her, but on God's errands, sent by His command, she knew of nothing to fear.

The *Friends' Review* for 6th mo. 28, 1851, has the following paragraph: "In the meeting of ministers and elders of New England Yearly Meeting on Seventh day, 14th, our dedicated friend Sybil Jones opened a prospect of an extensive religious visit to Great Britain, Ireland, some parts of the continent of Europe, Sierra Leone, Liberia, and some islands on the west

coast of Africa and in the West Indies; and her husband, Eli Jones, informed the meeting that he believed it his duty to bear her company in this extensive and arduous engagement. The subject obtained the weighty and feeling consideration of the meeting, and, though Friends were fully sensible to the magnitude and importance of the undertaking and of the apparently inadequate state of her health, such a current of unity with the prospect was experienced that all doubt of its propriety was taken away; and they were accordingly liberated for the service. The sympathy and prayers of their friends will unquestionably follow them."

As the most of the following year's work was in Liberia, it may be well to speak briefly of the position and condition of that country.

Liberia is a negro republic on the west coast of Africa. Its length along the coast is about three hundred and eighty miles, and its entire area about twenty four thousand square miles. Sierra Leone, the country to the north of Liberia, was colonized by colored men from Great Britain, assisted by such men as Grenville Sharp, Wilberforce, and Clarkson, the first settlement being made in 1787, and composed partly of negroes who had served in the British army during our Revolutionary War. This and successive colonies were terribly weakened by the death-stroke of the African fever, but they were finally successful; and American philanthropists, who were eager to help an unfortunate race, founded here in 1822 a colony of freedmen who might enjoy the political and social privileges denied to them in the United States. The town of Monrovia

was founded and named after James Monroe, then President. They landed in the midst of heathendom, and the first years were years of struggle; but these colored men showed that they could govern themselves. They drew up a constitution much like the American, the first article of which read, "All men are born equally free and independent, and among their natural inherent and inalienable rights are the rights of enjoying and defending life and LIBERTY;" and the fourth section, "There shall be no slavery within this republic."

The republic has a President, Senate, House of Representatives, and a judicial department, so that good laws are passed, explained, and enforced. In 1847 the republic declared its independence, and was finally in 1861 recognized by the United States as a sovereign state. The Methodist Church established a mission here in 1833; the Presbyterian Church followed this example, and sent J. B. Penny into the field the same year. The American Episcopal Church was at work in the republic as early as 1836, while the Baptists turned their attention there in 1845, so that it was in fact a "missionary republic." The present population of the republic comprises about 18,000 civilized negroes, chiefly of American origin, and 1,050,000 half-wild natives, who are gradually adopting a settled life and conforming to the habits of their civilized countrymen. Professor David Christy said in a lecture in 1855: "If a colony of colored men, beginning with less than a hundred, and gradually increasing to nine thousand, has in thirty years established an independent republic amidst a savage people, destroyed the slave-trade on

six hundred miles of the African coast, put down the heathen temples in one of its largest districts, afforded security to all the missions within its limits, and now casts its shield over three hundred thousand native inhabitants, what may not be done in the next thirty years by colonization and missions combined were sufficient means supplied to call forth all their energies?"

It was during this visit to Liberia that Eli Jones first felt his heart fill with zeal for missionary work. One day, going to pay a visit to President Roberts, he found a large band of fierce natives assembled in the President's room to have him arbitrate their quarrel. The dispute being settled peacefully, the President introduced Eli Jones, asking a noble-looking chief if he would like to have this man go with them to talk about God to their tribe. The prompt and earnest answer was, "Yes, and we will build him a house if he will come and stay." At once he saw in mind the needs of these and the thousands of other human beings waiting for some one to bring to them the fuller teaching of the way to a higher Christian civilization, and from that date he was more than ever desirous to be an instrument of help.

The following poem was written by Elizabeth Lloyd * on the departure of Eli and Sybil Jones for Africa :

THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.

"Behold, I will send my messenger."

Dedicated to a service high and holy from above ;
Guided by the inward teaching of a heavenly Father's love,

* Afterward Elizabeth Howell. She is the author of the beautiful lines entitled "Milton in his Blindness."

Listening to the soft monitions whispered in her spirit's ear,
Answering to the call like Samuel, "Lo, my Father, I am here,"
Child-like in her meek submission, His appointing to fulfil,
Trusting in His strength for safety, she went forth to do His will.

Bearing up His "ark of promise," she the weak became the strong,
In her heart a hymn of praising, on her lips a triumph song;
"Thou hast vanquished, O my Saviour—Thou who bore my sins for me,
Sanctify with thy anointing sacrifices made for thee.
As of old Thou ledst Thy children, showing them the cloud by day
And by night the fiery pillar, so lead me along my way.

"If I falter, if my heart be tempted by its doubts and fears,
If my eyes, to heaven uplifted, see Thee only through their tears;
If the clinging of love's tendrils bind my thoughts to things of earth,
And between me and my duty come the dreams of home and hearth,—
Oh have pity on me, Father, and if I should go astray
Let Thy angels, Faith and Patience, point me to the narrow way.

"Clear before me let the shining of Thy holy light arise,
Far behind me cast the shadow of my own poor sacrifice.
Can I doubt when I remember how the sea was cleft in twain,
And, a wall of waters rising, left a valley in the main
That Thy people might pass over on the golden-sanded path,
So to sing their song of triumph, safe from the pursuer's wrath?

"Can I fear when I remember Thou didst feed them day by day,
With thy manna, that like hoarfrost round the tents of Israel lay;
In the wilderness wast with them till their tarriance was o'er,
Sweetened Marah's bitter fountain, opened Horeb's rock-bound door?
Nay, Thy power and might, as ever, all omnipotent shall be:
'Rock of Ages,' what can move me if I lean my soul on Thee?"

Where the palms of Afric gather up the tropic heats by day,
Where the jerboa and the lion in their evening shadows play,
Where the streams are coral-bedded and the mountains gemmed with gold,
She is bearing forth a treasure human heart alone may hold—
Oil to pour on troubled spirits, seed to sow in barren place,
Soothing halm of consolation, knowledge of anointing grace.

“Ethiopia and the islands,” far away her mission lies:
 From the sweet New England homestead underneath her native skies,
 To Liberia’s dark-browed children, Sierra Leone’s struggling band,
 She has messages from heaven, guided by the Father’s hand.
 She is pointing out salvation: “Christ has no partition-wall;
 We are children of one Father, and His love redeemed us all.”

Oh, the fettered slave may hear it, sinking ‘neath his weight of woe;
 In the northland, in the southland, streams of gospel love may flow.
 Not a partial gleam, a star-ray, gilding but a single night,
 Was God’s thought in His creation when He said, “Let there be light;”
 Not a single soul’s redemption when that piercing cry went up,
 “Eloi lama sabachthani!” ere He drank death’s bitter cup.

But a world-illuminating flood of radiance was born
 When the angels sang rejoicing o’er the earth’s baptismal morn,
 And the souls of all created, and the souls of all to be,
 Are partakers of redemption by that death on Calvary,
 That divine self-abnegation of the holy Son of man—
 Thought sublime in its expansion, theme beyond our finite scan.

Oh, the human heart a temple for the Saviour’s love may be
 In all nations, in all climates, on the land or on the sea:
 Sect or color bars not entrance; only Sin her watch may set,
 Keeping Him without the portals till with dew his locks are wet;
 But He ceases not from calling, “Garnish and make clean for me;
 Drive away the money-changers, in their place let angels be.”

Through His instruments He calleth, humble tho’ they be and weak,
 That the deaf ears may be opened and the sealèd lips may speak,
 That the maimed may halt no longer, and the blinded eyes may see,
 And the lepers, healed and cleansèd, glorifying God may be.
 Ignorance and sin are blindness, but as morning after night
 Is the heart’s regeneration when God says, “Let there be light.”

The following account has been selected from Sybil Jones’s journal. It was written to be published soon after their return, but publication was delayed, and now for the first time it is made public. It will show, as few other writings, the emotions and strivings of a sin-

cere seeking soul. Her journals speak little, especially in her earlier visits, of natural surroundings and ordinary events, for her spiritual work seemed so weighty that nothing was allowed to turn her eyes from that:

So. CHINA, *12 mo.*, 1850. Painful are the baptisms that my poor trembling soul tries to endure patiently. Forgive me, most gracious God, if I dare repine. Death seems again lingering on our borders, and the remnant of a once large family must soon diminish. My worthy father seems drawing near the silent grave, but full of bright hopes of a mansion in the eternal city. Though well knowing that the "Judge of all the earth" will do right, yet sad is the thought that soon we must lose his cheerful society and instructive counsel. Oh that this deep affliction may prove a salutary cup to the soul, though very bitter to the taste! I learn many awful lessons while sitting by his bedside. It is a foretaste of heaven sweetly blended with a hope of reunion around the throne. My soul is weighed down with the prospect of more extended service in the cause of our holy Redeemer, and lingers tremblingly on Jordan's banks. Oh, this Jordan seems awful, but I must descend to its bottom, and may the eternal God be my refuge, and underneath the everlasting arms! The billows overwhelm, and I sink in deep mire where there is no standing. My health is frail and my spirits flag. But amid all, the unchanging Rock is my support.

1st mo., 1851. With the unity of my friends I performed some errands of love in some portions of our own yearly meetings. I went forth in fear and much

weakness, but through abounding mercy the peace of God fills my heart. In the course of this visit I had a very interesting public meeting in Nantucket. My spirit had long lingered around that little island of the sea, and sweet was our communion together in the love and power of truth. Dear father met me joyfully and expressed great thankfulness for being permitted to meet me again below. He said his soul was filled with a Saviour's love, and he longed to go home to his heavenly rest, to join with saints and angels in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb for ever and ever. It was a time of blessed communion. My mind is deeply impressed with the language uttered frequently in my inward ear: "Go offer a sacrifice similar to my servant Abraham's;" which causes great fearfulness to come upon me, and a sense of utter unworthiness and inability for such a momentous work, feeling the least and last of those who name the great Name.

2d mo. Dear father seems near his eternal joy. He told me to-day that he had been thinking I had a prospect of some service in a distant land, and wished to know if I thought of such a thing. As I had not named it to any one, and felt restrained from speaking of it, I hesitated, but at length opened my feelings, at which he seemed introduced into much sympathy, and desired me to be faithful, and then placed his hands upon me, and poured out a fervent prayer to our Father in heaven on my behalf for His holy presence to go with me, and His almighty power to keep me from all evil. It was a solemn season, for the painful and yet happy thought mingled in this communion that when my frail bark must venture on dangerous

seas his would be for ever anchored on the shore of immortal joy.

This day I have been summoned to my sainted father's bed of death. He was happy, full of heavenly peace, and, resting his ransomed spirit on his Saviour's breast, there breathed his life sweetly away. Our loss is great, but his gain glorious.

2d mo. We have conveyed his cherished form to its last resting-place, and Jesus was with us and presided over all. Oh let his name be praised and his matchless goodness be adored.

3d mo. My dear brother Augustine, whose health has been declining for some years, seems rapidly following father, at which our hearts are so stricken that sorrow's bitter tears, fast falling on a sainted father's grave, are even shared by our dearest brother, on whose cheek flushes the crimson hectic omen of dissolution. The painful thought of the departure of our dear brother, the last earthly prop of the family, seemed agonizing to our hearts. While these afflictive dispensations are meted out, my spirit dwells in the great depths of self-abasedness, and bears upon it too the burden of a Saviour's love to sinners in a far-distant land. Oh fix the trust of my tempest-tossed soul immutably upon the unchanging Rock!

To-day I have returned from visiting my sweet brother. He thankfully acknowledges the mercy of being so calm and comfortable, though rapidly hastening to the silent grave. Soon after the Lord saw fit to plunge his soul into deep baptism for its purification. His distress seemed entirely indescribable, but, being encouraged to believe it was a refining process, though

thus painful, to prepare him to partake more fully of the joys of God's salvation, his faith seemed strengthened to hope for mercy and deliverance in the Lord's time; which time at last came, and ushered in the dawn of a glorious morning without clouds. His heart was full of songs of joy. His constant theme was the unsearchable riches of Christ. One day when I entered his sick-room, he exclaimed, "Dear sister, I am glad to see thee: I want to tell thee the joy of my soul. I have heard the language, as intelligibly as anything I hear with my outward ear, 'Speak comfortably unto Jerusalem, cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, her iniquity is pardoned, for she hath received at the Lord's hand double for all her sin;' and, though I am most unworthy, I believe this is applied to me, for my peace flows like a river." He lived about five weeks from this time, and had indeed no more conflicts; not a doubt or a cloud obstructed the continual shining of the glorious Sun of Righteousness. He often said that he was as full of songs of joy as his poor heart could hold.

Deep baptisms abide me, and such a painful sense is given me of my own inability and nothingness that I am ready to shrink from attempting to open the subject to my friends. My poor tempest-tossed soul dwells near the valley and shadow of death. Liberia seems to press upon my mind, but can all this be called for at such weak hands?

I have omitted to mention in its place a testimony of my dear brother's to me a short time before his death. In an interview together he thus expressed himself: "Dear sister, I have thought for some time

past that the Master had a service for thee in distant lands across the ocean, and I have this to say to thee : *Go with thy life in thy hand. It should not concern thee whether thou sees thy native land again or not : heaven is as near there as here. Go and tell the sinner of a Saviour's love ; bear the good tidings to lands afar off. I wish you to make timely arrangements, so as to move along quietly.*" I replied : " Dear brother, I do not wish to repine at my lot, but I have been thinking that thou art soon to be released from the conflict, and that I must remain still longer in the field, and may make some misstep and never reach thy glorious home." To which he replied, looking at me most impressively : " The dear Saviour will never leave thee ; He will never leave thee, but when thy work is finished he will bring thee to meet me in heaven." This seemed a renewed evidence that the service was required, but so deep was my sense of frailty and entire inability to do the work that I could not believe that the Master would select me to go on such an important embassy, a service of such vast moment. The evidence had been very clear, but the feeling of unfitness for the work seemed to hedge up the way entirely, and I thought unless some person would come to me and tell me the Lord required it and would fit me for the work, I would not take a step. I thought I could not receive it but from some one clothed with gospel authority ; and in looking over this class I selected dear Benjamin Seeböhm, who I knew was somewhere in America. I was very much reduced in health, attributable to painful watchings and partings, for I slept little and had little appetite for food. Our monthly

meeting day arrived, and, though my health was so frail that I had gotten out to meeting but little for some time, I felt an almost irresistible impression to go. I accordingly went. As I entered the door almost the first person I met was Benjamin Seebohm. I could not have been more surprised at the appearance of any person. In a moment my request rushed into my mind, and thought I, "I am caught now; I have done wrong in asking this sign, and may the Lord forgive me and in mercy overlook this presumption, and not grant the request unless it is His will, in condescension to my low estate." The meeting gathered under a great solemnity. It seemed to me that this weighty service fell upon it, and after a time of very solemn silence dear Benjamin arose and took up an individual case, and so exactly described my feelings and the service that no doubt remained but the Most High had sent him with this message to me. My soul was poured out like water and all my bones shook. I thought all present knew it was I, though not one but my husband had been apprised of it (it having been to me too sacred a thing to speak of). Indeed, I thought I was a spectacle for men and angels, while the thoughts of my heart were revealed before many witnesses and the work of the Lord proclaimed in demonstration of the Spirit and with power. He spoke most cheerfully—explained feelings of poverty as preparatory to this work, that the creature may be laid low in the dust and the blessed Name alone be magnified; said the Lord would abundantly furnish for every good word and work; that he reduced the creature that all dependence on itself might be entirely

removed, and our confidence firmly fixed on Himself, who is the eternal foundation of wisdom and knowledge. I did not see Benjamin again until the day after my dear brother's funeral, when he came to our house and lodged. He had a meeting in the place, and precious and heart-searching was his gospel message. He likewise had a sweet opportunity with the mourners at the house of my lamented brother's widow. Long will this beloved Friend and his consoling heavenly testimony be remembered.

5th mo., Seventh day. To-day is our select meeting, and my trembling spirit is loth to fly, and yet afraid to yield. Who, indeed, can know the agony of my spirit, save

“ He who rolls the planets in their spheres
And counts the lowly mourner's tears ” ?

I thought it best to name my prospect to my two oldest children, a son sixteen and a daughter twelve. The reply of both was, “ Go, mother,” though their full hearts would hardly allow utterance until tears lent relief. With me words were nearly lost in feeling as I stood on Jordan's bank again to tempt its fearful tide and deeper tread beneath its wave. I had sat down to compose my thoughts for meeting, with my grief-worn mother, by the side of the cradle where lay (all unconscious of the deep pangs that rent our hearts) my dear little Grelet, about ten months old. The rest had all come in and were seated around, when my dear James Parnell, as if fully conscious of what was passing in his mother's heart, took a book and commenced reading the following lines :

“FORWARD AND FEAR NOT.

“Forward and fear not; the billows may roll,
But the power of Jehovah their rage can control.
The waves are in anger, but their tumult shall cease;
One word of His bidding will hush them to peace.

“Forward and fear not; though trials be near,
The Lord is thy refuge; whom shouldst thou fear?
His staff is thy comfort, thy safeguard His rod;
Be sober, be steadfast, and hope in thy God.

“Forward and fear not; though false ones deride,
The hand of the Highest is with thee to guide;
His truth is thy buckler, His love is thy shield;
On, then, to the combat—be sure not to yield.

“Forward and fear not; be strong in the Lord,
In the power of His promise, the trust of His word.
Through the sea and the desert thy pathway may tend,
But He who has saved thee will save to the end.

“Forward and fear not; speed on the way,
Why dost thou shrink from thy path in dismay?
Thou tread'st but the path that thy Leader hath trod;
Then forward and fear not, but trust in thy God.”

So appropriate and touching were the sentiments that we were brought into tenderness.

I have had many fears that the weight of the important visit will not be fully valued by all my dear friends. My earnest prayer has been that they may feel its weight as I have done, if it is of the Lord; if not, that they may see it right to take the burden and release me. I have this day ventured in great fear and much trembling to open my prospect in the select meeting, and, to my trembling admiration, it fell with solemn weight and awfulness upon the assembly. The great Head of His own Church dispensed His holy

power and presence and condescended to be a Spirit of judgment to those who sat in judgment, and an entire unity prevailed and cemented our hearts together in the strong bonds of gospel fellowship and love, and the great Name was held in reverence by those about Him. I feel somewhat relieved, and, having cast the burden upon my friends, the return of evening finds me trusting in my Saviour in sweet peace.

To-day is our monthly meeting, my health very frail, and my spirit awfully bowed before the Most High. A sense of utter inability to proceed in this momentous subject brings my soul into the dust of death, but "I will look unto the hills from whence cometh my strength." I was unable to attend the first meeting, and in great bodily infirmity went to the last meeting to attend to the business before me. I was strengthened to stand up and to open to my dear friends the service on my mind for the Lord my God in a distant land. It fell with great impressiveness, and yet as the gentle dew, upon the solemn assembly, and all present seemed to have a sweet feeling of unity and sympathy. The mountains indeed flowed down at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob.

To-day our quarterly meeting convened, and it was signally owned by the holy Head. In and over the first meeting was a sweet solemnity, which lost none of its sweetness after separation to transact the weighty business of the Church, which to me never seemed more weighty. I was mercifully helped again to spread the important prospect before the Church, which received its full and cordial unity, and many living testimonials were given forth to the power and goodness of Him

whose ways are not as our ways. My heart was reverently bowed before Him who makes a way through the roaring billows of discouragement and causeth the mountains to flee away at His presence before the footsteps of His little ones.

6th mo., Newport. Arrived on the island last evening, and to-day I have to bring my prospect before the Church in its select yearly meeting capacity. While I have not a doubt but the great Master requires me to make the sacrifice of laying the burden upon my friends for their disposal, I feel a fervent desire that we may not be permitted to proceed unless it is the Lord's will. May it please Him in whom are the treasures of wisdom and knowledge to dispense the spirit of wisdom and judgment to the Church, and may the awfulness of the service, with a sense of His dread majesty, power, and holy cementing love, mantle the whole assembly! I took my seat with my friends as a weaned child, passive in His holy hands whose will only I wished to know and do, with great fear upon my spirit. The Lord helped me to declare unto the Church what seemed to be His holy will who declareth unto man what are His thoughts, who maketh the morning darkness and treadeth upon the high places of the earth. The Lord, the God of hosts, is His name. A solemn awe pervaded the assembly, and at the place of prayer each spirit seemed to wait until a door of communication was opened by Him who openeth and none can shut. The mind of the blessed Head through the eternal Spirit was given forth in many living testimonials. Great unity prevailed. The prophetic declaration seemed applicable: "God came

from Teman and the Holy One from Mount Paran ; His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was filled with His praise." My soul returns unto her rest with songs of joy. The endorsements placed upon our certificates by the select meeting of ministers and elders have been read to-day, which brought the subject again before the meeting, and it proved the calling of a solemn assembly and the charge reposed in the Church. Our beloved Benjamin Seeböhm expressed, near the conclusion, that he had never seen the trust of disposing of these weighty affairs better redeemed than in the present instance. The convocation was concluded in reverent, fervent supplication by dear Lindley Murray Hoag, wherein near access was granted to the mercy-seat. We were committed to the holy keeping and safe guidance of the blessed Shepherd when we should be in distant lands across the great deep, and a rich heavenly blessing was implored upon our tender children, whom for Jesus' sake we must leave behind.

This evening we had a youth's meeting, which, as it reflected no glory upon the creature, may have brought honor to the Creator. Our yearly meeting was highly blessed with the holy Presence, which continued through its several sittings. On leaving the island the language of my heart was, "Thou, O my Father, hast dealt very graciously with the last and least and most unworthy." But now comes the bitterness of death, to leave all most dear in this life and go with our lives in our hands at the bidding of the blessed Master ; but my earnest prayer is that we may be cheerful givers, for the Lord loveth such. Every step thus far has been

taken in the ability which He gives us. As He has ordered our steps, so may we be fully His.

After reaching home we began making arrangements for embarking. It seemed best to break up the family, as no suitable person could be found to take care of the dear children, and we desired in this thing to be directed by Him who hath called us to His work. Our eldest son intends going to Haverford, a Friends' college in Pennsylvania, with which we are well satisfied. As he is at the tender age of sixteen, we had felt much solicitude as to his place and associates, and this prospect seems favorable, as he will have good company, and dear Marmaduke and Sarah Cope of Philadelphia have most kindly offered to take particular charge of him.

Many have been the marks of divine regard to us and ours. We had often thought of Liberia on the western coast of Africa as our first step, but thought we must of necessity go by way of England; but in the midst of our arrangements we received intelligence that the Liberia packet was daily expected from the coast, and would return soon—that it was the safest and most comfortable conveyance, and that it would stop for a few days to two weeks at most of the principal ports on the African coast, so that we could lodge on board every night; which was, with little exception, an entire protection from the acclimating fever so dangerous to the life of a Northerner. We sought in this exigency divine direction, as we must leave so much sooner than we had planned. This brought the final parting so near that heart and flesh seemed to fail, and the dear children seemed much grieved and cast down at this sudden wrench, as it were, of heart from

heart in the most tender and endearing relations. Our dear brother Cyrus seemed on the verge of eternity : we had hoped to have seen him quietly at rest ere we left our native land, and to have more time to visit our other beloved relatives. We were brought very low, even into the deeps, before the most high God, and there in fervent supplication raised our hearts to heaven in this our hour of need ; and the watchword was, " Gird on thy sword, take thy helmet and march ; the Lord hath need of thee now, for the enemy mustereth his host, and my soldiers must be in readiness." Impalpable mountains seemed to intervene, and high and fearful swelled Jordan's deep waves. In this great strait the language was intelligible : " Stand still and see the salvation of God."

7th mo. 14th, Second day. We received a telegraphic despatch that the ship would sail the 20th, which would occur the next First day. Our time seemed limited indeed. To-day our monthly meeting occurred, and it was the greatest solemnity, I think, ever witnessed there. Then came the pangs of parting ; the ties of consanguinity and gospel fellowship were being suddenly and unexpectedly torn asunder ; we might meet again, but probably it was a final separation to some present. Our hearts were poured out like water before the Lord and for each other's welfare. Several touching testimonies were given forth—I might safely say as the Spirit gave utterance. Dear James Owen from Indiana delivered a solemn and pathetic message touching the case of our immediate departure. Our prayers were that our departure from those with whom we had so long endeavored to labor faithfully

might stimulate them to greater dedication and faithfulness.

17th. Making arrangements for our expedition, believing it to be a divine opening for us, entirely without our aid or concern. This P. M. we must leave and proceed as far as Vassalboro' to take the cars to-morrow morning. What tongue can tell my soul's anguish as the tears flowed fast from each child's almost bursting heart? Had it not been for the gentle accents of a Saviour's love, "It is I, be not afraid; leave thy children with me," I could not have left them. We took our dear children to the home of dear husband's father, two of whom—viz. Sybil Narcissa and Richard Mott—we intended to take to Providence School. There we must bid adieu to dear brother Cyrus, father and mother, brothers and sisters, and friends who had collected to take their leave. Here we had concluded to leave our little Susan Tabor, about three years and a half old, who would often look in my face and exclaim with a touching look that reached my very heart, "Don't leave me, mother, thy little daughter; I will be a nice little lady; thee won't leave me, will thee?" The strength of Israel was my confidence at that moment. Our dear brother took our hands, and after pronouncing the words, "The Lord be with you!" he whispered the last and sad farewell while all around were weeping. We then took an affectionate leave of all present, and left the sweet scenes of childhood for perhaps many a year. Then proceeded to our friend Daniel Runnel's, where was our Eli Grelet, not quite a year old. My heart yearned over this lovely boy, whom I must cast from me. Then we separated,

taking the train for Providence School and dear James Parnell, who was to take us to the cars. We arrived at our esteemed friend Alton Pope's, where many Friends had collected, among whom were the Indiana Friends and dear John D. Lang and wife. We sat down together for a little time, and great tenderness and solemnity prevailed. I have lost two dear brothers and five sisters and an estimable father, but never did such hallowed, solemn, and unearthly feelings steal over my overcharged heart as on this memorable day. We rose early in the morning, and after taking leave of our much-loved friends, Alton and Theodate Pope, hastened to the cars. Dear James seemed more cheerful than I supposed he could be. At length we reached the dépôt, and the painful moment came to bid adieu to our dear child; his bosom swelled with emotion and fast fell the bitter tears. With a full heart I pronounced my last parting blessing: "Dearest boy, farewell; God bless and keep thee! I make this request as though it were my last: give thy heart to thy dear Saviour now in thy youthful days; He will comfort thy heart when we are far away." We arrived at New Bedford the same evening. On our way we paused a few minutes at Portland, met our dear friends R. and Sarah Horton, had a parting opportunity at the dépôt. Next stopped a few minutes at Lynn, and several friends accompanied us to Boston, where we had to wait about an hour, which was very pleasant, as the company of those dear friends was very cheering to us. They brought us several packages of useful and interesting things for our comfort on board of the ship. Our hearts were touched with grateful feelings for their

Christian kindness. At New Bedford lives my only sister; her health is so frail it is not probable (should we return) that she will survive till that time.

18th. This morning we took the cars for Providence. The children seemed to forget their trouble in their interest in new objects. We stopped about four hours in Providence, where we left the children and parted with our friends Joseph and Sybil Estes, who had accompanied us from Vassalboro'. We took our leave of the dear inmates of the Friends' school in a collective capacity—a very solemn season, our two little ones being with them. We bowed before the Most High and commended them to the care of Him whose mercy endures for ever. The dear children, with several others, went with us to the dépôt, where dear Samuel Boice and wife joined us. We gave a farewell glance to all. The dear little ones' faces were bathed in tears. Here it would be proper to say that we received the kindest attention from the superintendents, Silas and Sarah Cornell, and many others. These dear friends exerted themselves to procure some more needful things for us with great interest. Having so little time, and going by the way of Africa, we were lacking in some things which they most kindly supplied. May Heaven's blessings rest upon them!

7th mo. 20th, 1851, Chesapeake Bay, on board Liberia packet. We arrived in Baltimore about ten o'clock last evening, and found the ship had left the wharf and stood off about eight miles waiting for us, and that we should be expected to be on board this morning. Having taken a solemn and affecting leave of the last familiar face in our native land, we retired to our room,

and, though now separated from all most dear, we felt the loving presence of our Saviour.

21st. Made some arrangements to fit up our little "floating home" to make it as agreeable as possible. Captain and officers very kind, and all seem inclined to try to make us happy.

22d. Retired to our cabin after breakfast to read a portion of Scripture and to wait upon the Lord. I felt drawn to supplicate the throne of grace for all on board our frail bark, that the God of our lives would keep us in safety and bless and protect our precious children in our absence. Our time is mostly taken up in writing, as the pilot will return at the capes. Dear Eli is engaged a part of the day in teaching the emigrants to read, cipher, etc. We have some interesting conversation with them, and find them as a whole rather intelligent, and even pious.

24th. Calms and head winds seem to be our daily portion, but the heavenly Pilot holds the ship and the winds in His holy hands. Teaching the emigrants and writing to our friends keep us busy; health comfortable.

26th. To-day brisk wind; we expect to pass the capes. At six o'clock the pilot-boat came alongside and took off the pilot and a large package of letters. We shall not hear from home or have any means of sending intelligence until we reach Africa.

27th. We behold another morning in safety. It is First day, but fearful has been the night. We had a thunder-shower with furious winds. The rain fell in torrents and the thunder rolled deep, while the vivid lightning seemed to envelop the ship in liquid fire.

Our trembling vessel would dash into ocean's depths apparently, and then rise upon the mountain wave. We were brought to test ourselves whether we were willing to make our graves in the caverns of the deep or gird on the armor for the Lord's battles. To-day we entered the Gulf Stream. We are making ten miles an hour. We are so enfeebled with last night's rolling that we are neither of us able to sit up. The approach of night again fills us with apprehension. The night again stormy. We looked up in that hour of dismay and found an eye to pity and an arm to save.

29th. Stormy night, exceedingly rough; not safe to stay in our berths. With loss of appetite we are somewhat reduced. Felt somewhat as Noah's weary dove that found no place of rest above the cheerless waters.

30th. Boisterous weather still, but we are rapidly nearing Africa's distant coast. Our helpless souls hang on Thee.

31st. Rather more calm. My dear Eli is improving, though still feeble. A number of sweet little birds cheered us to-day, following the ship some distance. I think that they deserve a better name than "Mother Carey's chickens." At eleven o'clock we took our seats in our cabin (it being meeting-day at home) to try and worship Him who remains with them. Our spirits refreshed in blessed communion. At the evening sacrifice we had a fresh assurance of the angel of the Lord's presence. Delightful evening, every sail spread with fair wind. At twelve o'clock, 1360 miles from Cape Henry. We feel our infirmities, but can sing of the Lord's judgment and mercies.

8th mo. 2d. We have proceeded rapidly since leaving the capes; this is the seventh day since leaving them, and we have gone two thousand miles. Providence has sped us on our way. We find some very interesting persons among the emigrants, with whom we converse freely; we find them engaged to serve their God with diligence and love.

First day. A most charming morning. At eleven o'clock we sat down in our little meeting. We have felt a very painful exercise since being on board this ship. Our souls have been lifted up to God alone, that He would order our service for Him among the inmates of the ship, and the time, not daring to move (whatever we may suffer with the burden upon our spirits) until the command is given: for this we wait in watchfulness and prayer. After meeting it seemed best to us to try for a meeting, and, no obstacle appearing, at the time appointed nearly all assembled, and the short silence was blessed with His presence who is invisible. With awfulness and fear we ventured to make known our requests, and our dependent souls were made joyful in the house of prayer. Great solemnity pervaded the assembly, and these desperate spirits seemed contrited and made to fear. We were comforted with the spirits of a little band of humble followers of the Lord in this meeting, whom doubtless the Saviour loves. So great was my relief after this meeting that the language of my soul was, "Return unto thy rest, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Last night seemed sweet and peaceful. We heard neither oaths nor imprecations, with which our ears had been saluted many painful nights before our

meeting. Fearfulness came upon us often when we heard the great Name blasphemed, and such angry threats that we thought there was great danger of their killing each other. A great change is apparent, especially with the captain. May the Ancient of Days be honored for His power!

5th. This morning the ocean is very smooth, scarcely a breath to ruffle the blue. We have made little progress for two days. A sail has been just in sight since First day P. M. We have been a little suspicious of it. This morning we discovered a small boat approaching; there was considerable conjecture with regard to the business of the little messenger. She came alongside, containing six men, one of whom tremblingly ascended the side of the ship, assisted by a rope. He looked around, apparently with mingled emotions of hope and fear; his first idea must have been that we had a cargo of slaves. He was met with looks of kindness, and informed us that the first mate was ill and that he came to obtain some assistance. It seemed they had been as shy of us as we of them, but at length necessity had driven them to the hazardous attempt. We had a colored physician on board, but he seemed very unwilling to go with them, still fearing that some trick might be played upon us. My husband offered to go with them, for which my heart rejoiced, for I had felt a secret distress for them, and thought we might be becalmed for some good to them. The little boat left the ship, and had not rowed half the distance before a brisk fair wind arose and filled our flagging sails, and away we made for the disturbed vessel, and soon came alongside. The boat returned

for medicine, etc. It afforded my dear Eli great satisfaction to give them a little assistance from our small stock of comforts. To nearly all of us it seemed a providential interposition. A strong breeze now wafts us on with thankful hearts, I trust. The ship proved to be a whaler from Provincetown, out seven months. They wished for some books, and we had the pleasure of furnishing them with several interesting books, tracts, and papers, with which they seemed delighted. To-day we take the trade-winds, so that we have a fair prospect of a quick voyage; for this we feel we depend on Him who commands the wind. It seems that all hearts on board try to manifest their kindness and respect.

6th. Every sail filled with a delightful breeze. Were greatly refreshed together in reading and meditation upon Him who is our only crown of rejoicing in our low estate. Ability was granted to ask a blessing on the dear children. We have a very pleasant company—have not heard a profane word since the meeting. I never saw so great a change in a ship's crew. It is indeed the Lord's doings.

Saw a nautilus to-day. It spread its thin sail to catch the rising breeze. The sailors call it a "Portuguese man-of-war." Dear Eli is quite seasick to-day. At eleven o'clock sat down with as many emigrants as could be comfortably seated in our cabin, to try to worship Him who graciously sustains us upon the rolling deep. It proved a season of heavenly communion.

8th mo. 3d, Sixth day, lat. $33^{\circ} 53'$ N., long. 36° W.

A school of porpoises played round the ship for some time this morning. They seemed delighted at amusing us, jumping several feet out of the water and darting to and fro. We seemed nearing the shores of such intense interest to most on board, and, though a sea-life is not desirable, I do not feel anxious about reaching Africa. Great and fearful is our responsibility, and dangers seen and unseen are in this untrod path. May the God of our salvation have mercy upon us and direct our every step!

First day, 10th. Unable to sit up this morning. Dear Eli sat by my birth during meeting-hour, and our hearts were raised in aspiration heavenward. P. M. Able to sit up toward evening, and we concluded that it would be best to try for a meeting, which collected a little after sunset under a clear sky and a full moon, all canvas filled. The moon shed a mild intermingled gleam through the shrouds of our gallant ship, and delightful indeed were our meditations. The silence was at length broken by dear Eli in a feeling testimony to the universality of divine grace. The people were encouraged to forsake their sins and come to Jesus the Saviour of the world. It was a sweet, heavenly season. We felt to tell them that it was not a light thing to be thus remembered by Him who rolls the planets in their spheres. A great change is apparent in all on board. Everything is almost as we could wish, compared with what it was when we came. May we do nothing to diminish the reputation of our beloved Society!

The captain says that we are about six hundred miles from the coast of Africa in a straight line.

14th of 8th mo. Saw a whale to-day: shall pass the tropic of Cancer to-night; chilly. About two days' sail from Cape Verde.

17th. Cool and pleasant, very different from expectation in a tropical climate. I have been ill to-day; dear Eli somewhat better. It being First day, we were present in spirit with our friends at home in their meeting. Spoke a ship, and the captain and dear Eli took boat and went off to her. She proved to be the St. Paul, bound to Cowes. We sent a few lines home by her.

20th. A dreadful storm is on the main, and our ship is like a leaf in the winds. Several sails are split, and we may lose all before morning.

21st. My dear Eli is not able to sit up much, which saddens me.

25th. But little progress. I do not feel much anxiety but for my dear Eli, who seems failing every day from loss of appetite and want of things to make him comfortable, and for the poor emigrants, many of whom suffer from the same causes.

26th. This evening there is quite an excitement on board. My Eli discovered land; the captain thinks it may be Grand Cape Mount. The captain just called us on deck and a novel scene presented itself. Our ship seemed gliding through a stream of liquid fire, while each crested wave shed a beautiful silver light amid sparkling gems that bespangled the whole face of the deep. Thinking we might soon reach land, it seemed right to have another opportunity with the emigrants, which we obtained this P. M. We felt an impression that some one present would soon be taken

home to rest in Jesus. It proved a satisfactory season, thankfully received by them.

28th. This morning early we were saluted with the joyful intelligence that we were near Cape Mesurado. We hastened on deck, and once more beheld the "dark green robes of earth," which never seems so lovely as after a sea-voyage. The noble promontory is nearly covered with a thick forest, interwoven with luxuriant vines that hang in rich drapery from the branches of the trees, and the stately palm tree rears its lofty head high in air, like some tall cliff. It was Nature in her chastest charms arrayed. Soon my thoughts were diverted from this deeply interesting scene to one as novel as can well be imagined. The native canoes appeared, manned by natives without clothing. Soon the water seemed almost alive with them, and the air rang with strange sounds. We made ready to go on shore. I cannot describe my feelings at this moment, but, like Peter, I thought that I must call nothing common or unclean that God had cleansed. The captain, dear Eli, and I were soon seated in one of our boats manned by natives, and in a few minutes passed the bar in safety and reached the city of Monrovia, just in rear of the cape, and with grateful emotions set our feet on the shores of Africa.

B. V. R. James welcomed us to the shore, and kindly invited us to go to his house and refresh ourselves. We proceeded up a gentle ascent through the city as far as his house—were pleasantly received; took breakfast and dined with them. Called on President Roberts and his wife, who received us cordially; delivered our papers and letters; they kindly invited us to call again

and make our home with them if agreeable. Called also at James B. McGill's, a very interesting family, and returned before nightfall to our floating home. It has been a fine day, though in the midst of the rainy season.

29th. Just returned from shore; had a pleasant day and a delightful walk. Took breakfast at James McGill's, who with his pleasant wife entertained us very cheerfully. Dined with Beverly Wilson, a Methodist minister, who with his wife interested us highly. Visited the Alexander high school, B. V. R. James teacher. It contained seventy scholars, fifty of whom were present. They reflected credit on their competent teacher by their advancement and circumspect demeanor. We thought them as good scholars as those of the same age in America. We imparted some religious instruction and suggested some trifling improvements, with which the pious teacher and pupils seemed pleased. One is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren.

30th. Morning rainy; dear Eli has been ashore; thinks the place increases in interest every time he visits it. He has made two appointments for to-morrow, one at the Methodist and one at the Baptist house.

31st, First day. Morning rainy, but we thought best to try and meet our appointments. Arrived in time, but got somewhat wet; changed clothes. We felt it to be no ordinary occasion as we passed through the throng to our seats and then mingled in sweet and sacred communion for the first time with dear brethren and sisters in a distant land, for whose souls we had long borne the burden of a dying Saviour's love. The

silence was impressive, and the streams of that river that gladdens the heritage of God circulated sweetly through the assembly. The holy fervor of gospel love filled our hearts to the great abasedness of the creature. Ability was given us to show forth that living faith that works by love to the purifying of the heart, and to point out the difference between this saving faith and a dead faith that the world and its spirit will overcome. We were melted together as the heart of one man. The Lord reigned gloriously. At the close of this solemnity the people wished to get our hands, giving demonstrations of great joy at meeting us, and bidding us welcome to their shores with great blessing. Dined at James B. McGill's. Our afternoon meeting was increasingly interesting. We were led to explain the nature of that worship which only can be acceptable to God. Returned to our ship with the testimony sealed upon our heads. Not unto us, but unto Thy great Name, be all the honor.

9th mo. 1st. Morning rainy; had to remain in the packet; evening more pleasant. Passed our time in writing, reading, etc.

9th mo. 2d, Third day. Morning rainy; dear E. went ashore. He seems quite improved, which is very cheering. We feel quite at home on board, though far away dwell the hearts bound to us by the tenderest ties.

3d. We went on shore and called on Sarah Smith, a pious colored woman who keeps a place of refreshment; then called on President Roberts and wife, and had a very interesting conversation on several subjects relative to the interest and welfare of the republic. The

President was truly courteous and affable. In his manner there is an elegant simplicity adorned with Christian piety. He said, "I am truly thankful the Lord has sent you here, and for your prayers for us in your native land." His wife's highest ornament is piety, which is sweetly cherished in her gentle heart. After dinner, accompanied by the President and his wife, we repaired to the Presbyterian place of worship (a previous appointment). The house was crowded, but orderly and still. It was given us to deal very plainly with the people.

4th. Raining; dear E. went on shore and visited a native town, with which he was much interested. I felt the privation of remaining in the ship; I was somewhat impatient at being confined in my cage-like cabin. The deck being very wet, I was somewhat circumscribed, but in settling up the day's accounts I did not feel fully satisfied, and my earnest prayer is that I may keep my mind stayed on the Lord.

5th. Just returned from shore; have enjoyed the day much. Visited a private school taught by Georgianna Johnson, and suggested some improvements. Called on President Roberts and wife (they being directors of two or more female benevolent societies) to obtain their consent to meet those societies at their own time and place. We met them the following day, and had a very interesting conference. Suggested some improvements, such as ameliorating the condition of those immigrants, many of whom are destitute of employment or not willing to work, who lead a wretched life of indolence and consequently vice. The President said that it was a source of much

solicitude to himself; he was fearful of the continuance of this state of things. We suggested a house of industry. This struck him pleasantly as the very antidote needed. Called at George R. Ellis's, who is a magistrate. We were kindly received.

6th. Went on shore; had a very interesting opportunity with the Ladies' Association (some of the most intelligent females in Liberia). They managed their business in a correct and orderly manner, and by their records and accounts show that they are doing much for suffering humanity here. The emancipated slaves are sent here nearly penniless, except their portion of land, which is an unbroken forest, and six months' provisions, which are exhausted during the process of acclimating. The fever reduces them much. It is the judgment of the most intelligent residents of Liberia that it is best for the immigrants soon after their arrival to take up their farms and work a small portion of each day, clearing their land and planting sweet potatoes, and with the abundance of fruit growing around them they could live comfortably. This has been tried by some, and far less die. With the fever much depends on keeping up the courage; there is but little chance for those who abandon exercise.

7th. We went on shore at an early hour; took breakfast at Uriah McGill's. Went to a First-day school containing ninety-four children, twenty-five of whom are natives; the latter are not able to read the Bible. At half-past two attended a meeting for the children. The Baptist house, being the largest, was selected, and was well filled; they were orderly and attentive. I trust impressions were made that will never be effaced.

8th. E. went on shore. In the afternoon he returned with our valued friend James B. McGill and two colored ladies, with their servants, the latter going to Greenville, Sinon county. We left the shores of Monrovia with a comfortable evidence that our labors were acceptable to Him who had sent us forth. We were quite cheered with the prospect of saying that we had personal acquaintances in Liberia.

9th. Anchored in Bassa Cove. Thank God for the blessings and mercies that have attended us on this embassy of love!

11th. Came to anchor off Greenville.

13th. Went on shore and made arrangements for meetings—in the morning at the Baptist house, in the afternoon at the Presbyterian. The Methodist minister cordially invited us to attend the afternoon sitting of the quarterly meeting, saying the meeting should be at our disposal to worship in our own way. We were refreshed in the Lord.

First day, 14th. Had good meetings. At the Presbyterian house many stood about, not able to get inside. We were blessed together in heavenly places. Dined at Judge Murray's.

Second day, 15th. Set sail for Cape Palmas; anchored on account of head winds. I fear we cannot visit the town, Settra Kroo.

16th. We are in sight of Settra Kroo still. May the Lord keep us in safety!

17th. At anchor off Nasma Kroo; went on shore; called at the only two colonist houses there, then visited the native village. Here a strange scene presented itself: the females were entirely naked, except

a small covering about the loins, mothers with their naked infants on their backs, from one month old and upward; lasses with their skin painted indelible black and shining with palm oil, with which they are besmeared, came in crowds and surrounded us, gazing at me, crying, "White mammy;" others ran from us with fear. We gave the mothers some crackers, and soon every one that could get a child (sometimes quite as big as the pretended mother herself) had one packed on her back to get a cracker also. They are a very shrewd people—fine forms and well-proportioned. We visited the queen, who has a separate room in the king's house. He was absent; she received us quite graciously: her body was striped with white paint. We thought best to try for a meeting. The king's house was selected. One of the natives undertook to notify the meeting. He passed on before us, stopping at each house, and very soon the people might be seen running from every point toward the house where they were to have a "God palaver," as they call it. A number gathered. A native named Giando undertook to interpret for us. They were attentive—promised with clamorous acclamation that they would do as we told them. The meeting was relieving, and we have great cause for gratitude. Before we left the village several females had painted their faces white, which made them look ridiculous in the extreme.

18th. Set sail for Cape Palmas again. Came to anchor after sunset.

19th. Went on shore; called at Dr. McGill's; they received us pleasantly. He occupies the vacancy made by the lamented death of Governor Rupworm. Dined

at F. Burns's, the Methodist minister. We were interested in the information they gave us of the colony and natives. The latter have three villages very compact, and with all the heathen customs, the most disgusting of which is their unclad forms that are seen in every direction, forming a striking contrast to the neat dwellings, decent clothing, and intelligent countenances of the colonists. On the outermost point of this high promontory is a lighthouse, and about it the colonists' houses stand surrounded with fine gardens and the beautiful African fruit trees. Made an appointment at the Methodist house for to-morrow.

20th. We have not been able to meet our appointment, the swell is so great. We have been somewhat disappointed in not getting to town, but are sure that all is well under the supervision of Him who commands the elements in His own consummate wisdom.

21st, First day. Beautiful morning; got safely on shore, and had a large meeting in the Methodist house. In the sweet covenant of peace and joy the meeting closed.

22d. Got on shore, and rode in a small carriage drawn by natives about two miles into the country, accompanied by Dr. McGill and his amiable wife. Delighted with the scenery. The dwellings of the colonists are comfortable, but most of their farms are uncultivated; very rich soil. We have a strong apology to make for the indolence in Africa: most of the settlers hitherto are emancipated slaves, worn out with hard service in the land of oppression, from which they have been sent after their spirits and strength are wasted by unrequited toil. Then they

meet this enervating climate. A number of energetic husbandmen should be sent out with every colony to inspire them. Manual-labor schools would doubtless succeed here, but the present operations must fail to arrive at the happy results anticipated by the philanthropists.

23d. Went on shore and had a most interesting meeting with the children. Many youthful eyes were bedewed with tears as they heard the glad tidings of a Saviour's love.

24th. Had a meeting at the Episcopal house. The Lord was with us. We gave books and tracts.

25th. We were saddened by the conviction that some of us would meet no more on earth. We left Cape Palmas with an additional interest for Africa. We feel that we are only the pioneers—that the Lord will send yet more honorable members of his household to this land.

27th. Very weak. Came to anchor off Sinon. My E. went on shore, but I thought best to remain, write, and arrange for to-morrow. E. returned wearied, but much delighted with his excursion into the country.

28th. Went early on shore, and, taking our vessel's boat and crew, proceeded up the Sinon River about two miles to a colonist settlement. Our meeting was well attended and the word was heard with gladness. We walked in a footpath some distance in a smart shower, and were wet and much fatigued. Rested and dried our clothes a little before the meeting. The people more industrious than any we have seen before in Liberia.

30th. Went on shore; had a meeting in the Baptist

house. It was a final parting and a heavenly season. No doubt that we shall have the prayers of these dear people.

10th mo. 3d. Anchored this P. M. off Bassa.

4th. Went on shore, but with much difficulty, it being the worst bar on the coast. We proceeded along the coast until we found a place to land in safety. The natives managed with great skill, and as soon as we came near land they sprang into the water and caught me, and in a minute set me down high and dry, seemingly highly gratified, exclaiming "Mammy no wet." We called at a little cabin and got a cup of tea made, and when the rain subsided we proceeded to the town. Beautiful country, covered with orange trees and guava, but farms sadly neglected. I think the plough is needed as much as missionary labors, for without the former the latter cannot accomplish much.

P. M. Very rainy; had a ride in a hammock, or rather a substitute for one—a piece of native cloth with the ends fastened together with ropes, and a pole passed through loops; the poles rested on the natives' shoulders. It was placed on the ground for me to step in and lie down, but I begged the privilege of walking, which was refused, as it would injure my health, for the rain was pouring. I did not like it, although I did not get wet. The idea of a bier was constantly presenting itself, together with the fear that it was too great a burden for the poor natives. A terrible storm came up on our way back to the ship, and we nearly lost our lives in the angry waves.

5th, First day. Had a meeting in the evening on board, as it was very rainy. In retirement this day we

could say with the Psalmist, "How precious are thy thoughts unto me!"

7th. Went ashore and had a meeting at Edina, on the north side of the St. John's River. It proved a memorable solemnity.

8th. Went on shore and had a meeting on the south side of the St. John's, at Bassa. The blessed Head of the Church was pleased to feed the hungering multitudes through His poor instruments. A number collected to witness our departure, and we took an affectionate leave of them, mingled with sadness, on our final departure from Bassa Cove.

Set sail about five o'clock with a brisk wind, which would take us to Monrovia by sunrise, but it soon became calm, and we came to anchor. The Lord knows what is best.

9th. We are quite anxious as we approach Monrovia, for here we must decide whether to remain in Africa and wait a passage to England (should none offer before the packet leaves), or return to Boston and thence embark to Liverpool. I trust we are resigned to either as the Lord wills.

10th. Anchored off Cape Mesurado. Dear Eli went on shore and found letters from home. We read them together with much joy, as they contained intelligence that all was well with the dear children and those at home. Boundless is our debt of gratitude. One of the immigrants who was in good health at the time of our last meeting on board is dead. We learned that she died in peace, but was cruelly treated by her husband.

11th. Went on shore accompanied by the President's wife. I took a bundle of tracts and visited all the sick

and infirm, distributing tracts and imparting such messages of gospel love as were given me.

First day, 12th. Went on shore quite comfortably, although it was wet, and attended a meeting at the Baptist house. Our meetings here have been signally blessed. Truly the Lord's name is great in Zion.

13th. Rainy, but got on shore, and made calls and distributed tracts. No way opens yet for Sierra Leone. We are wholly dependent on Him who makes a way.

14th. Called at U. McGill's, J. B. McGill's, Beverley Willson's. I then distributed tracts, and I think that I never saw so much gratitude manifested in any part of the world I ever visited. As I passed their little cots they followed me in numbers; even children joined, holding out their hands begging for a tract. At length all were gone, but a few more on board.

15th. Dear Eli went up the river St. Paul, and visited New Georgia, Upper and Lower Caldwell, Virginia, and Kentucky. I spent the day making calls and giving tracts.

17th. It is a time of seeking the Lord among the people. The youth are flocking to the Saviour. May a glorious accession be made to the militant Church from Africa!

19th. Went on shore, and had a meeting at the Methodist house, and it was a solemn occasion, as it was our final meeting.

20th. Went on shore for the last time, as the ship would sail at three o'clock. Made several calls, one on a sick immigrant from Antigua. Has been sick seven months, reduced to a skeleton; said he had a wife and two children in his native land. As he spoke of them

his eyes filled with tears, and "God's will be done!" fell from his trembling lips.

I went with some ladies to the highest point of this commanding promontory. Had a fine view of the town and mountains toward the interior. We met many a smiling face and heard many a "Thank you" as we stopped at the little cots to distribute tracts. The Liberians are very anxious to get these little messengers, and read them with interest. We hope they may be a blessing to them. I handed one to an aged woman, who clasped it to her bosom and exclaimed, "The Lord bless you! I will keep it to read while I live, and when I die I will have it put into my coffin."

We have left Monrovia, and as the land recedes from view the pangs of separation from many, if not all, are keenly realized, not only by us, but by the group on shore. But as the clouds dispersed around the setting sun his last sweet rays rested upon the rich foliage, and then, veiling his face in a mantle of crimson clouds, withdrew. We leave Africa with sheaves of peace.

21st. Made little progress to-day. Though our returning in the ship is very unexpected, yet all is peace, and it seems to us to be in the will of Him who brought us in safety across the mighty deep. No way has opened for us to go to Sierra Leone or England. We intend to return to America (if no new opening appears) and embark at Boston for Liverpool. In this way we may see our little ones; which seems almost too great a favor. We have thoughts of stopping at St. Thomas, and thence prosecuting our contemplated visit among the islands, if we can make an

arrangement with the captain that will answer and it seems right.

22d. Delightful weather. This morning in silent waiting before the Lord He gave us to feel His holy presence near, and an assurance that He would still lead us and instruct us.

23d. The captain concludes to leave us at St. Thomas if we desire it. We had looked toward home, but the prospect seems somewhat like closing up. The will of the Lord be done!

Some swallows appeared this morning and flew into the cabin. They lingered about all day. They may be emigrants from cold New England's clime. They brought with them sweet thoughts of scenes and lands far over the blue depths of ocean.

28th. Clear weather. Think it may be best to abandon the thought of returning home, and stop at St. Thomas, one of the West Indies, and commence our next labors. This seems a favorable opening, for a Northern tour will be too great a change of climate. My health seems greatly improved by a warm climate.

30th, First day. We sat down for meeting together, it being meeting-day at home. We felt as the disciples journeying toward Emmaus; we felt our hearts warmed and tendered together.

31st. St. Thomas is in our minds' view, but whether we shall get there or not lies in the bosom of futurity. It will probably take two weeks longer to reach there if the ship touches it. Our daily prayer is to be directed aright.

11th mo. 1st. Dear Eli is much better, and my health is quite good. The cook is quite sick; I fear he will

not recover. He is in great distress both of mind and body. How wise to prepare for such an awful time in health!

2d. Last evening we read a chapter by the bedside of the distressed sailor. My heart was poured out in prayer.

3d. We are sailing ten knots an hour toward our native land. The captain does not think, on further reflection, that he can consistently stop at St. Thomas. We had given up to go if the way had been clear, and therefore think the hand of the Lord is in it. He will accept the will for the deed. The cook seems recovering, and truly penitent. He told me that a testimony delivered at our last meeting on board was for him. He has been previously a very profane and wicked man. This is a fresh instance of the mercy and long-suffering of the Lord.

6th. We are approaching our native land with the sheaves of peace, but feeling still bound to the work, not knowing the things that may await us there. May my whole life be dedicated to His service who has so remarkably blessed my going out and coming in!

20th. The captain concludes to set his course for Baltimore, hoping to reach Cape Henry before our stores fail.

9th. About ten o'clock a pilot-boat came alongside and left a pilot. Providence permitting, we may soon set our feet on the wharf at Baltimore. Soon we must bid adieu to our home upon the ocean. We are encouraged with the regular and sober deportment of all on board, and, though our passage has been a protracted one, we do not regret it, while we have beheld

with thankfulness the operation of the Lord's hand upon the crew of our brave ship, to which, with its inmates, we shall now bid adieu with emotions of gladness and regret. Oh may all that have sailed together here anchor at last in the kingdom of God! Farewell!

Soon after their return Eli Jones wrote an article for the *Friends' Review* setting forth the conditions of this African colony, and recommending that some more work be done to help these enterprising freedmen and the less enlightened native tribes within the republic of Liberia. The article was reprinted, and was read by many. Still later, while at work in North Carolina, he received a call from the president of the African Colonization Society to attend one of their meetings in Washington, which he accordingly did. As he entered the hall where the exercises were being held a gentleman was delivering a discourse in which he endeavored to show the impossibility of an equality between negroes and white men, and consequently the hazardousness of the experiment of allowing them to rule themselves. The chairman then announced that the next speaker was to have been Eli Jones, but that he had not yet seen him.

To his surprise, a man rose in the back of the hall, threw off his overcoat, and came to the platform. He gave his name as the one called for, and began to give his knowledge and opinion of Liberian colonization. He took as his text the remark of the former speaker, saying that he as a landowner and tiller of the soil went from Maine to Liberia, where he stood on an equality with the landowners there; but as he came

in the presence of President Roberts there was not an equality, since he, the white man, stood below the vigorous, wise, strong-minded colored President of the republic. From that he spoke for an hour feelingly and emphatically on the excellence of the work going on in Africa, at the same time impressing the need of further aid.

CHAPTER VII.

WORK IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

“Their single aim the purpose to fulfil
Of truth from day to day;
Simply obedient to its guiding will,
They held their pilgrim way.
Yet dream not hence the beautiful and old
Were wasted on their sight
Who in the school of Christ had learned to hold
All outward things aright.”

WHITTIER.

ELI and Sybil Jones reached Baltimore in the middle of winter, and experienced the joy of being once more among Friends and in their own loved country. Having been kept and continually supported to accomplish their work, they now were filled with thanksgiving to Him whose pillar of cloud and fire had gone before them by day and by night, and they were prepared in spirit for the still longer journey which was before them. They visited friends and relatives on their way to Maine, and were everywhere joyfully received. Their children had all passed the time of their absence pleasantly, and had gained in mental and physical growth.

It was an interesting sight when their townsmen met to welcome them home. One can see them in the monthly meeting, which was held at this time. Many who came but seldom, rode over the hills that day to

sit down on the unpainted seats and listen if they did not worship, and an unusually large number were present when the hushed stillness told that meeting had begun. One father and the mothers of the two ministers were there, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts; many who had always known them, and some who had never seen them,—all bowed their heads before the Mighty One, and

“Low breathings stole
Of a diviner life from soul to soul,
Baptizing in one tender thought the whole.”

Even the cold-hearted felt a warmth steal in, and the low-spirited were exalted in their minds. No one who sat under that silence doubted that the Lord was speaking to “the spirit’s finer ear;” and when the seal was broken and the moved lips opened in vocal thanksgiving many hearts rose in harmony. A brief, quiet prayer from a full heart, when the spirit of the whole meeting rises with it, reaches where eye cannot see, and comes not back void. Words are human, but power is divine.

We can see Eli Jones rise from his wonted seat and slowly speak his text: “When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys. I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water.” His companion sees many before her who have grown cold while they have been answering the call from Ethiopia, and sweetly she asks

them to whom they will go if they forsake Him who alone has the words of eternal life. Together they sound the alarm and call upon their friends and neighbors to stand firm and quit them like men while they go out again to reap in other vineyards. At the close of this day Sybil Jones could say, "He brought us unto his banqueting-house, and the banner over us was Love."

Once more they separated from home-friends and took their little children to West Hill, N. J., the lovely home of Eliza P. Gurney, who had asked that the two youngest boys, Eli Grelet and Richard Mott, might be left with her during their parents' absence. . . . On First day they attended the meeting at Burlington, and sat in company with Stephen Grelet and Richard Mott, for whom the boys had been named. Stephen Grelet, that great apostle, who had given messages from the King of kings to potentates and princes in all the countries of Europe, who had shown men's equality by holding his finger to the Pope's extended finger, and who was now waiting to be ushered into another and a higher court, addressed them thus: "The Lord has provided for your children in your absence, and thus given striking demonstration of His love to you; and now this testimony is applicable to you, my dear friends: 'I will be with thee whithersoever thou goest, and will guide thee with mine eye, and afterward receive thee into glory;' so go, dear friends, cheerfully, for the Lord will be your all-sufficient Helper."

After visiting their other children, at Haverford College and at Providence, they finally sailed from Boston the 31st of 3d mo. on the steamer "Niagara"

for Liverpool. A goodly company of Friends from Lynn and elsewhere were on the wharf to wave them adieu.

It was an uneventful passage, except that an iceberg was discovered exactly in their course just in time to turn the ship from the danger. Sybil Jones writes of it: "I got on deck while it was in full view, and gazed with wonder and delight upon this magnificent frosty traveller from the frigid North to milder skies. It seemed like an island all of light consolidated into form, or as a cathedral whose stately spires pierced the eternal sunshine. The first rays of the morning sun gave to its pure, spotless whiteness a brilliancy and beauty that seemed almost of heavenly extraction. It reminded us of the infinitely more splendid and soul-ravishing charms of nature's God and heaven's eternal King, of whose mercy it seemed the white-robed harbinger."

On their return voyage, the ship, sailing at a rapid rate in a dense fog, found itself almost upon a gigantic iceberg, a mighty pyramid of ice. It seemed to all on board that the ship must be crushed. An infidel who was a fellow-passenger hurried on deck and cried out, "In an hour we shall all be lost, but let us die like philosophers."—"No," said Sybil Jones, rising to her feet; "if we are to meet death, let us do it as Christians." In God's goodness all were spared.

They were delighted with their first sight of England, to find such abundant verdure instead of the snow and ice which they left on the hills of New England, and they were more delighted still to find warm hearts waiting for them, among whom was Benjamin Seebohm, who

had been a former messenger of good to them. It was nearly time for Dublin yearly meeting to begin, and they crossed over to Ireland to attend it. This was an occasion of great interest, and the two American Friends had weighty service to perform; but Sybil Jones was taken ill with severe irritation of the spine while the meeting was still in session. She finally found relief for that time, and was able to attend some of the meetings. Their friend Mary James Lecky was always ready to attend to their comfort, and they did not want for pleasant homes.

Their visit to Balitore is thus described: "We left for Balitore in the comfortable coach of our dear friend Mary J. Lecky. Our route was most pleasant and interesting—beautiful groves, rich fields of waving grain, with herds and flocks scattered over the flowery lawns; stately dwellings and white cottages, with now and then some ancient castle in ruins, wearing a vesture of deep green woven by the evergreen ivy, which flourishes in rich foliage on its time-beaten walls and dilapidated towers. The golden furze may be seen in abundance on hill and dale, and is a lovely ornament to the variegated scene. The hedges that skirt the way are bespangled with yellow and crimson primroses, bluebells, violets, and many other little wild flowers, forming a radiant wreath entwined with the graceful ivy. We admired the scene, and talked much of Erin, the green isle of the ocean. At one o'clock we arrived at Balitore, or, as it is sometimes called, the 'Classic Vale.' Dear Elizabeth Barrington—the 'Princess Elizabeth,' as she is sometimes called—gave us a cordial welcome. The charms of this little village, loveliest

of the plain, are sweetly enhanced by the memory of departed worth, talent, genius, virtue and piety which once flourished here."*

Day after day they attended meetings and visited families, though Sybil Jones was in such a state of health that it was merely her will which kept her from bed ; she continually spoke of the "frailty of the tabernacle," but the strength of the spirit forced the body to obey and do its part of the work ; and as the time drew near for the London yearly meeting they turned thither. Everywhere they directed their eyes a new beauty of landscape, a majesty of mountain, or a charm of antiquity met them ; but Sybil Jones was forced to close her eyes on all this outward loveliness, and as as she rode along, reclining on her seat, she comforted herself "in the presence of Him who verily knows what is best for us ; health and life, with every other blessing, are in his hand."

The meeting began on the 17th of Fifth month, and now for the first time in their lives they were sitting in the parent yearly meeting of the Society of Friends. For more than two hundred years the Friends of Great Britain have annually assembled in London, and the power of these meetings is wonderful. Some of England's greatest minds have sat in silent waiting there, and have raised their voices in regard to the proper ordering of the household of faith, and some of her lowliest sons and daughters have not been hindered from sitting in the same scat with these great lights, and their

* It was at Balitore that Edmund Burke received his early education, at the Friends' school conducted by Richard Shackleton, to whom he often wrote and attributed much of his careful training.

words have been listened to with equal deference. English conservatism has kept this meeting much as it was in earlier days, while broad ideas and liberal notions have been disseminated, so that no stiff cloak of formalism has settled over the body. The Spirit which giveth life is sought for, but the iron yoke of the letter does not rest upon them. The voices of "just men made perfect" have, in all the generations since George Fox, pleaded from full hearts that the Lord might have here a "peculiar people," separated from the world and satisfied with the one honor of being "fellow-citizens with the saints."

Eli and Sybil Jones had many comforting sessions in this meeting, and they not only did the work which was in their hearts for the strengthening of those assembled, but they were themselves made more strong and more useful members of the Church for this work in the harmonious company of united English Friends.

The effect of their utterances and the impressiveness of the gathering were beautifully and eloquently described by Elihu Burritt, who was present, and who was afterward associated with Eli Jones in the Peace cause. This passage is from his diary, dated the 21st of fifth month:

THE QUAKER MEETING.

"LONDON, May 21, 1852.

"This has been a day of deep interest. In the morning I went to the meeting of public worship in the Devonshire House, which was filled to the utmost capacity by Friends from every part of the kingdom. As a spectacle no human congregation can surpass it

in impressive physiognomy. The immaculate purity of the women's dresses as they sat a mountain multitude of shining ones, arising in long quiet ranks from the floor to the gallery on one side of the house, the grave mountain of sedate and thoughtful men on the other, presented an aspect more suggestive of the assemblies of the New Jerusalem than any earthly congregation I had ever seen. In a brief time the last-comers had found seats or standing-places, and then a deep devotional silence settled down upon the great assembly like an overshadowing presence from heaven. The still, upbreathing prayer of a thousand hearts seemed to ascend like incense, and the communion of the Holy Spirit to descend like a dove, whispering its benediction and touching to sweeter listening serenity those faces so calm with the breath of its wing; and out of the deep silence of this unspoken devotion arose one, with trembling meekness, to unburden the heart of a few brief message-words to which it feared to withhold utterance, lest it should sin against the inspiration that made it burn with them. From another part of the house arose the quavering voice of prayer, short, but full of the earnest emotion of supplication and humble utterance of faith and thanksgiving. Then moments of deeper silence followed, as if all the faculties of the mind and all the senses of the physical being had descended into the soul's inner temple to listen to and wait for the voice of the Spirit of God. How impressive was the heart-worship of those silent moments! There was something solemn beyond description in the spectacle of a thousand persons of all ages so immovable that they seemed

scarcely to breathe. The 'Ministers' Gallery' was occupied by a long rank of the teachers, the fathers, and the mothers of the Society from different parts of the country, who seemed to preside over this communion like shepherds sitting down before their quiet flocks by the still waters of salvation. In the centre sat a man and a woman a little past the meridian of life, and apparently strangers in the great congregation. The former had an American look, which was perceptible even to the opposite extremity of the building, and when he slowly arose out of the deep silence his first words confirmed that impression. They were words fitly spoken and solemn, but uttered with such a nasal intonation as I never heard before, even in New England. At first and for a few minutes I felt it doubtful whether the unpleasant influence of this aggravated peculiarity would not prevent his words of exhortation from having salutary effect upon the minds of the listening assembly. But as his words seemed to flow and warm with increasing unction, little by little they cleared up from that nasal cadence and rounded into more oral enunciation. Little by little they strengthened with the power of truth, and the truth made them free and flowing. His whole person, so impassive and unsympathetic at first, entered into the enunciation of these truths with constantly increasing animation, and his address grew more and more impressive to the last. He spoke nearly an hour, and when he sat down and buried his fingers under his broad-brimmed hat, and the congregation settled down into the profound quiet of serene meditation, I doubted whether it would be broken again by the voice of another exhortation. But

in the course of a few minutes the form of the woman who sat by his side—and it was his wife—might be perceived in a state of half-suppressed emotion, as if demurring to the inward monitor of the Spirit that bade her arise and speak to such an assembly. It might well have seemed formidable to the nature of a meek and delicate woman. She seemed to struggle involuntarily with the conviction of duty, and to incline her person slightly toward her husband, as if the tried attributes of her heart leaned for strength on the sympathy of his, as well as on the wisdom she waited from above. Then she arose calm, meek, and graceful. Her first words dropped with the sweetest enunciation upon the still congregation, and were heard in every part of the house, though they were uttered in a tone seemingly but little above a whisper. Each succeeding sentence warbled into new beauty and fulness of silvery cadence. The burden of her spirit was the life of religion in the heart as contrasted with its mere language on the tongue, or what it was to be really and truly a disciple of Jesus Christ. Having meekly stated the subject which had occupied her meditations and which she had felt constrained to revive in the hearing of the congregation before her, she said: ‘And now, in my simple way and in the brief words which may be given me, let me enter with you into the examination of this question.’ At the first word of this sentence she loosed the fastenings of her bonnet, and at the last handed it down to her husband with a grace indescribable. There was something very impressive in the act as well as in the manner in which it was performed, as if she uncovered her head involuntarily

in reverence to that vision of divine truth unsealed to her waiting eyes. And in her eyes it seemed to beam with a heavenly light serene, and in her heart to burn with holy inspiration and meekness, and to touch her lips and every gentle movement of her person with an expression eloquent, solemn, beautiful as her words fell upon the rapt assembly from the heaven of tremulous flute-like music with which her voice filled the building. Like a stream welling from Mount Hermon and winding its way to the sea, so flowed the melodious current of her message, now meandering among the unopened flowers of rhymeless poetry, now through green pastures of salvation, where the Good Shepherd was bearing in his bosom the tender lambs of his flock; next it took the force of lofty diction, and fell, as it were, in cascades of silvery eloquence, but solemn, slow, and searching, adown the rocks and ravines of Sinai; then out like a sweet-rolling river of music into the wilderness, where the Prodigal Son, with the husks of his poverty clutched in his lean hands, sat in tearful meditation upon his father's home and his father's love. More than a thousand persons seemed to hold their breath as they listened to that meek, delicate woman, whose lips appeared to be touched to an utterance almost divine. I never saw an assembly so moved, but so subdued into motionless meditation. And the serene and solemn silence deepened to stillness more profound when she ceased speaking. In the midst of these still moments she knelt in prayer. As the first word of her supplication arose the men, who had worn their hats while she spoke to them, reverently uncovered their heads as she kneeled to speak to God. Long and

fervent was her supplication. Her clear sweet voice trembled with the burden of the petition with which her soul seemed to ascend into the Holy of holies, and to plead there with Jacob's Father for a blessing upon all encircled within that immediate presence. She arose from her knees, and the great congregation sat down, as it were under the shadow of that prayer to silence more deep and devotional. This lasted a few minutes, when two elders of the Society, seated in the centre of the 'Ministers' Gallery,' shook hands with each other, and were followed by other couples in each direction as a kind of mutual benediction as well as a signal that meeting was terminated. At this simple sign the whole congregation arose and quietly left the house. Such was the experience of a couple of hours in a Quaker meeting."

The last day of the yearly meeting Sybil Jones spoke out her feelings in regard to total abstinence. She was probably the first person who publicly stated to an English audience the necessity of taking such high ground to overcome the evils of intemperance, and, though much sympathy was expressed, there was a deep feeling on the part of some against her expressed views. She writes: "This day has concluded the yearly meeting; my spirit was bound down under a weight of exercise, but divine help came and enabled me to testify the gospel of the grace of God in a way most humiliating to the creature; but some, it may be hoped, were led to examine how far their example of righteousness and temperance had reached to give a check to the crying sin of this nation, that not only

their husbands and brothers be influenced by their example, but also their neighbors, and whether there was not something for them to do in this matter, even total abstinence if it may be required. When this was done my peace abounded, and I hope no harm was done. Many dear Friends seemed to feel much sympathy, and a precious solemnity came over us."

For weeks after leaving London these "two recruiting-officers labored hard to enlist soldiers for their Captain" through the northern counties of Ireland. Not only Friends and other Protestants came to hear them, but often there were priests present at the meetings, and many Irish Catholics heard them preach the gospel. Sometimes Sybil Jones seemed to be "standing on the verge of eternity," but as the body grew frail it seemed the soul waxed strong and her messages became more impressive. All she saw as they rode from one village to another attracted her attention, and she rejoiced that the Creator had made the earth so fair, while she was brought into great sadness at the poverty and oppression of the unfortunate, and the lack of vital religion which was often found. There was great need of wisdom in telling the whole truth to her mixed audiences, to have it come to them as the one thing they needed to make their unhappy lives happy, and her soul went out in her utterances to their souls and stirred them to believe. There was hardly a town which they visited where error had not been taught and superstitions ruled the hearts of the people, and many who had suffered deep wrongs felt that there was no justice in the earth. To such it was announced, "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the

upright in heart ;" but they felt that " nothing short of the omnipotent Arm could deliver these souls from popish thralldom and make them free through the power of Jesus Christ.

Mary James Lecky continued to accompany them, and she was an almost indispensable companion, providing for their comfort and safety and opening ways for their service which to them alone would have been closed ; and as Sybil Jones was under a daily weight of infirmity, she was a strong arm to lean upon, and encouraged her as a sister when her heart grew weak from the abundance of trial.*

A few passages from their journal will tell much of their earnest efforts and ceaseless longings to help this people, and also the difficulties with which they were beset. At Galway, once a famous seaport town on the west coast of Ireland, they write :

"*9th mo. 15th.* Called at an early hour upon the vicar, an Episcopal clergyman, D'Arcy, who attended our meeting and kindly invited us to come to his residence and he would take us to the school and make way for any religious service to which we felt called. He received us heartily and entered into the plans we wished to execute. He accompanied us, with his amiable wife, to the asylum for aged females and to the school. We had service for Him who sent us, much to our comfort,

* Mary James Lecky filled her carriage with loaves of bread from the baker's, and as they drove along roads where poverty was everywhere terribly present, she distributed her stores for the bodily needs of the poor suffering peasants, while Sybil Jones earnestly told them of the Bread of life. In the original meaning of the word, " lady " is the *bread-giver*. Did ever two more worthy the name go out to fulfil the duties belonging to that title ?

and, we may trust, to their edification. The dear children listened with delight and interest to all that was offered, and many appeared tender. They are improving finely and getting a good knowledge of the Scriptures, which may be of lasting benefit to them; but oh the hunger and rags were apparent enough to pain the hardest heart. Our company distributed some relief among them as seemed most prudent; the evil might be wholly remedied by giving them work and a fair compensation. The Irish are not naturally idle; there is abundant proof to the contrary.

"16th, Fifth day. This morning visited the poor-house and school connected with it; all neat and orderly, good improvement; about thirteen hundred inmates. We had the children collected for religious service, and it was a good time. They were mostly Roman Catholics. They were serious and seemed contrited.

"17th. Two friends with my Eli called on the Roman priest and informed him of our intention to hold a meeting for the inhabitants; he was civil, but said none of his people would attend."

At another time, while they were in the city of Galway, Eli Jones was told that he would be stoned by the Catholics if he attempted to preach. He at once called on the priest, told him that he was an American, and obtained a promise from him that his people should be allowed to come to the meeting that evening. Before a large audience of the most bigoted Roman Catholics he arose to preach the gospel of redeeming love. It was the part of wisdom to gain his hearers, for their souls could not be reached until the barrier of their prejudice was broken down. He began: "A

virgin shall conceive and bring forth a son, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace ;" "Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women ;" "They found Joseph and Mary and the babe." After hearing these passages they were all ready to listen to him, and then, as he says, "I soon left the *mother* and talked to them of the *child*."

"*The 20th, at Conamarra.* People mostly in rags worn to strings, winter near, hunger everywhere ; but a better time is coming, we hope. They seem emerging from the shades of superstition and moral darkness, having seen in some degree the light which enlightened the Gentiles and the glory of Israel. May the bright and morning Star shine in its resplendent beauty over this neglected land ! May the labors of the faithful ministers of Christ be more abundant and their service for Him be crowned with cheering success ! and may the seed sown, though often with weeping, trembling, and much fear, bring forth an hundred-fold !

"*21st.* We arrived at Clifden in time for a meeting held in a courthouse. Many sober people came who seemed glad to hear of the way of life, but others, set on by the priests, disturbed the meeting, so that it was not a very comfortable time ; but I secretly rejoiced in being counted worthy to suffer for His name's sake who sent us forth."

On the 28th Sybil Jones was taken very ill with influenza. They were fortunately at Kilnock, among very kind friends. Here they were kept nearly a month. Eli Jones improved all the time, holding meetings almost continually, while his wife, confined

to her room, "was in great peace" and the triumphal anthem was on her lips:

"If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine—
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
Thy will be done."

After six weeks, nearly all of which had been weeks of illness and hence time taken from the work, she writes: "I like to note now and then the fleet footsteps of Time. I perceive he will not stay his rapid course for me, and therefore I most earnestly pray so to number my days and to apply my heart with diligence unto wisdom that each golden hour may bear upward the incense of a grateful, devotional spirit still more and more dedicated to the work and service, of so vast and infinite importance, that my heavenly Father has assigned to His poor, unworthy child, and that the holy discipline of the cross of Christ may nurture and increase every grace of the eternal quickening Spirit of my dear Redeemer. While the truth is indelibly stamped upon my spirit that I can do nothing without Him, I believe 'I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me.' May these afflictions of the shattered citadel, which now confine me to a lonely room and often a sleepless couch, be sanctified to the promotion of righteousness and true holiness in myself and others, that in every dispensation thanksgiving may arise to the blessed name of the Lord!"

Near Lisburn she was again a prisoner from sickness for about four weeks, and earnestly she prayed for guidance and strength to bear whatever came for her.

"*The 30th of 1st mo., 1853.* I think I have seen, by the light that has never yet deceived me, my path across the Channel to Liverpool—that if I trust in my Saviour alone for bodily and spiritual strength, it will be accomplished and marvellous deliverance wrought. This morning I mentioned my prospect to my dear husband of a speedy release from this place. He seemed doubtful of its practicability with safety to my health. I replied, 'Nothing is impossible with God. I believe He will bring us through this Jordan.' We thought of Third day, as a steamer would sail at 4 P. M., but it did not seem clear, and I was thrown into doubting and fear. After seeking divine direction I felt a blessed trust that on Fifth day we might with safety leave these shores.

"*Third day.* My dear Eli mentioned a prospect of a public meeting at Carrickfergus, and this was a confirmation that our plan was right."

On Fourth day they held a farewell meeting, and there was much expression of mutual love, and, the Irish Friends gave thanks for the long service which had been performed in their land. For almost a year the gospel had been preached over the island to high and low, to rich and poor. Eli Jones visited, with perhaps one exception, every meeting in Ireland, and met personally some members of nearly every Friend's family on the island. No suffering or other hindrance had kept these two servants from sowing seed in all kinds of soil, and they came from the field believing that their sowing would bring forth fruit after many days. Sybil Jones went to her train on a couch, and was obliged to make the whole journey to Liverpool in the

same way, but she was soon at work again at Manchester. Here she rested while Eli Jones visited the surrounding meetings, and the prospect of still more extended work began to appear to them. Certainly, few laborers have gone out in a more determined spirit to overcome all obstacles to carry the gladdest of all news to ears as yet ungladdened by it. They visited the quarterly meetings at York, Leeds, Lancaster, Darlington, and Birmingham, and Sybil Jones rested while Eli attended Dublin yearly meeting. She was visited by Harriet Beecher Stowe, and they had a time of prayer together. There were many interesting incidents connected with their visits at the different cities and the various homes. Joseph Sturge came to talk with them of temperance and slavery, and told them he intended to contribute to the support of New Garden Boarding-school, where some of the children of the South might have the privilege of gaining better knowledge.

CHAPTER VIII.

NORWAY, GERMANY, AND SWITZERLAND.

“A voice spake in their ear,
And lo! all other voices far and near
Died at that whisper full of meanings clear.”

WHITTIER.

ELI and Sybil Jones attended the London yearly meeting of 1853, and were liberated to go to the Continent for gospel work in Norway, Germany, and France. Mary James Lecky was their companion, and was in all respects a most suitable person for this service. Unknown difficulties were before them; new races of people were to be touched through an unknown language; hard journeys were to be made by a feeble, almost invalid woman; still, they turned toward the shores of Norway, believing that He whose finger pointed the way would shield them with His hand. Once more they unquestioningly gave immediate obedience to the word of their great Captain, and they knew His ways well enough to be assured that the result would be the desired one.

Joseph Crosfield offered to go as a caretaker for the little party, and he was of great help to them. When they arrived at Liverpool from Ireland, an elderly doctor was called to see Sybil Jones. After examin-

ing her trouble carefully, he said, "You know David had it in his heart to build the Lord an house. In his case the will was taken for the work; so it must be in yours. You must stop your work and go south, or go to your home at once." If this doctor had followed his patient, he would have found her in the northern latitude of Norway. The great Physician's order conflicted with that of the doctor, and there could be no doubt which was to be followed.

On the 11th of 6th month they embarked on the steamer "Courier" for Christiansand, being joined by James Backhouse and Lindley M. Hoag, making a company of six. The passage was very rough, and all on board were brought low with sea-sickness, but the German Ocean was soon crossed, and they came into port at Christiansand, finding it light enough at midnight to read and write and to see the beautiful Norwegian scenery around them.

The western coast of Norway is everywhere indented by arms of the sea called fiords; the coasts are rough and rugged, overhung with crags of rock beaten and worn by the age-long dash of these northern waters. Into these fiords has rushed the ship of many a bold seaman, and the shores are tilled by a hardy race, carrying in their veins the civilized blood of the old Norse warrior. These descendants of Northern mythology rejoice when messengers come to tell the simple way of life and joy through the Saviour, and their boats are ready to bear strangers from one promontory across the fiord to another. They come in crowds to hear of the better way, and yet in many places they have escaped the thralldom of

Thor and Odin only to bow their necks to the yoke which the priests make them bear.

"There are many flourishing towns and villages pleasantly situated on the fiords, easily accessible by boat. The scenery is grand and picturesque—lofty mountains, verdant lawns, and flowery vales, with now and then a beautiful cascade or mountain-torrent rushing and mingling its snow-white foam with the crystal waters below. Formerly the Friends' meeting was held at Stavanger Fiord, but there were numerous Friends scattered along the coast.

"*6th mo. 25, 1853.* This day the Norway yearly meeting commenced at ten o'clock. A deep solemnity came over us. A few words with life and feeling from dear Mary J. Lecky opened the way for L. M. Hoag, who testified the gospel of the grace of God to a deeply interested assembly. In the afternoon we assembled for business, which was conducted under a good influence and very orderly. The subject of addressing King Oscar on account of the suffering of some of the members by the exaction of tithes was discussed and referred to a committee. Two persons were received into membership, and two more applied. The certificates of ministers present were read, after which several lively testimonies were borne and counsel offered, and all ended well."

When the yearly meeting was finished the Friends held meetings with the prisoners and visited the different schools, holding meetings also at their hotels and once or twice in a barn. They went as far north as Bergen, where they had remarkable assemblies of people notwithstanding the fact that the priests spread

the report that these Quakers were dangerous people and did not believe in God. They were refused permission to visit the prisoners; however, they sent Bibles and tracts to them, not being allowed to distribute them in person. The inhabitants of Bergen were highly displeased at the conduct of the ecclesiastics, and it seemed that many more came to hear the Friends for themselves on account of the unchristian spirit which was manifested toward them, and numbers came to their hotel to be instructed. It was very touching to their tender spirits to see an eagerness for better things so crushed out by so-called teachers. "The flock look up and are not fed." Having done what they could, they returned to Stavanger, and spent much time visiting families and holding public meetings. When they took the boat to leave this place the people wished they would send them more "good bodies" to teach them.

They travelled all the way from Stavanger to Christiansand, a distance of ninety-four miles, in an open boat, walking across the isthmuses from one fiord to another and carrying the boat over with them. From Christiansand they went by boat to Christiania, where they had a meeting with the seamen, besides other public meetings, all well attended. Then they prepared to leave Norway for Kiel, Denmark, on their way to Germany, having travelled twelve hundred miles in Norway, mostly by boat, and having held fifty meetings, besides visiting many families; in all of which work they were wonderfully helped with strength, and the Spirit of the Lord was with them.

The 16th of 7th month they left Norway, bound for

Denmark. They sailed down by Jutland and entered the Cattegat. Along the shores they saw "highly-cultivated fields of grain, white for harvest, shepherds keeping their flocks beside the meandering streams, reposing beneath the shade, while the sheep were feeding in green pastures, which were interspersed with neat red-roofed cottages."

They went directly to Minden, where most of the few German Friends live, who, unfortunately, are becoming fewer and fewer. After visiting these families and attending their mid-week meeting, they rode to Oberkirchen in Hesse. "Soon after reaching our hotel," they write, "we were visited by the police, who inquired our business, telling us we could not be allowed to hold any public meetings in the place—that it would be contrary to the law to allow any dissenter from the Lutheran Church to hold a meeting. We informed them we had no such purpose, but came to visit those who had left the public worship and professed with us. They then withdrew, appearing quite ashamed of their business; but after coffee, when we were engaged in prayer, they again appeared, telling us that if we intended to have a public meeting they must request us to leave the place. We told them again our intention, and they took our names and withdrew. We asked our landlord why peaceable American citizens were molested by the police and their business inquired into, assuring him that it was the first time in all our travels in various countries that we had been remanded before the authorities—that many of their countrymen came unmolested to our country and were treated civilly. He replied that

the conduct of the police had highly displeased him, and on inquiring into the cause of it he found that the priests had sent them."

From Minden, Eli and Sybil Jones went on to Pyrmont, where they attended the "two-months" meeting. They held a public meeting in the Friends' house, and some people of note came to hear them. One, a Russian noble of high birth; Dr. Menke, one of the privy council of the prince of Waldeck, who was said to be one of the most learned men in Prussia; also Frederick Fickenscher, the son of the dean of Nuremberg; besides many Jews, all of whom heard "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified," preached.

Eli Jones had some opportunities for conversation with Fickenscher, and he impressed on him the importance of our opinions in regard to war, oaths, and other subjects, and he was urged to accept the gospel in all its fulness. Dr. Menke came to express to them his satisfaction with the meeting, saying that he *had* thought that the views of Friends were rather *fabulous*, but he was now satisfied that they were evangelical, and he hoped what he had heard would be useful to him. They revisited Minden, and had much service among Friends and others, both publicly and in private. They held a large meeting in the Minden theatre, of which Eli Jones writes: "A full attendance, several clergymen present. Some Friends seemed to doubt the propriety of holding a meeting in a building usually applied to theatrical purposes; but, to my mind, there was a fitness in the place, that we might have an opportunity to speak to a class which we could hardly reach anywhere else."

From Minden they journeyed by short stages south, stopping at Düsseldorf, where they visited the schools and charity institution; at Cologne, Bonn, Strasbourg, Basle. In Basle they held a meeting with sixty young men, students at the Basle mission-house, who were looking forward to becoming missionaries in the different parts of the world. A fellow-feeling led them to point these young men to the words of the Lord: "Without me ye can do nothing." They then took a carriage, going as far as the Lake of Geneva. It was so arranged that Sybil Jones could recline, being then far from well.

Sybil Jones writes:

"10th mo. 8th. This morning set off for Geneva by steamboat from Vevay. It being near the head of the lake, our starting-point was delightful, and our trip on the fair blue water interesting amid the grand mountains which encircle the lake. They rise like vast battlements above the clouds in some places. Mont Blanc, the monarch of mountains, was pointed out. We arrived at the ancient, interesting city of Geneva about four o'clock. From our room at the Hôtel du Rhône we have a fine view of the Rhone, which leaves the lake a few yards above and dashes by our windows, washing the basement story with its blue waters, hastening on to mingle with the great Mediterranean.

"9th. The work never seemed more weighty and watchfulness and prayer more needful. Our company attended a meeting held by Merle d'Aubigné, the author of the *History of the Reformation*. He made a report of the proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance held at Berlin, giving interesting information of the state of

feeling existing between the different religious denominations on the Continent, who find themselves more in unison than formerly.

"*11th.* Held a large meeting in the Casino. The Lord was with us. Dear Christine Alsop interprets well; indeed, we lack nothing.

"*12th.* To-day several serious persons have called, with whom we have had very interesting conversations about the things which appertain to eternal life. A very agreeable person came to offer his thanks for the privilege of the meeting, adding, 'I think it will do good, for I have been examining the Epistle of Paul, and I am certain he did not mean to forbid a woman's preaching the glad tidings of a risen Saviour, but rather counselled the women not to be asking improper questions in their church-meetings nor to exercise authority or teach in the matter of church discipline; for it is plain that holy women of old *did* prophesy (that is, preach), and that Paul did not attempt to hinder them. He also informed us that a philosophical deist was present last evening whom he had never seen at a religious meeting before, and that he fully expected that he would turn it all into ridicule, but, to his astonishment, he looked serious and said, 'I never heard anything like this; I scarcely know what to say. It was surely an interesting discourse.' So we do indeed see that God sometimes chooses 'the weak things of this world to confound the mighty.' We were informed that many came who were never seen at meetings on ordinary occasions. Attended another meeting at the 'Locale,' which was sweet and refreshing.

"13th. Some pious persons have called, among them a very devoted *pasteur* with his daughter, whose name is Lalia. They called just as we were seated for reading the Scriptures, and joined us. During the silence I felt the spirit of supplication, but it seemed not to belong to me to pray vocally, and I said that if any person felt it a duty to pray I hoped that he would be faithful. Unknown to me, the *pasteur* had just asked C. Alsop in French if there was liberty; she replied in my words. It was a precious season of prayer and praise. In the evening we attended an appointment for youth and children. It was large and solemn, and I reverently trust Christ was preached.

"14th. The interest of the people in our meetings still increases, and many inquirers come to see us, thanking us for the privilege and asking if there will be more meetings. Jane Bingham and sister, with Maria Ferris, arrived to-day from Montreux, not having heard of our meetings until we had left. They are Friends from England; it was pleasant to meet them. A female superintendent and teacher of young ladies called and took tea, and seemed very devoted to the cause of her Redeemer. She follows this business not for gain to herself, but for gain to others. Her pupils are occupying prominent places, adorned with wisdom and virtue.

"15th. Robert Fox, son, and daughter arrived to-day and took lodgings with us. Our party numbers twelve. It is pleasant to meet these dear friends while on a tour for their health. We took a short ride this morning in a carriage provided by dear M. J. L. to the country-seat of the Count de Selon, who was an ardent

advocate of peace. In the grounds is an obelisk raised over his remains, with interesting inscriptions on the subject of peace. We hope his faithful labors may not be lost. From this beautiful place we had a fine view of Mont Blanc at sunset; which was magnificent. The snows of ages changed to crimson; the beautiful azure lake and the fine city of Geneva lay in loveliness before us.

"16th. To-day held two precious meetings at our hotel, to which a number of serious people came, and expressed themselves especially pleased with the *silence*, saying that it was needed in these times of commotion.

"17th. Returned by steamer to Lausanne. Took lodgings at a hotel which is on the spot where Gibbon wrote his celebrated *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Had meeting of much interest; many *pasteurs* present. A *pasteur* full of the spirit of peace informed us that many who had preached against war in Lausanne had suffered imprisonment. The *pasteur* wished us to go to Lyons and preach two such sermons there, saying that they were needed. He did not understand that we could not preach except we were sent, nor give forth anything but what we receive at the time.

"Took steamer for Vevay; dined at the hotel, and in the evening held a meeting in the Casino, after which we rode to Montreux and took lodgings at a *pension*. Next day held a large meeting at the national place of worship called the 'Temple.' It was a solemn and instructive convocation. The forenoon was occupied in a pleasant walk by the lake at the foot of a mountain, on the side of which stands the village

and old chapel of Montreux; on the left and before us the ancient castle of Chillon, and the Dent du Midi Mountain covered with snow. On the right lay the lovely lake, on the other side of which rises a majestic range of mountains. I became weary of walking, and we called at a mansion just on the border of the lake. The master is a young Jew, and of a very tender Christian spirit. We had delightful conversation with him on heavenly things. He had attended one of our meetings, and was much struck with our manner of worship. He said that when we began to speak (Christine and myself) he imagined we had composed the discourse and committed it to memory, but soon he perceived the interpreter made a mistake, which rather puzzled him, and another mistake convinced him that she could not have known what I was to say previously. Indeed, he thought it was spoken so rapidly it must come from the heart as it was uttered. He was much edified, and spoke of those solemn truths with great diffidence and tenderness. His name is Samuel Samelson. May Israel's gentle Shepherd lead him to the blessed knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus and enable him to confess Him before men! Our young friend provided me with a donkey, which conveyed me to the residence of the Hustlers, who have resided here some time. They were formerly English Friends, and received us with joy. The wife is in very delicate health. We sat together in sweet heavenly silence, and the language of the Spirit through the poor instrument was encouraging and humbling. Returned on the donkey by a shorter route on the side of the mountain. My heart responded to the music of

birds and the smile of Nature. After dining we took a drive to Chillon, the ancient château where Bonnivard was imprisoned on account of his political views for several years. The château stands in the lake. Within it is a range of dungeons below the surface of the water where prisoners of state and the condemned are confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age where the executions took place. It is said two thousand Jews perished here by the hands of enemies. As we viewed these walls and sombre apartments we were struck by a sense of man's inhumanity to man and the rapid flight of events so momentous. How long, O Lord, ere thou takest unto thyself the great power and reignest?

"22d. Called on a bereaved father and mother who were mourning the death of an only child. We told them of Him who wounds that He may heal. We also visited a widow and her daughter who knew dear Stephen Grelet, and remembered his heart-searching ministry among them. Pasteur Godet was with us a short time. He is a pious, humble Christian from Neufchatel, who has left the honors of the world (he had been tutor of the king of Prussia), a man of learning and talent; which qualities seem sweetly sanctified. At two o'clock P. M. attended a youths' meeting.

"23d. A meeting was held at the Hustlers', which our party attended, but I was quite ill in bed, but reposing in Him who is my only source of joy.

"24th. Not able to proceed. Dined in the *salle*, and with a grateful heart was able to return thanks vocally, which seemed to impress the large company with a serious air. After dining, several spoke to us

kindly, among whom was a baroness from Sweden, who warmly pressed us to go thither, saying there were many in Sweden who would receive us warmly, and her own house should be at our disposal for a home. Invited the family and boarders to our evening reading. Much tenderness was shown. Many have called on us and expressed their gratitude for our visit and gospel labors among them. We are sweetly united to a living seed in this land.

"25th. Took our departure from this highly interesting field of labor after an affectionate parting. We took the omnibus to Villeneuve and found the steamer ready. After passing the most magnificent scenery we were soon again at Lausanne. Made arrangements for a meeting next day.

"26th. In the morning held a meeting with the prisoners in the beautiful prison here. I think it the finest and most comfortable I have ever seen in any land. Our visit was deeply interesting, and the poor girls were nearly all in tears, and seemed truly grateful for the message of love to them. In the evening held a large and favored meeting at the Casino. Our boat was detained by the dense fog, so we were obliged to remain another day, which seemed providential, as a *pasteur* called and told us of two Moravian schools taught by pasteurs, one of whom had expressed regret at not hearing of our meeting or not seeing us. He offered to accompany us to one of the schools. C. Alsop, our interpreter, had gone to visit an acquaintance, so Mary Millman, a sweet-tempered girl who spoke English well and who accompanied us, acted as interpreter. The kind *pasteur* received us cordially,

and offered to assemble the girls ; which was agreeable to us. I think we have seldom known a more heavenly season. The Lord poured out a rich blessing upon us. We returned with songs of praise to our hotel. Have had many calls to-day from Christian brothers and sisters, expressing their interest in our labors among them. A very zealous person called who spoke with much tenderness of J. and M. Yardly, who were instrumental in her conversion. Held a meeting in the evening which was much blest.

"28th. Set off early this morning to visit the Moravian school for boys, taking the same kind interpreter with us. We received a hearty welcome, and were informed that the boys had just assembled to commence Scripture history, and that if we could feel something good to say to them they would be so glad. Dear E. replied that we came for that purpose. We were soon seated in a pleasant youthful congregation. Some countenances testified that they had been with Jesus. The pasteur read a chapter ; solemn silence ensued, then a gentle shower of gospel love descended and the little plants revived. I cannot doubt but there are young men in this institution who will fill important places of usefulness, perhaps ministers of the gospel who will publish the glad tidings to lands remote. Surely such men, fearing God, are much needed in this degenerate age. The pasteur offered a sweet-spirited prayer with tears of gratitude, and we came away. Reached the steamer in good time. We feel much fellowship with many dear friends in Lausanne. Arrived at Geneva, and, concluding to go on to Lyons at once, we had to sacrifice our desires to see the dear friends again."

CHAPTER IX.

WINTER IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

BEFORE going on to speak of the work of Eli and Sybil Jones among the Friends and other Protestants in the south of France, a brief sketch of the rise and growth of the little branch of our Society there may be in place. The story is full of interest and could be studied to greater length with profit, but only the briefest reference to it is admissible here.

Louis XIV. of France decided in 1685 to revoke the "Edict of Nantes," passed in 1598 by Henry of Navarre, granting liberty of worship and repose to all parties in the Church. The revocation was the most cruel order ever issued by any king. It commanded the demolition of all the Protestant chapels that remained standing, and forbade any assembly or worship; all opposing ministers were ordered to leave the kingdom within fifteen days; the schools were closed; all newborn babes were to be baptized by the parish priests; evangelical religionists were forbidden to leave the kingdom, on pain of the galleys for men and confiscation of person and property for women. It is calculated that six hundred thousand Protestants left France during the twenty years following the revocation, while many suffered cruel deaths and many others spent their lives in the galley-ships. The great struggle

made against this royal edict was along the Cévenne Mountains in the departments of Lozère, Drôme, Ardèche, Gard, and Hérault. The Protestants were called Camisards, perhaps from the word *camisarde*, a night-attack, but its origin is unsettled. Many of the ministers in Cévenne had been executed, and enthusiasm was raised to the highest pitch. Deprived of their pastors, men, women, boys, and girls became animated by the spirit of prophecy. "Young girls had celestial visions; the little peasant-lasses poured out their utterances in French, sometimes in the language and with the sublime eloquence of the Bible." They assembled under the name of "Children of God," and marched commanded by two chiefs, Roland and Cavalier. The insurrection was widespread, and for a long time they overcame or evaded the royal troops. "The Lord of hosts is our strength!" said one prophet. "We will intone the battle-psalms, and from the Lozère to the sea Israel shall arise."

They are thus pictured by a contemporary sent to deal with them: "They are stark mad on the subject of religion, absolutely intractable on that point; the first little boy or girl that falls a-trembling and declares that the Holy Spirit is speaking to it, all the people believe it, and if God and all his angels were to come and speak to them they would not believe them any more; they walk to execution singing the praises of God and exhorting those present, insomuch that it has been necessary to surround the criminals with drums to prevent the pernicious effect of their speeches." No men and women were ever more in earnest or filled with more zeal, but it was often a misguided zeal and

the cause was dishonored by fearful bloodshed. Their camp was named the "Camp of the Eternal," and they marched to battle singing the grand version of the 68th Psalm, "Que Dieu se monte seulement." Among them were many who were sincere, many on whom the Spirit rested, and there was a grand principle animating them. Much that seems so excessive may be excused on the consideration that they were driven to fury by persecution and they bore in their veins the hot blood of a southern race.

How the little company of peace-loving Friends came from these *Camisards*, these *Children of God*, has been a question. There is a manuscript still in existence of a letter supposed to have been written by some pastors of Geneva which was received and circulated through the Cévenne. It was an appeal for these struggling brethren to throw away the sword and cease from bloodshed. "It must be the Lord's arm," it goes on to say, "and not yours, which shall put an end to your captivity. Do all you can to obtain the desired object by a holy life, and not by the works of darkness."

After receiving this letter there was some abatement from their accustomed acts of cruelty. Among those who claimed the gift of prophecy was a young woman named Lucretia. Her influence over the people excited the jealousy of the leaders. When they attempted to silence her she called out, "Let those who love me follow me." Many followed her, and her house became a place for meetings. From this company, it has been said, the Friends in Congènies are descended. The author has seen a wine-cellar at Fontanès, in the house

of Samuel Brun, where these Friends met for many years. The walls were lined on the inside with wine-casks to keep the sound from going out, and Samuel Brun has in his possession a large Bible which for a generation was built into the wall of the building. Everything which has been recorded shows the sincerity and quiet determination of these people to worship God as the New Testament required. Year after year they took their flocks out on the hills or tilled the more gentle slopes of the mountains, and they never forgot to meet in their secluded vault to praise God together for the blessings which He gave them. There was a tower of Constance at Aiguesmontes of terrible repute, but they were undaunted and possessed "the brave old wisdom of sincerity."

And this is how they became known to their brother Friends, as is told in a tract compiled by Friends at Manchester, England: "In the struggle for independence in 1776 the American colonies received sympathy and aid from France. There was at that time living at Falmouth a surgeon named Joseph Fox, a member of the Society of Friends, who both by education and conviction regarded war in every shape as forbidden by the gospel. He was part owner of the 'Greyhound' and the 'Brilliant,' two cutters which traded along the Cornish coast. The other owners of the cutters decided to fit them out with license to waylay and capture merchant-vessels of the enemy. Joseph Fox of course protested. Being one alone, his protest was disregarded and the vessels were armed. The war broke out so unexpectedly that many French crafts fell an easy prey to the English cruisers, and the 'Grey-

hound' and 'Brilliant' succeeded in capturing two valuable merchantmen, together with some small coasting-vessels. Joseph Fox believed it to be his Christian duty to claim his share and hold it in trust to be restored to the rightful owners. In 1783 peace was restored, and the next year Joseph Fox sent his son, Dr. Edward Fox, to Paris to advertise for the owners of the plundered property. A proceeding so unheard of was naturally looked upon with suspicion, and before the doctor could obtain leave to insert his advertisement in the *Gazette* he had to communicate with the Count de Vergennes, one of the French ministry, who required a formal declaration that his real object was such as it professed to be.

Meantime, Joseph Fox died. In consequence of the public notice application was made by numerous parties; all the claims were proved to be well founded, and a chief part of the money was proportionally distributed amongst the owners of the two merchantmen and their cargoes. Those who had been sufferers by the capture made an acknowledgment through the *Gazette* of this rare act of restitution, stating their desire "to give the publicity which it merits to this trait of generosity and equity, which does honor to the Society of the Quakers and proves their attachment to the principles of peace and unity by which they are distinguished."

"Besides the applications for the restored property, Dr. Fox received at the same time a reply of a very different character. It was a letter with this address: 'The Quakers of Congènies-Calvisson to the virtuous Fox.' The writers describe themselves as a little flock

of about a hundred persons, and express their joy to hear of the efforts used by the advertiser to fulfil the commands of Christ. They represent themselves as opposed to war on Christian principle, and as being in consequence an object of hatred and contempt to their fellow-citizens, both Catholics and Protestants. Especially do they condemn the wars engaged in by the latter to keep possession of their religious liberties. This letter led to further correspondence and to a journey to London by De Marsillac, one of their community. From his accounts English Friends discovered, to their surprise, that there had existed in the south of France for sixty or seventy years a Christian Church which, besides its testimony against war, held spiritual views regarding worship and the ministry identical with their own."

The origin and discovery of these Friends can hardly fail to interest those who are not already familiar with them. They were often visited by Stephen Grelet, who greatly strengthened them and increased their influence. One who has not been among them can hardly realize how this little flock, surrounded on all sides with perils and enemies, rejoice to welcome those who come to bring them strength and cheer. Many leave the country to escape the army, some marry with other Protestants, and the outlook is not encouraging for their continuance as a distinct body; but they have a good history behind them, and should receive every possible support to hold firm for the help of coming generations.

When Eli and Sybil Jones went among them it was a time of discouragement, and they both felt that there

was a great service for them to do. It is not easy to find just what they did, but we know that for three months they carried on almost ceaseless labor to help and instruct not only the Friends, but all the Protestants and Catholics where it was possible. The pastors with one accord opened their places of worship and approved and welcomed them.

There are many now in Nismes and vicinity who speak with great feeling of them, and it is evident that all were deeply impressed by their consecration and earnestness. We need not seek too eagerly for the results of such work, for it is impossible to measure the good done, either in counting those converted or those renewed. Two earnest Christian ministers exert an influence and power in a community which can be no more easily weighed than the ripples on the sea can be counted.

SOUTH OF FRANCE.

"Set off in the diligence for Lyons, ninety miles distant; fine roads, good accommodation. The grand scenery delighted us, though tinged with autumnal frosts. We did not make ourselves known in Lyons. It was First day, and it was odd and deeply affecting to an American guest to rise on this morning and behold it a market-day, all bustle and tumult. The state of morals is very low on the Continent.

"31st. Took steamer on the Rhone for Avignon. Met a very interesting missionary from New York going to Rome. We had an interesting conversation on the qualifications of missionaries, their trials, painful separations, etc. Having both known them, we

could the more readily enter into sympathy and fellowship. Lodged in a hotel in the dull popish town of Avignon.

"1st of 11th mo. Set off by rail for Nismes, where we were greeted by our friends.

"2d. Attended Friends' meeting, and received visits from several members. We were comfortably settled at a hotel near the Friends' school, which we wish to visit when we have leisure from other service.

"3d. Dear Eli went to Congènies to-day to attend meeting. We have seen dear John Yardly on his return from his Russian mission. He gave us pleasant accounts of the work of the Lord in that land and in Turkey—said he found much openness and many Christian brethren. Some have suffered loss of nearly all things for the excellence of the knowledge of Christ.

"5th. The two-months' meeting commenced. Great discouragement seems to prevail, and little contending for the faith once delivered to the saints. It is indeed to be lamented that the light burns so dimly that was no doubt kindled by divine love, but for want of watchfulness it gleams but faintly amid surrounding darkness. If those who profess the blessed Name in this land were real converted characters! But, as in ancient time, "All are not Israel that are of Israel." Oh may it please the Lord to revive His work in this day! Toward the close life seemed to spring up, and much solemnity prevailed. Meeting for business assembled in the afternoon, and was a refreshing season. We trust some were made to see where they had been straying. The meeting concluded with more religious weight and signs of life, and from the hearts of some

arose the song of thanksgiving. Dear John Yardly's company was indeed precious. I like his evangelical spirit and devotion to the gospel of Christ.

"7th. Attended a meeting at the Methodist house, which was much favored. Spoke from the first of John. My dear husband and our kind helpers, R. and C. Alsop, went to St. Giles for a meeting.

"9th. We took a walk to an old ruin said to be the temple of Diana. We also went to La Fontaine, where a large volume of water springs from the earth. We also saw a beautiful Corinthian temple—"la Maison Carrée"—said to be eighteen hundred years old.

"11th. Held a meeting for some serious soldiers who have lately left the Roman Catholic worship. We had a good meeting with them ; one of their number spoke very well, at the close of our meeting, on the immediate teaching of the Holy Spirit. This evening went to Congènies by diligence, accompanied by R. and C. Alsop, leaving dear Eli to attend meeting at Nismes."

After this Eli and Sybil Jones and their kind friends and helpers attended many meetings at Nismes and at neighboring towns, going often to Congènies and Fontanés. Meetings at the latter place seemed especially opened and favored. Also held meetings, much assisted and encouraged by the *pasteurs*, at Calvisson, Cordonion, Aujargues, Aubais, and Vistric, many of which, they had evidence, were singularly blessed by the Master of assemblies. They had many pleasant meetings with the young people, and were helped to utter words of cheer and encouragement to those

whose life-work was just begining. Very frail in body, and at times almost sinking under the felt duty, yet they sought to improve every moment of time, not wishing to make any plans without a direct showing from their heavenly Leader. All places of Protestant worship were open to them, and they often used the large national places of worship called "temples." In Fontanés they held a greatly blessed meeting in the parlor of their friend Daniel Brun. They were always saddened, especially after a meeting at Saint Giles, by the noticeable scarcity of men in meetings. Indeed, they found in their meetings generally in France mostly women and children.

One of the morning meetings in the Friends' house at Nismes was a most remarkable instance of the overshadowing of the divine Spirit. The solemnity was most impressive, so that many wept before a word was uttered. Sybil Jones was favored to see the time to rise and testify to the people that a "pure spiritual worship is what is required, and is the highest joy of Christians." The visitors attended meeting at the school supported by Friends in England, and felt it to be a profitable occasion for all present.

Sybil Jones's mind was often occupied with deep thoughtfulness of the infinite importance of their mission to this land, and she besought the Lord earnestly that their dependence might be on no other, and that all their labors might be Heaven-directed. It was very cheering to these tired laborers to have persons come to them after meetings to acknowledge that they had been strengthened and to converse on those things which pertain to godliness.

They attended a meeting sustained by young men in Nismes for general improvement, reading useful books, etc. They were invited most cordially to come by the young men, who told them that if they wished to speak to them on religious subjects, they would be pleased to hear them. E. and S. Jones felt it a providential opening, and S. Jones was led to speak from the text, "The Lord loveth an early sacrifice."

They felt especially moved to thank the Lord for the "way" so wonderfully made for them. They had not had to ask for a place to hold a meeting, but when they felt the impression a place was always offered. This seemed most wonderful to them, as the laws of France forbid an assembly exceeding twenty persons at any place except in a "temple" or consecrated place. Sometimes they had but "crumbs" to hand out to the spiritually hungry, but at other times they had abundant refreshing from the Master's table. They prayed ever that the "creature might be abased" and that whether in "heights or depths" they might wear the entire "armor of faith."

On the last day of the year 1853 they were at the home of Lydia Majolier at Congénies. Sybil Jones writes: "This is the close of the second year since I left the land I so dearly love. The retrospect of the whole affords consolatory reflection. With the remembrance of innumerable mercies my poor little sacrifices sink into insignificance. May they be accepted by Him who looks at the heart! If any good has been done, it is the Lord's doings.—Grant, most merciful God, that the year 1854 may all be devoted to Thy service, with more faith and love!"

The next two-months' meeting was a season of great encouragement. The meeting for worship was large, and the Master honored it with His life-giving presence. The meeting for business was a blessed season, and all felt that the power of the Lord had been abroad in the land; two members were received and two young men requested to be admitted. At meeting of the school committee it was concluded "to solicit subscriptions from Friends here, and see what amount could be raised, and propose to Friends in England that the school be continued under the care of Justine Paradon as superintendent and Clarence Benoit as teacher, and that a school for boys be opened under the instruction of Jules Paradon, with an assistant. The committee were encouraged to persevere in the work, as the school had already proved a blessing to the youth, and by some changes for the better might be more so."

A long rainy period hindered these dear Friends from holding many meetings. They occupied the time when they were confined to the house in writing to America, studying French, etc.

At a meeting held in an outlying village at the house of a woman named Ann Mapit all seemed tendered before the Lord. Near the close a woman left and went to her aged father, who had not attended a religious meeting for fifty years, and begged him to go and hear these people, "for they preached as though they would take them all to heaven." The old man came and was quite moved, and spoke highly of the meeting, although he had said on a former occasion, when a meeting was proposed for a Friend, that they "would beat the drums." They saw plainly the won-

der-working power of God. On every side they saw evidences of the "shaking" power.

In Calvisson the pasteur himself, a kind Christian man, chose to interpret for them, which they thought a great condescension, as it would doubtless expose him to ridicule from some who did not approve of a woman's gift in the ministry. They held a powerful meeting at Congènies, and found that many were there who had not attended a religious meeting before for twenty years. They thought it prudent for a time, being much worn by long service, to rest and try and gain some strength to go on. Eli Jones's health was especially poor. After this short respite they were much refreshed for the work, and attended a meeting at Auvergne numbering fully eight hundred or a thousand people. They appreciated fully the support of the pasteurs, which was so lovingly tendered them.

They felt everywhere the disastrous effects of the degraded position of women. Having so much manual labor to perform, they are unfitted for the proper care of their children; consequently, both their minds and bodies are frequently uncared for, and the home, that great training-school, is not rendered as bright and attractive as it should be. This, S. Jones thought, is what makes the French people so volatile and often skeptical. The places of public amusement are often sought in preference to the home.

Their work among the soldiers was a wonderful thing. Many came to their meetings, and, laying aside their swords and taking off their caps, sat meekly down to hear the glad tidings of "peace on earth and good-will toward men." A remarkable movement

sprang up among them. One of their number said that at one time but three of them met for worship, but lately nine had joined their number, and they felt much encouraged. Many meetings were attended by these soldiers, who seemed to appeal directly to Eli and Sybil Jones's sympathies.

They held a meeting at St. Hippolyte with the few Friends there, at the Moravian meeting-house, and were very urgently pressed to hold more meetings in that place. Fears were often felt by their friends that order could not be maintained in their meetings, owing to the novelty of the thing; but they always, even in very large audiences, met with the utmost respect and attention. They went on one occasion to Marseilles, and took a short trip on the Mediterranean, and felt that they gained some strength by the change. Sybil Jones, accompanied by some of her friends and the good pasteur Abausit, who had been such a kind friend and interpreter, went to Montpellier to visit the prison. They were much pleased with the neatness and order of the entire establishment, and met the most courteous treatment from the chaplain and director. There was much tenderness shown by the prisoners. There were in the prison eight hundred Catholic and fourteen Protestant prisoners. They were not allowed to speak to the former, but were enabled to pray earnestly for the other poor souls. They held a very large meeting in the afternoon, and it was to them a precious season. Sybil Jones visited two prisoners in their cells, and pleaded tenderly with them.

They then returned to Nismes and held a large

meeting. One of the pasteurs told them, in explanation of their kind reception on every hand, that the Society of Friends moved along so prudently, peaceably, and happily that they were received by all as Christian brethren. At a meeting in St. Hippolyte great contrition was felt by a man who had not attended meeting for many years, and would not permit his wife to go, and forbade his sister to enter his house because she was religious. He received his sister after the meeting, and seemed greatly humbled. They felt that the Lord was speaking through his instruments, and were encouraged to go forward. They held many large and much-blessed meetings at Gallargues and Congènies, and visited many to whom they were attracted, as they showed a concern for their souls' welfare. Many came to inquire of them the "way," and they formed many acquaintances and felt a binding interest in the people, whose souls were so precious.

When the two-months' meeting again assembled they had renewed cause for encouragement. It was a meeting graciously ordered by the Lord. The meeting for worship on First-day morning was remarkably covered with divine power and goodness, and Eli Jones seemed unusually "clothed upon with gospel unction." The meeting for business admitted into membership a man who had been a Methodist minister, and received requests from twelve others. They were once invited to the home of a good pasteur named Mensard, where they met five other pasteurs, and their conversation was most pleasant concerning the ministry and "things of the kingdom."

And now they felt that the burden of souls in the south of France was rolled off, and they were sweetly released for service in other fields. They held a large parting meeting, and many came to take leave, among them a poor soldier in whom they were greatly interested. He had been ordered to Constantinople without the companionship of any of his religious friends. Of this they were not aware, and it was remarkable that they felt impressed to read the ninety-first Psalm, which seemed so suited to his case, and Sybil Jones was wonderfully helped to pray for the poor soldier. The parting with the school-children was an affecting season, and they at last set off, leaving a large group of friends at the hotel-door for whom their hearts reached out in tenderness and love.

They went to Avignon, and from there by boat on the Rhone to Lyons. On First day they attended three meetings in that city, where they found an earnest, seeking people. They lodged with a dear friend who was received into membership at the last meeting. He seemed to be exerting a religious influence about him. They enjoyed their intercourse with his interesting family, and M. J. Lecky offered to take their youngest son, Benjamin, to England to obtain a knowledge of the English language; which pleased his parents and he was committed to her care. They spent one day in the great capital, and admired the magnificent and stupendous works of art with which Paris is adorned. Sailed from Havre for Southampton. There they attended one meeting, and thence proceeded to London. They attended Suffolk quarterly meeting. The power of the Lord was felt, es-

pecially by the young. Lodged at Richard Dikes Alexander's.

In London they lodged at Thomas Norton's, and attended London quarterly meeting. Attended Brighton select meeting, and stayed at Daniel Prior Hack's. They also attended meetings at Croydon and Lewes, and Gloucester quarterly meeting; all of which were honored by the Master's presence. On the 11th of 4th mo. they set off for Plymouth, and soon after sailed for the dear home in America, leaving all their work with the Master, for it was all done in His name. They carried with them sweet memories of the aid and fellowship extended to them by the French pasteurs. They also carried with them numerous written testimonials of the pasteurs' appreciation of their labor of love among them. The following is a letter from the pasteurs and elders of Calvisson expressive of their feeling toward these laborers in the Master's vineyard who had come from a distant land :

“ We, the pasteurs and elders of the church of Calvisson (Gard), declare that we have received the visit of Eli and Sybil Jones, ministers of the Society of Friends. They have held two edifying public meetings in our temple, before a numerous and attentive audience, as well as a special meeting for the children of our schools. Moreover, they have held a pastoral conference at Calvisson (Gard), at which eleven pasteurs of our consistory and the neighboring churches were present. We are happy to thank these dear friends for the evangelical words they have brought to us. Their presence has been for us a means of edification

and of encouragement. Their prayers and their exhortations, impressed with great spirituality, have produced deep convictions and been visibly blessed, and have penetrated into the hearts of all those who have had the privilege of hearing them. The interest they have manifested for the salvation of souls and the advancement of the kingdom of God has touched us in a lively manner, and has given us the impression that they do not propose any other end nor any other recompense for their sacrifices and their labors. They have spoken amongst us the words of peace and charity, nor has anything in their discourses wounded any faithful soul, either as regards his faith or his individual opinions. We ask that in an especial manner the divine blessing may attend the spiritual ministry of Mr. and Mrs. Jones. We desire that the dear brother and sister may be instrumental in shedding around them, wherever the Lord may call them, that humble confidence in the wisdom from above that characterizes all their discourses and their lives. May the Father of spirits, who holds our hearts in His hand, grant to their prayers and their efforts the awakening of souls and of consciences! Our Church will always preserve a precious remembrance of these dear friends, and sends them, through us, the expression of its prayers and its gratitude. We declare that we know individually that Eli and Sybil Jones have also visited the greater part of the numerous churches which surround us, and that everywhere their preaching has been heard with the same interest and the same edification. All our brethren have been, like ourselves, moved and charmed by the unction and the grace of

their Christian exhortations. In the belief thereof we have given to them the present certificate.

"TEMPLE, Pastor-President of the Consistory of Calvisson.

"THEODORE ABAUSIT, Pastor.

"REANT, Moderator of the Consistory.

"C. BERNARY, Treasurer.

"CALVISSON (Gard), *March 10, 1854.*"

CHAPTER X.

IN THE MAINE LEGISLATURE.

“When Christ came into the world peace was sung; and when He went out of the world peace was bequeathed.”

THE first decided action of the Maine Legislature in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors was taken in the autumn of 1846. Much work had been done during the two preceding years in the towns to arouse the people to the necessity of bringing about an entire revolution, and the temperance organizations worked zealously to base all the structure they built on total abstinence. The foundation truth was laid by Jesus Christ in Judea in words that meant, “If any one of thy passions or appetites causes thee to do wrong, cut it off and cast it from thee.” The *necessity* for total abstinence was vigorously enforced by Eli Jones whenever he spoke. Enough believers in temperance were sent to the Legislature in 1846 to pass a law “to restrict the sale of intoxicating drinks.” This was followed in 1851 by an “Act for the suppression of drinking-houses and tippling-shops.” This was the well-known “Maine Law,” and forbade the manufacture for sale of intoxicating liquors, except cider. Unadulterated cider in quantities of five gallons and upward might be sold. There were thirty-nine other sections directed against liquor-selling, drunkenness,

and the habit of drinking in the community. This law accomplished a very beneficial work. One of its great results was to bring the temperance question more emphatically before the other States and nations. At home it made drinking disgraceful and took away to a great extent the temptation from the young men. While in small towns it was nearly a perfect success in closing all shops, in the cities there was not vigilance enough to carry out its purpose, and many felt that more vigor must be used.

Three years later, in 1854, the town of China elected Eli Jones by a large majority over two other candidates to represent it in the "House" of the Legislature. It was expected that he would carry to the State capital the views which he unceasingly expressed at home, and that he would agitate a still further reform, or, as he expressed it, "put new teeth into the old law." The choice was wholly unexpected to him, and he was working for the election of his lifelong friend, Ambrose Abbot. He was given a prominent place on the committees, and especially the Committee on Temperance. He worked almost continuously to bring about the desired legislation, but seldom spoke, most of his work being in the committee.

This was a memorable winter at Augusta, and many excellent men were there in the different branches of the State government. It was a great opportunity for a true Friend to show to legislators the worth of his principles. Eli Jones was the only man who refused to rise when the governor called upon the united House and Senate to take the oath of office, and he stood alone to give *affirmation* that he would faith-

fully perform his work. As was said before, Eli Jones, though earnestly at work for the good of the people of the State, did not address the House. Some members, who knew him intimately and wished to call him to his feet, arranged a plan, not as a personal jest, but as a scheme to gain a speech. In the course of the session the appointment of a major-general to the second division of the Maine militia came in order.

In 1838, Maine had undertaken to assert by force of arms her title to a region near the northern boundary claimed both by her and by Canada. There was much mustering of troops at the capital, and fully ten thousand soldiers marched through the deep snow and fierce cold to drive the enemy from Aroostook county. Though they were brave and ready for battle, happily no blood was shed and peace was wisely made; but the "Aroostook War" became famous as a subject of banter and many jokes were made at the expense of its officers. The old nursery rhyme was quoted:

"The king of France, with forty thousand men,
Marched up the hill and then—marched down again."

Primarily for these two reasons, to urge Eli Jones to his feet and to joke the former officers by appointing a Quaker, an avowed peace-advocate, he was chosen unanimously to fill the vacancy in the office of major-general.

The nomination was so wholly unexpected that he was at first perplexed at his situation. Much was at stake and wisdom and caution were needed. Having his horse at Augusta, he drove that night to his home at Dirigo, fifteen miles away, chiefly perhaps to discuss

his course with his family and the Friends most suitable for counsel. After talking into the night with his brother-in-law, James van Blarcom, he walked the floor alone until the new day was dawning. On arriving again at Augusta he found the occasion far more important than he had anticipated. The news had spread that the Quaker was to speak in regard to his appointment; and the Representatives' Hall was crowded, not only most of the Senate being present, but numbers from the city. The subject of the business was introduced, and Eli Jones, rising, spoke in substance as follows:

"Whatever my ambition may have been in times past, my aspirations have never embraced such an office as this as an object of desire. I can assure the House that my election as major-general was an honor wholly unexpected. It is true that when the governor announced to this House the existence of the vacancy, a member privately remarked to me, 'I shall vote for you,' but I replied to him, declining the honor and proposed to return the compliment.

"To my mind there is something ominous in this occurrence. I regard it as one of the wonderful developments of the times. Who of us that assembled ten years ago in quiet and retired places to affix our signatures to pledges of abstinence from intoxicating drinks would have believed that in 1855 we should be elected to the seats we now occupy amidst the overwhelming rejoicing of the people, pledged to the support of the Maine Law? Who that at that time had visited the plantations of the South, and seen the slave toiling under the lash of the taskmaster, would have

believed that in 1855 the people of the larger portion of this great land would have roused up with a stern determination to subdue the encroachments of the slave-power, and pledge themselves never to cease their labors until the wrongs of slavery should be ameliorated—nay more, till slavery itself should be abolished? Still more wonderful, who would have believed that the State of Maine, that a few years since gloried in an Aroostook expedition, and was noisy with military training and the din of arms, would in 1855 exhibit the spectacle of a peaceable member of the Society of Friends being elected to the post of major-general of a division of the militia, and that too by the Representatives of the people in their legislative capacity?

“But I have endeavored to regulate my own conduct by the principle that legislation should not go very far in advance of public sentiment, and it seems to me that this election may possibly be ahead of that sentiment. I submit this suggestion in all candor. It is generally understood that I entertain peculiar views in respect to the policy of war. If, however, I am an exponent of the views of the Legislature on this subject, I will cheerfully undertake to serve the State in the capacity indicated. With much pleasure I should stand before the militia of the second division and give such orders as I think best. The first would be, ‘Ground Arms!’ The second would be, ‘Right about face! beat your swords into ploughshares and your spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more!’ And I should then dismiss every man to his farm and his merchandise, with an admonition to read daily at

his fireside the New Testament and ponder upon its tidings of 'Peace on earth and good-will to men.'

"If, on the other hand, it should be determined that my election is a little in advance of the times, I am willing, as a good citizen, to bow to the majesty of law, and, as a member of the Legislature, to consult its dignity and decline the exalted position tendered me by the House; and I will now decline it. With pleasure I will surrender to the House this trust and the honor and retire to private life."

This speech was delivered amid interruptions of loud applause, and made a great sensation throughout the State. And not in Maine only; it was commented on in many of the newspapers and appeared in the columns of English journals. Pictures of the fighting Quaker were made, with the order to his troops printed below. It even came out in an African journal; so that what seemed like an unimportant pleasantry on the part of the members of the Legislature gave Eli Jones an opportunity to preach peace to a very extended audience, and his voice was heard far beyond the little State capital. From this time he was regarded with much respect by all the members, and he received encouragement and support in whatever he desired to accomplish.

At the close of the session he called to thank the governor for his kindness to him and his help in different ways, and he remarked to the latter that he had been in rather a peculiar place during the winter and had felt somewhat like a "speckled bird." The governor said, "Mr. Jones, what you call being a 'speckled bird' has given you more influence than anything else

could possibly have done." Whatever he may have accomplished in other lines during his term of office, he gave powerful testimony in favor of peace and temperance and against the use of oaths, and he went back to his quiet farm in China thoroughly respected by all with whom he had been associated.

OAK GROVE SEMINARY.

It may be a fitting place to speak of his connection with Oak Grove Seminary, as he was at work for its interests not long after this time. As I have in my possession a letter written by him in regard to the beginning and early days of the school, I will insert it here :

"Oak Grove Seminary was started about the year 1850 by John D. Lang, Samuel Taylor, Ebenezer Frye, Alden Sampson, and Alton Pope. They had in view the guarded and religious education of the children of Friends. It was to be a '*select*' school. William H. Hobbie was the first principal. I visited his school and thought him a wonderful teacher. He stood before his class without a book, and seemed to be himself the book. Up to that time I had never seen the like. Franklin Paige, the present publisher of the *Friends' Review*, followed William Hobbie in the principalship. Financially, the undertaking after a while proved a failure, and the school was closed.

"At a meeting of the yearly meeting's committee on education, held in China in the autumn of 1856, I advocated an effort being made to open Oak Grove Seminary again. It was opposed by some on the ground that we needed primary schools more than high

schools: to that idea my answer was, We must first have high schools to prepare teachers for the primary schools. A meeting of the original proprietors of the seminary was called, and the question put to them, 'Are you willing to have other Friends join you in opening the seminary?' Samuel Taylor replied, 'We want to know first what you will do; we do not want to depend upon a rope of sand.'—'What are the conditions on which we can join you?'—'Do as much as we have; give \$2500.' To this Alden Sampson replied, 'It is useless to think of opening the school with \$2500; we must have \$15,000. If you will raise that amount I will give \$1000.' Ebenezer Frye responded as liberally. A committee was appointed to raise the fifteen thousand dollars. Eli Jones, William A. Sampson, Joseph Estes, and Thomas B. Nichols were the chief workers in raising the proposed sum. They were successful. It was nearly all subscribed by six hundred Maine Friends. They constituted an association for the opening and management of Oak Grove Seminary.

"In the summer and autumn of 1857 the boarding-house was built. James van Blarcom was chosen principal, and Sarah B. Taber of Albion teacher. It was found that James van Blarcom's engagements would not allow of his occupying the place for one year, consequently Eli Jones took this position for the first year. The school opened in the 12th month, 1857. The season had been wet, and the building and preparation for the school proceeded slowly. Much hard work devolved upon the principal and teachers. The pupils were numerous, and the spring term brought

140. A case of scarlet fever, resulting in the death of a lovely girl, rapidly reduced the number, which has not been reached since.

"At the opening of the second year Albert Smiley became principal and James van Blarcom governor and boarding-master.

"Albert Smiley was followed by Augustine Jones, and he by Richard M. Jones.

"Oak Grove has furnished principals for Friends' School at Providence for nearly a quarter of a century, and to the Penn Charter School of Philadelphia for about thirteen years. Ten or twelve of its pupils have been or are ministers in the Society of Friends; some are to-day leading business-men.

"The writer of this notice has been connected with the management of the institution for the last thirty years, sometimes influentially, sometimes wellnigh powerless. As the record has been made, so it will stand. I have rejoiced in the times of its prosperity; I have wept over the ashes of its fine buildings, its library, its geological museum. I now see the second temple rising from the ashes of the first with an unlooked-for splendor. May it long stand for the benefit of our race and the glory of God!"

CHAPTER XI.

IN WASHINGTON.

“Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was ‘doing good ;’
So shall the wide earth seem our Father’s temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.
Then shall all shackles fall ; the stormy clangor
Of wild war-music o’er the earth shall cease ;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.”

WHITTIER.

SYBIL JONES was at work in the Southern States during a part of the year 1860, and returned to her Northern home only a few weeks before the attack on Fort Sumter. The sound of war carried sorrow to the hearts of herself and her husband. They were loyal to their country and the great cause of human freedom, but they were loyal also to the Prince of peace.

“They prayed for love to lose the chain ;
’Twas shorn by battle’s axe in twain !”

For years they had longed to see the light of freedom break in on the South, but they had hoped no less for the day “when the war-drum should throb no longer” and universal peace should gladden the long watchers for its dawn. Now they saw the oncoming of a most terrible civil war, threatening the life of the nation. They mourned for mothers and fathers who must see their boys go to the field ; they thought of

the homes shattered for ever; but they did not yet realize that their eldest son was to go forth to return only on his shield—that the son who had urged them to go forward in the work of love in Liberia, their noble son, was to be demanded as a sacrifice.

The war was hardly begun when James Parnel Jones resolved to volunteer. President Lincoln's call seemed a call to him. He had been a logical reader of Sumner, and had closely watched the development of slavery, and to his mind the war to save our nationality would necessarily free the slaves. He wrote from the South: "Did I not think this war would loose the slave's chains I would break my sword and go home."

That it was hard for him to go when his parents were praying for peace there can be no doubt, but his mind was filled with the thought of saving the life of a nation, and he certainly felt that the path of duty was in that direction.

The members of the Society of Friends felt almost universally that they owed allegiance to two fatherlands. "There was a patriotism of the soul whose claim absolved them from the other and terrene fealty," and there was a manifest inconsistency between being members of "Christ's invisible kingdom" and taking arms in support of a dominion measured by acres.*

* Whittier thus gives the position which the Society of Friends held:

"Nursed in the faith that Truth alone is strong
In the endurance which outwearies wrong,
With meek persistence baffling brutal force,
And trusting God against the universe;
Are doomed to watch a strife we may not share
With other weapons than a patriot's prayer;

Some felt otherwise, and they took upon themselves the hard duty of turning from society and friends to do battle.

James Parnel came home wounded, but returned to his command before his furlough had expired. He went back with the feeling that the days left him were few: he indistinctly saw what awaited him. In an engagement to carry a strong point held by the enemy at Crystal Springs, near Washington, he was struck by a ball from a sharpshooter. The ball had glanced from a tree and brought him a mortal wound. The two hearts deeply wrung to have their son go into the war at all were pierced at the news of his death. We can hardly conceive their grief for him for whom they had so earnestly prayed and agonized in his absence. Henceforth whoever wore a soldier's uniform had a place in Sybil Jones's heart. Her unspent love went out to all who were suffering on the field and in the hospitals, and she could not rest at home. Obtaining the needful credentials, she took up in a new form the arduous service of her active and consecrated life, bearing the gospel cheer to the wounded and dying in Philadelphia and Washington. She could tell the soldiers of her own son, and so touch their hearts, and her sympathy and love brought joy to many a poor sufferer. The aggregate of her visits shows that she preached and talked to thirty thousand soldiers. To

“Yet owning with full hearts and moistened eyes,
The awful beauty of self-sacrifice,
And wrung by keenest sympathy for all
Who give their loved ones for the living wall
'Twixt law and treason.”

and from the field of her labor, at the dépôts, wherever she saw a uniform, she went to speak gentle words and to bear good news; and only those to whom the balm came can tell the good accomplished. Once more she met a kind reception from all. Soldiers and prisoners welcomed her, and those high in power listened with respect to her messages. She comforted the widow of President Lincoln, and twice stood before his successor, President Johnson, and faithfully warned him to rely on the Ruler of the universe for counsel in guiding the helm of state.

She left home in 1st mo., 1865, with a certificate for service. On her way to the field in which she felt called to labor she visited her children in Philadelphia, and attended meeting at Germantown, where she was favored with a gospel message. She also attended Twelfth street meeting and the large quarterly meeting in Arch street, where she was constrained to speak for her Master. She then proceeded to Baltimore, accompanied by Lydia Hawkes of Manchester, Maine. In this city she met her dear husband, who had been separated from her for three months. He was much worn by his labors as distributing agent of the New England Friends. He had distributed to the necessities of the freedmen food, clothing, beds, etc., according to the quantity sent to the mission. He had visited them from hut to hut, administering as well to their spiritual as to their temporal needs. They together attended Baltimore quarterly meeting, and on the 9th of 2d mo. arrived in Washington.

Sybil Jones rested a few days, and then commenced the labors for which she was liberated. Her first ser-

vice was in Judiciary Square. She, with her companion, was taken there in an ambulance, and they were preceded and introduced by their dear friend Jane James, who often gave them like aid. They were pleasantly received, and permission was granted them to perform any religious service. They visited nine wards and had service in the chapel, speaking words of comfort to those confined to their beds. Much seriousness and tenderness was apparent. They also went to the hospital at Armory Square, visited all the wards of the sick and wounded, and had chapel service. It seemed that some were turning to the Lord.

Eli Jones went for a short time to Philadelphia to try and gain a little strength, being very weary with his labors among the colored people. The mud was very deep and the work of distributing very hard. Their son, Richard Mott, accompanied his father, having spent the vacation from his studies at Haverford College with his parents at their post of duty.

Camp Hospital was also visited. They were taken out in an ambulance by Dr. Upton, who was courteous in every way. The poor wounded ones seemed thankful for the interest exhibited for their souls' welfare. Carm Hospital was visited, and all freedom was given them to point the sick and suffering to the Lamb of God. Many were in tears at the close of service in the chapel. Her own torn mother's heart gave Sybil Jones great earnestness in prayer for the bereaved ones in the far-away homes as she was called upon to attend the funerals of the soldiers. Often more than one coffin stood on a form before them,

and the occasion was made a solemn admonition to the survivors to be ready when the Lord should call. One of the meetings was attended by a surgeon who had led a profane and dissolute life. He was reached by the Spirit of God, and in a meeting rose and said, "I have been living for hell ; I looked toward it as my home, and fully expected it ; but God has had mercy on my soul and pardoned my sins, and I mean to serve Him the rest of my days." Nearly all were in tears. When the service was over the soldiers rushed to his arms weeping with joy. He said to them : "I have treated you badly and sworn at you, but by the grace of God I will never swear again." His conversion had a wonderful effect and was a powerful testimony for the truth.

Columbia Hospital was visited. They found a very conscientious, loving superintendent in one of the wards, a lady named O. L. Pomeroy. In this ward they held a most blessed meeting and made an appointment for another.

They were obliged to move from their lodgings on account of sickness in the family, and were most kindly received by their good friends William and Jane James. They found it a great privilege to be so cared for.

They went to Lincoln Hospital, where were five thousand men. Their ministrations were much blessed : at a later visit they found four hundred more wounded soldiers from City Point. The afflicted men were all broken down with suffering and were ready for the consolation of the gospel. The field indeed seemed white unto the harvest. A lad told them that he had

been in the Crimean War, and had served two years in this. He was an Englishman. He showed them a silver medal gained by valor in the former war. Sybil Jones said, "I hope thou art seeking a crown in that higher warfare?" He quickly replied, "I am pressing after it with all my might; I am looking to Jesus as my Captain."

She sighed for "universal peace to reign" as she witnessed the untold miseries of cruel war. It was wonderfully touching to hear the bright testimonies of those poor feeble ones who had lain for months on their emaciated backs. Many were passing away. No one could bear to tell one poor dying youth that he could not live, and in all tenderness Sybil Jones said to him, "I think thou cannot get well; what is thy hope?" He replied, "In Jesus I believe; he has forgiven my sins. Tell my father and mother I have gone to heaven." Some seemed insensible of their danger, but were faithfully warned to prepare to meet their God. As these faithful messengers of good tidings saw the terribly mangled brought in, and beheld their patience and tenderness, they were sick at heart and prayed for the terrible tide of war to be stopped. They met with much kindness from Surgeon-general Barnes, who gave Sybil Jones a pass to all the hospitals in the United States, and a special one for the department of the South, with half-fare on Government transports.

Sybil Jones was presented to General Auger, the military commander of the District of Columbia. He said that he was much pleased with her mission. He was spoken to concerning the interests of eternity.

She was presented to Secretary Stanton and Colonel Harder, and was pleased with their demeanor and readiness to aid her work in every possible way. The Centre Guardhouse was visited and its four hundred inmates lovingly warned to be ready.

On 4th mo. 1st, 1865, great excitement was felt in the capital city, as the President was personally directing affairs at Richmond, and the fall of the rebellious city was hourly anticipated. On the morning of the 3d came the joyful intelligence that the Confederate capital had been evacuated, and a great tide of rejoicing swept over the loyal States. Sybil Jones describes the scene in Washington as follows:

“I was very fearful the inhabitants would be too full of joy to remember their great Deliverer and give thanks unto His name. We went to Camp Fry, and had to press our way through the throng, often pausing to note the variety of emotions exhibited—all joyful, but neither ridiculous nor profane. A subdued awe seemed to hold in check the lawless and dissipated, and tears of joy suffused the eyes of passers-by. The whistles of the engines, the roar of cannon, the music of the various bands, and the shouts of the multitude, mingled with the prayers, praises, and hallelujahs of the colored people, some down on their knees in the dust of the street, others dancing like David before the ark of the covenant on its return to its place,—all commingled in one mighty jubilant song which I trust was not devoid of the grateful tribute of praise to the great God of heaven and earth. We at length entered the ward of the sick and wounded of two regiments, about two thousand men. As we

passed in I said, 'To-day is the nation's jubilee, and we have come to present our thank-offering with you, as you cannot join the street celebration.' A smile and 'Thank you' went round and brightened up the scene. We read a beautiful psalm and bore a testimony to the power and goodness of God, not only in hope of the full and entire emancipation of the slaves, but in disclosing to us to-day, behind the folds of the dark war-cloud, the silver lining of peace. We besought them to come to the Lamb of God, seeing his mercy and loving-kindness had been so great to them as to spare them amid the din of battle when their comrades had fallen all around them."

Sybil Jones and her friends visited Seminary Hospital, and found among the wounded a young Friend from Illinois, who was much comforted by hearing the gospel tidings from a member of the Society he loved so well. A sad scene presented itself in Douglas Hospital. There had just arrived three hundred terribly mangled soldiers, some passing away, some in agony with lost limbs. It was an indescribably painful scene, and the one "Physician of value" was recommended to the poor sufferers.

They addressed many prisoners of war, deserters from the South, and refugees. They were listened to with seriousness, and many were in tears. On a visit to Stanton Hospital, Sybil Jones met a young man from Maine named Eben Dinsmore. He told her that her son, James Parnel Jones, had been his captain when he first enlisted, and afterward his major. He spoke in the highest terms of his kindness to the men and his unspotted name, and said he heard a soldier

of the same regiment say that he was with him from the time he was wounded until his death, and never saw a person die so happy, singing as he passed away.

At this time Sybil Jones and friends moved their lodgings, at the kind invitation of their friend Isaac Newton, to make their home with him for a while.

On the 15th of 4th mo. came the dreadful news that the good man who had stood so nobly at the head of the nation in this dreadful crisis had gone from works to reward, slain by the hand of the assassin. The great joy was turned into deepest mourning that he who was so endeared to all loyal hearts could not be with them to enjoy the restful time of peace. They held a meeting in the rooms of the Agricultural Department, and were comforted in their great grief by the presence of Him who said to the troubled waves, "Peace, be still." A visit was made to Stone Hospital, and it was found that the suffering ones there had had little religious instruction, but seemed grateful for Christian counsel. One poor fellow, who was dying and felt his lost condition, was entreated to look to the "Lamb of God."

A young lady came one day to Isaac Newton's and asked if a Quaker lady who preached was there. She said that some one had been thinking how appropriate it would be to have a Friends' meeting, for the awful stroke inclined them to be silent. Isaac Newton offered his parlors, and Sybil Jones consented. She says in in her diary: "We met at seven o'clock, and it was one of the most blessed seasons I have enjoyed in this city. The silence seemed to have healing in its

wings and balm to the stricken spirit." Much service was done in Emory Hospital ; the poor fellows on their beds were visited one by one, and each was lovingly spoken to. They held meetings at Emory Hospital for the convalescent soldiers, and by all they were most gladly received. Harwood and Finley Hospitals were fields of labor, and in each the gospel message was thankfully received. At first the surgeon in charge said that he never allowed service in the wards where the men were badly wounded or passing away. Sybil Jones said to him, " Doctor, wouldst thou take the responsibility of keeping the gospel from dying men, the suffering soldiers of our country, far from their homes and mothers ?"—" No," said he, " but I do not want them disturbed."—She said, " Our services never disturb ; we are a quiet people." She then told him that she had a pass to all hospitals in the United States, but would not insist upon entering without his full permission. He then gave it most freely. The service was gladly received, and it seemed like drops of rain on a dry and thirsty land.

Sybil Jones felt that she must bear a message of her heavenly Father's love and sympathy to the widow of the lamented President. She had been ill, confined to her bed in the White House, since the fatal stroke. Sybil Jones says of the visit : " All crushed and broken under the heavy stroke, I spoke to her of the heavenly Chastener's love and care, and said that He could bind up the broken heart and give peace. She cordially invited us to come again. Her two sons, one about ten and the other about twenty, were at home, and very affectionate and attentive to their suffering mother,

though themselves evidently feeling very deeply the sad event."

Sybil Jones felt that she was given a message for Secretary Stanton. She in company with others went to his house in the evening, and, passing a guard of soldiers, was most kindly received by his interesting wife, the Secretary being absent. They spent an hour in pleasant conversation, and then the Secretary came and greeted them kindly. Very soon silence reigned, and Sybil Jones, after asking permission, rose and addressed the Secretary, telling him that as he had been raised up by the Almighty for the important duties of his office, he must dispense justice and judgment in the fear of God, plead the cause of the oppressed, and humbly in all things do the will of the great King, and the eternal God should be his refuge. She told him that, though his life had been sought, the angel of the Lord had guarded him, and if his trust was in Him no harm should befall him. After her remarks the Secretary rose and thanked her most profoundly, and told her that her gospel message was most grateful, and said that he needed the prayers of the people and that his trust was in God.

Sybil Jones went again by invitation to call on the President's widow. She was still in bed, much prostrated. The rooms were all lighted as in the days when their master paced through them with the weight of his mission pressing upon him. One lone sentinel guarded the mansion—a strange contrast to the past, when a strong guard was deemed necessary. The desolate lady gave them a sweet welcome, and told them some cheering incidents of her husband's last

days. She said that several times during the last day he lived he said, "This is the happiest day of my life." He seemed to feel that the great work was done, and he rejoiced that the cloud which hung over his beloved America had lifted. Sybil Jones then spoke to her cheerily of the sympathy of Jesus with the sorrowing sisters of Bethany—that in her boys she had a charge to keep for the King. After a season of feeling prayer they parted tenderly.

Stone Hospital, a beautiful home for the weary, suffering soldiers, was visited, and a wonderfully convicting season it proved. Sybil Jones was greatly saddened on a visit to the jail by its filthy appearance. Old and young were crowded in together, and the young in crime were by association with the vicious and degraded hastened in their downward course.

Feeling that she was called to labor in Alexandria, Sybil Jones went across the river to that place, and found a kind welcome at the temporary home of James P. Barlow, he, with his family, having fled from his own home on account of rebel persecution and confiscation. She had a meeting with the convalescents in the colored hospital, and had most interesting services in Slough Barracks. She also had a large meeting at the Soldiers' Rest, where she addressed thousands of soldiers, all orderly and attentive, while a tear might often be seen tracing down the bronzed cheeks. Wonderful changes were apparent in this place since the abolition of slavery. Slave-pens were appropriated to useful purposes. One was used as a court of justice, where traitors took the oath of allegiance to their country and to the government.

Sybil Jones then returned to Washington, and did what she could in the hospitals there, and then, feeling again the call to Alexandria, she returned to that place, and after more service owned and blessed by the Master she left this great field of labor and went once more to her children in Philadelphia, and thence to her own home.

On the 16th of 4th mo., in 1866, she again left her home, accompanied as far as Providence by her son Grelet, and bearing a certificate from her friends granting freedom for such service as she was called to perform. She attended meetings at Salem, Lynn, and Burlington, visiting prisons, hospitals, and reformatory institutions. She went to Richmond, Va., and attended the small meeting of Friends there, and with them praised the Lord for bringing them through the bloody rebellion and allowing them once more to assemble under the banner of peace. She attended many meetings here; had a meeting in a penitentiary, where the poor inmates had not heard the gospel sound for five years, since before the dreadful struggle. Many Bibles were distributed and families visited.

In a town near Richmond it was thought very doubtful if she could obtain a meeting, as the feeling against the North was so strong. When the Methodist minister was applied to, a young man present exclaimed, "That Quaker lady must have a meeting; she is the mother of my college classmate, Major Jones. She must have a meeting, and we will do our best to get the people out." The meeting was a large one and blessed, and the people expressed their thanks at the close.

After much loving service in the prisons and elsewhere, Sybil Jones went once more to Washington, holding meetings and doing all she could to "lift the skirts of darkness." She felt that she had another message to bear to the White House, where now, at the head of affairs of state, was the late President's successor, Andrew Johnson. She had a most touching interview with the President's daughter, the wife of Senator Patterson. They mingled their prayers and tears, and then Sybil Jones was presented to the President. He was surrounded by supplicants, mothers, advocates of right, and artful politicians. While waiting for audience the President's little granddaughter offered to her a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and, drawing her close, Sybil Jones spoke to her of the infinitely more beautiful flowers of heaven. The President courteously gave her permission to speak. She told him her message, and told him that it was in the name of the "King of kings." He thanked her seriously, and many were in tears. It was a most impressive scene.

After this, Sybil Jones returned to Maine, but she was not permitted long to enjoy the sweet associations in the home so dear to her. The impression seemed to gather force daily that she must once more cross the ocean. These words came to her often with great emphasis: "Get thee out of thy own country and from among thy own kindred to a land which I shall show thee." Once more she cast her burden upon the meeting, and found, as ever, the sweet sympathy and unity with her call to go forth that were ever accorded her. She was liberated for the service

that she felt was hers to perform, and her "peace flowed like a river."

Before engaging in the work in Europe, Sybil Jones obtained a certificate from the monthly meeting to visit the prisons and penitentiaries in some of the Southern States. She visited most institutions of that character in many of the large Southern cities, bearing the news of life and salvation to the poor erring ones. Many tracts and Bibles were distributed and much work was done in the vineyard of the Lord. Once more she bore a message to President Johnson. She went to the White House on a reception day for the President's daughter, and passed in with the throng. On every side were seen the glory and parade of this world that will pass away, but, obtaining audience with the President and his daughter, she spoke to them of the pleasures that are eternal. The Lord helped her to declare the truth, and she went away trusting that it would not be "in vain in the Lord." Her whole soul was rejoiced to see the great change that had swept over the South since the shackles of slavery had been removed. Those who had been slaves now stood up men. She felt that there is indeed "a God who judgeth in the earth, and He only worketh wonders."

CHAPTER XII.

MISSION-WORK.

“ ’Tis time
New hopes should animate the world, new light
Should dawn from new revealings to a race
Weighed down so long.”

BROWNING.

THERE was comparatively little known among Friends about the land of the Bible from personal observation before 1870, and some of the best works on the history, the geography, the manners, and customs of Palestine have been written since that date. The visits of Eli and Sybil Jones to Syria, and the letters which they and their companions, Alfred Lloyd Fox and Ellen Clare Peason (born Miller), wrote from there have done much to bring that country to the careful notice of Friends; and the interest felt in the missions at Brumanna and Ramallah has induced many to study their situations and to become better acquainted with that whole region, incontestably the most important on the globe if we associate with the soil what has transpired there for the benefit of the race. We call it the “Holy Land,” and the religious enthusiasts of the Middle Ages felt that it was a profanation for infidels to hold the sepulchre of the Lord and the cities where He taught; so that thousands rose from all Christian lands to win back the captured

territory, and blindly gave their lives for what they thought a sacred cause. In those days the Crusades opened the eyes of Europe and showed to the people the civilization and wonders of this Eastern land, and they brought back accounts from the cradle of early civilization which changed the thoughts and ideas of the age. American missionaries began to work in Syria in 1823, not to win the soil from the hands of infidels, but to gain the souls of those living in blindness, ignorance, and sin; and their endeavors have been greatly blessed, although these strongholds yield slowly to the most vigorous assaults.

Until the fourth century after Christ feasts were held annually in Syria to commemorate the death of Adonis—or Tammuz, as he was called in Syria—and his birth was celebrated again in the spring. These rites came from the story of Adonis being killed at the sources of the river which bears his name. This stream, which comes down with a swollen current in autumn, carries away much red iron ore; this gives the water a reddish color, which was said to be caused by the blood of Adonis, while in the spring Adonis was supposed to rise from the dead in all his beauty, at which time all gave themselves up to unrestrained joy. It was this mourning for Adonis of which Ezekiel speaks: "He brought me to the door of the Lord's house, and, behold, there sat women weeping for Tammuz" (or Adonis). All the heathen temples were destroyed and the worship stopped by Constantine the Great. At present there are in Syria about one million Mohammedans, two hundred and fifty thousand Maronites, two hundred and thirty-five

thousand members of the Greek Church, eighty thousand Roman Catholics, eighty thousand Druses, thirty thousand Jews, but only five thousand Protestants; besides many other kinds of religions.

The Maronites are thought by some to have taken their name from Maroon, an abbot who lived near the Orontes in the sixth century. He was considered as a saint by these people, though by the pope he was deemed a heretic. In the time of the Crusades the Maronites joined the Christian army from the West, and so came in contact with the Roman Church. They are divided into four orders—Jesuits, Franciscans, Lazarists, and Capuchins—over whom one patriarch is the governor. The order of the Jesuits, with the influence of the patriarch, has from the first opposed the work of all missionaries, and a heap of stones near the convent of Kanobin marks the spot where a missionary was martyred in 1830 by the will of the Maronite patriarch.

The Druses are perhaps the most remarkable people of Syria, and they are, too, the most mysterious. It was formerly thought that they were the descendants of a band of the crusaders who were left behind and finally forgot their land and religion, taking their name from the count of Dreux. There is a more plausible theory which identifies them with some of the tribes introduced into the Palestine by Esarhaddon, the great Assyrian, in the seventh century, B. C. Their name seems to have come from Ismael Darazi, and dates no farther back than the eleventh century A. D.

Hakim, one of the caliphs, who reigned in 1019, and who seems from his tyranny and fanaticism to

have been a madman, maintained that he had direct intercourse with the Deity, and that he was an incarnation of the divine intelligence. The claim was made known in the mosque at Cairo by Ismael Darazi, whose testimony was hostilely received by the people and he himself compelled to flee; but he at last succeeded in winning over the ignorant inhabitants of Mount Lebanon, whence the origin of this religion. The Druses hold that there is only one God, indefinable, incomprehensible, ineffable, and passionless—that he has made himself known by ten successive incarnations, lastly by Hakim. They believe in the transmigration of souls, and they say that virtuous souls pass into Chinese Druses, but those of the wicked into dogs or camels. These people have a high reputation for hospitality, and especially toward the English or Americans. God, they say, is great and liberal and all men are brothers, though in their bloody massacres they forget this, as Christians sometimes do.

The last hundred years have witnessed fearful struggles between the Maronites and Druses, and the rivers have run red—not from the supposed blood of Adonis, but from that of human beings—and many Christians have fallen victims.

Another sad fact is the low position which woman holds in Palestine. It is only Christianity that can put her in her true place as man's equal.

Those, then, who go to Syria to herald the gospel and plant the seeds of progress in the hearts of these people have as much to contend with as those who go among uncivilized heathen, or perhaps more. Here they are opposed by uncompromising bigotry, by the

despotic hand of a mighty ruler, and they must find untold obstacles in a land where the muezzin's voice is heard from a thousand Moslem minarets, with the hate which has ever existed between the two religions, and has not been lessened by the contests around Jerusalem for the possession of the holy sepulchre. But missionaries are peacemakers, and it is well that members of the Society of Friends have been led to do work here—a Society which would proclaim the “truce of God to the whole world for ever;” a Society which would give to woman the nobility for which she was created. We may hope that the hills which witnessed the chorus of angels singing, “Peace on earth, goodwill to men,” shall look on a community in which this is fulfilled, and, though Jerusalem's altar-fires have gone out, there may a brighter light shine into the hearts of a people worshipping God in spirit and in truth.

We can hardly realize that this important land, “the cradle of revelation,” is so small that it is only about the size of Wales. “From Dan on the north to Beersheba on the south is a distance of only one hundred and thirty-nine miles, and the paltry breadth of twenty miles from the coast to the Jordan on the north increases slowly to only forty between the shore of the Mediterranean at Gaza and the Dead Sea on the south.”

To this little country, made great and again humbled, raised up and again degraded, to this people divided into so many religions, Eli and Sybil Jones felt a call to bear the gospel first promulgated from its hills and in its valleys.

They were liberated by China monthly meeting, Vassalboro' quarterly meeting, and New England yearly meeting, and embarked from Boston on the 10th of 4th month, 1867.

"The last meeting attended by them before leaving their home in Maine was thronged by their townspeople, many of whom had known them through life, and several ministers from other societies from the overflowing of their hearts expressed their desire for the divine blessing upon their labors as ambassadors for Christ. Between our two friends, and upon the same bench, sat their two aged mothers, respectively in their eighty-fourth and eighty-ninth years. The latter arose in the presence of the large assembly, and, referring to the prospect that she should not meet her dear children again in this life, expressed her willingness to give them up for the sake of the Lord. They were attended on board their steamer by a large delegation of Friends from Lynn, Salem, New Bedford, and Providence. Here they mingled in Christian sympathy and in a season of religious fellowship, giving their fellow-passengers the opportunity of witnessing such brotherhood in Christ as used in the olden time to induce the exclamation: 'See how the Quakers love one another!'" Among those who came to bid them adieu and attend their religious exercises were John A. Andrew, governor of Massachusetts, and General Banks. It was especially interesting, as marking a striking contrast to the treatment which the missionary Quakers two hundred years before received at the hands of the Boston officials.

John G. Whittier, who at one time had a desire to

accompany them, wrote the following beautiful verses for the occasion :

“ TO ELI AND SYBIL JONES.

“ As one who watches from the land
The lifeboat go to seek and save,
And, all too weak to lend a hand,
Sends his faint cheer across the wave,—

“ So, powerless at my hearth to-day,
Unmeet your holy work to share,
I can but speed you on your way,
Dear friends, with my unworthy prayer.

“ Go, angel-guided, duty-sent !
Our thoughts go with you o’er the foam ;
Where’er you pitch your pilgrim tent
Our hearts shall be and make it home.

“ And we will watch (if so He wills
Who ordereth all things well) your ways
Where Zion lifts her olive hills
And Jordan ripples with His praise.

“ Oh ! blest to teach where Jesus taught,
And walk with Him Gennesaret’s strand !
But whereso’er His work is wrought,
Dear hearts, shall be your Holy Land.”

Letters from Eli Jones and his companions will be given farther on to show the nature of their work, the places visited, and something of the good accomplished. Many of these letters are exceedingly interesting, and, being written on the spots which they describe, they throw new light on the scenes of the Bible-land. For the present I wish to follow out briefly the part these two Friends have taken in what may be called distinctive mission-work.

After being engaged for about a month attending

meetings in and about London, mostly among the poor, and doing some work in Scotland, they began their journey, stopping with the Friends in the south of France, embarking from Marseilles for Greece, and thence going pretty directly to Beirut in Syria. They had as companions and helpers that earnest and sweet-spirited Christian, Alfred Lloyd Fox of Falmouth, England, and Ellen Clare Miller of Edinburgh, for whom, as she is still living, words of eulogy are happily not yet in place. They spent some months holding meetings, visiting schools, and doing much quiet work up and down nearly the whole length of Palestine. Sybil Jones being all the time in feeble health, they finally returned to England to spend the summer. Sybil went to Ireland, and Eli held meetings in different parts of England. Meantime, Alfred Fox and Ellen Clare Miller, who had become much interested in the work going on in Palestine, had raised a considerable sum of money to assist the mission-schools and general religious work in the Holy Land, and about seven hundred pounds were collected, some of which was sent to those needing it. As the summer went on, Eli and Sybil Jones each separately, began to feel that they had still further work in the East to do, and the way opened for them to return to the work which they had left unfinished. Ellen Clare Miller again attended them, also Richard Allen and Captain Joseph Pim. What money remained was put into their hands to be spent as they saw fit to promote education and spread the gospel in Syria.

While in the neighborhood of Jerusalem they visited Ramallah. There was a boys' school in this place,

and here they were met by a young woman who asked that she might be helped to teach a girls' school. Eli Jones asked her if she could teach, to which she answered, yes. After consideration it was decided to take some of the money which had been entrusted to them to start this young woman—Miriam—in the work of educating the girls of the neighborhood. On returning to England at the end of their visit, and reporting what they had done at Ramallah, it was at once accepted by the English Friends, and the little school thus begun was adopted and liberally supported. Ramallah became the seat of the mission and school of the London Friends, and was carefully watched over, built up, and maintained until 1888, when it was decided to be best for American Friends to take it in exchange for their interest in the Brummana mission on Mount Lebanon. It will be called the Eli and Sybil Jones Mission, and the New England Friends are ready zealously to take up and carry on the good work which for eighteen years has received the support of English Friends.

During this same visit, while at Beirut in the year 1869, they met Theophilus Waldmeier, who was engaged in the British Syrian schools. He became much interested in the strangers, and desired to learn more of their religious principles. "Their addresses were so powerful and edifying," he writes, "that our hearts were touched, and I began to think that their religious principles must be of a superior nature. I went to the hotel where they lodged and made their acquaintance, and from that time I have believed that the Quaker principles are the right basis for a true

spiritual Church. When these dear Friends left the country their blessed influence remained upon my heart, though they had not the slightest idea of it, nor had I any hope of seeing them again."

Two years later Theophilus Waldmeier met Stafford Allen, and accompanied him, his son, and Joseph Price to Baalbek, so that they became closely acquainted, and he was invited to come to Stafford Allen's house in London, which he did in 1872, and here he made the acquaintance of Hannah Stafford Allen, Robert and Christine Alsop, and others, and he became more and more familiar with the spiritual views of Friends, and later he joined himself to their Society.

He visited the different missions around Mount Lebanon, and he found that there was none at Brummana. It was told him that the inhabitants of Brummana were the greatest thieves and liars in the world. "They are Maronites, Greeks, and Druses, and the evil report of them has filled the country even unto Egypt. Every one is afraid of them. The American missionaries wanted to establish a mission among them, but they were expelled from the place in 1831, and the Bibles and Testaments which they distributed among the people were publicly burned." This showed that here was indeed the spot for a mission, but it would take courage and manly work to establish it. But the order seemed to come to Theophilus Waldmeier, "Go forward;" and on the 9th of the 4th month, 1873, he gave in his resignation to the committee of British Syrian schools, and it was not long before he was settled with his family at Brummana. But, unsupported, he felt he could do little, and he wrote an

earnest letter to Hannah Allen for assistance ; and this letter was sent to Eli Jones. Hannah Allen sent pecuniary aid to Theophilus Waldmeier for his family. Eli Jones received the letter a little before New England yearly meeting opened, and took it with him to that meeting, not knowing what it would be best to do. Charles F. Coffin attended this yearly meeting, and he made an earnest plea that New England Friends should identify themselves with some mission-work. The subject was taken up and a committee appointed, the names of Eli and Sybil Jones being among the number. Eli Jones at once urged that something be done to help Theophilus Waldmeier, and fifty dollars was raised to be sent to him. Eli Jones was requested to write and find how the religious views of Theophilus agreed with those of Friends, and the answer gave satisfaction to all. American Friends were now ready to take hold of the work on Mount Lebanon, and were anxious to join with English Friends in support of a mission there. Eli Jones wrote to Theophilus Waldmeier: "I am glad to be able to say that our Friends in New as well as in Old England seem much interested in thy work on Mount Lebanon. I think that thyself and dear wife and your helpers may be encouraged to give yourselves to the work of the Lord there, with full trust that your temporal wants will be supplied." After much correspondence it was arranged for English Friends to join those of New England yearly meeting in furnishing funds for the support of the new mission ; committees, secretaries, and treasurers were appointed. T. Waldmeier was encouraged to go on with what he had begun, with the certainty

that his wants would be supplied. He did so, and the work prospered. He has had much to endure, but he has persevered, and much of the success of Friends' work on Mount Lebanon is due to his faithfulness and courage. English Friends have from the first nobly done their part to support this post of service, and they have shown an untiring interest in it. Eli Jones has felt almost a father's love for this Mount Lebanon mission. He has worked for it, begged for it, and prayed for it. His original fifty dollars, collected from New England Friends, was the first contribution sent to it, at least by Friends, and from that time on he has not ceased to stretch out his hands and heart to help it. He would be the last to claim any honor for the success of either of the missions in Palestine; he is among those who have helped to plant and water, and God himself has given a good increase.

In 1876, Eli Jones, Alfred Lloyd Fox, and Henry Newman again visited the Holy Land, and especially the slope of Mount Lebanon. A meeting was held there, and Eli Jones read an epistle from the foreign mission committee appointed by New England yearly meeting, expressing the belief that a meeting should be organized at Brummana. After deliberation a meeting was organized in the usual manner, consisting of six native Christians and the family of T. Waldmeier.

During this same visit they started a boys' training-home. The winter was spent in getting the training-home ready to open and putting it on a proper working basis. A house was rented from one of the emirs of Mount Lebanon, in which the boys of the mountain

began to be trained. This house and the one occupied by T. Waldmeier were those in which lived the two emirs who gave the order to burn the Bibles and Testaments of the early American missionaries. The spot is still marked near the training-home where these Bibles were burnt, and some of the inhabitants still live there who helped execute the order; so that the children of the men who put fire to the Bible are now being taught on this same spot from this same book.

In the spring of 1880 an appeal was made for a girls' training-home at Brummana, T. Waldmeier judging the cost of building and current expenses would be about ninety-five pounds. Not long after Eli Jones wrote: "At our New England yearly meeting thy appeal for a girls' training-home was read, and elicited a ready and remarkable response. Soon after the meeting we found that the subscription had reached eleven hundred dollars. The women Friends of New York yearly meeting also raised two hundred dollars, thus making thirteen hundred dollars in the hands of our treasurer, George Howland, for the purpose of erecting a home for girls on Mount Lebanon."

So much money was collected that during the winter Eli Jones in the name of the committee authorized the work to begin, and on the 27th of 10th month, 1882, the new building was completed. Eli Jones, then in his seventy-sixth year, again crossed the water to be present at the dedication of it. Three hundred persons, among them princes and princesses, were there to see and hear the ceremony. Eli Jones read Prov. xxxi., and spoke for an hour and fifteen minutes on the subject of female education. The fifteen girls who were to be

educated sat in a semicircle on chairs before Eli Jones, and stood up and sang a hymn at the close of the meeting. Charles M. Jones of Winthrop, Maine, had attended Eli, and they worked for three months to accomplish the transference of the mission into the hands of three English and three American trustees. The management of the work was considerably remodelled during this winter. It is a difficult matter to obtain a perfectly clear title to land in Palestine, and the Friends were obliged to go through eight different courts before the affair was thoroughly settled.

The Ramallah Friends' mission was visited, and much was done to encourage the workers there. New England Friends at present are earnest to accomplish much good at Ramallah, and there has been a striking liberality manifested by them in this field. Eli Jones, now in his eighty-second year, can never again visit in the body these two spots which he fondly loves, but he rejoices in his last days that the cause so near his heart is receiving so warm a support, and the advance which has been made prophesies the day when the Syrian wife shall have a woman's voice and a woman's power, and when the marvellous blessing of Christ's immeasurable love shall be felt in the hearts of those who now sit in darkness, though in the land where "the great Light has shined."

CHAPTER XIII.

LETTERS FROM SYRIA.

ELI and Sybil Jones were most cordially liberated by Friends for the work in Europe, which was shown them as a field white unto harvest in which they were called to labor. They set sail from Boston in the ship "China," 4th mo. 10th, 1867. They attended Dublin and London yearly meetings, and visited the meetings throughout England, and then carried their labors into Scotland. Of the visit in this country Eli Jones writes to the *Friends' Review* :

LONDON, 9th mo. 6, 1867.

Having returned to this city again from what has been to us a very pleasant and satisfactory tour throughout parts of Scotland, and especially to those towns where members of our religious Society reside, I take my pen to give a few jottings from my note-book. On the 12th of 8th mo. we left Newcastle-upon-Tyne for Glasgow in Scotland, distant by rail one hundred and twenty-five miles. The day was delightful, and as we passed on at the rate of thirty or more miles per hour we saw much calculated to please and instruct. Crossed the Tweed near its mouth, where the old town of Berwick enjoys a fine outlook upon the German Ocean, and where a halt of a few minutes reminded us that we had really reached the land of Scott and

Burns, of Jaffrey and the Barclays, and of others whose names are familiar to the readers of Scottish history. Our course after leaving Berwick lay through extensive fields of ripening corn—or, as we Americans would say, of grain—interspersed with broad belts of potatoes and turnips, the whole indicating careful culture and a higher type of agriculture than I had previously noticed. As we approached Edinburgh there was less land under the plough, and instead green pastures cropped by numerous flocks of sheep, with an occasional sprinkling of other stock. Passing through the last-named city, we noticed the monument erected to the memory of Walter Scott. Its architectural beauty can hardly fail to catch the eye of the traveller. Another hour, through a valley of great fertility, brought us to Linlithgow, the birthplace of Mary queen of Scots. The royal castle is still standing. At the close of the day's travel we found ourselves at Glasgow, and, taking a hurried lunch at the house of William Smeal, were seated in the meeting of ministers and elders at the hour of seven, when visitors and visited were comforted together.

13th. Were present at the two-months' meeting—a favored season. At a joint meeting following that for worship the ministry of Eliza Wigham was approved. It was instructive to witness the freedom of expression, not only of the aged, but of young men and women, who cheerfully lent their aid to help the Church redeem her "charge" in so important a matter. Attended two meetings in Edinburgh; lodged at the house of William and Jane Miller. The next day, in company with these dear friends and others, went by

rail to Aberdeen by way of Stirling, Perth, Dunbar, and Stonehaven. This ancient city of the North, of which Alexander Jaffrey was provost (or mayor), and in whose prisons many of the early Friends were incarcerated for conscience' sake, is in $57^{\circ} 8' 57''$ north latitude, and lies upon the river Dee. It is built of gray granite. The houses are from two to four stories high, and present a clean and substantial appearance. A statue of Queen Victoria standing near the centre of the town is much admired. It is of white marble upon a pedestal of red granite highly polished. In the chapel at King's College a structure of the fourteenth century is shown, a pulpit—a relic from an ancient cathedral of the twelfth. Great labor must have been performed by hands no longer active to produce in the solid oak the carved figures and forms seen in this edifice of a bygone age. The other college buildings are of modern date. The general meeting of ministers and elders was held on the 17th. Godfrey Woodhard, William Ball, Thomas Wells, and Sarah Tatham in the ministry were present from England. The latter has been for some weeks our kind companion and caretaker.

10th, First day. Two meetings for worship were held, both well attended, the latter more numerous than could be accommodated in the house, several remaining near the door; all quiet and attentive. Most Friends present in the ministry took part in the vocal exercises, in which Christ was exalted as the rightful Head of His Church and as the world's only Saviour. The business of the general meeting is the same in character as that of a quarterly meeting. It was held

on the 19th of the month, preceded by a meeting for worship. We may trust both were seasons of encouragement to Friends in this land, so remotely situated one from the other and accustomed to meet for worship in comparatively small numbers. While in Aberdeen we visited Barbara Wigham, now nearly ninety-three years of age, a valued minister who seems quietly waiting the pleasure of her Lord to leave her post of watching for a seat among the blessed. How delightful to look upon the ripe corn in the ear ready to be garnered! She is the daughter-in-law of John Wigham, who some years since travelled extensively in America, going as far east as Nova Scotia.

Left Aberdeen the morning of the 21st for Stonehaven, sixteen miles distant, where we had arranged for a meeting in the morning. This is a neat little town, nearly two miles from Ury, the ancient home of the Barclays, including the noted Apologist. The present "laird of Ury," John Baird, and his wife, Margaret Baird, kindly showed us about their palace-home and its extensive gardens redolent with fruit and flower, and in other ways continued to make our call a very pleasant one. Among things of special interest was shown a stool of rather clumsy make labelled "Library Stool of Robert Barclay the Apologist." Tradition and facts point to this as the veritable seat of that eminent Christian scholar while writing his unrefuted and as yet unanswered book, *The Apology*. A lengthened walk through field and pasture brought us to the "Sarcophagus" of the Barclay family, located upon an eminence overlooking the

estate and its surrounding country, including Stonehaven and parts of the German Ocean. The building is of stone, with recesses in the interior walls containing tablets descriptive of members of the family, from Colonel David Barclay to Robert the Younger, who died in 1854, there being five in a direct line of the name of Robert. A larger tablet contains a synopsis of the history and genealogy of the family, running back many years prior to the time in which the name of Barclay finds a place in the history of Friends. The estate is large. One of its owners during his life cultivated two thousand acres and planted out one thousand five hundred other acres. At the time of our visit its pastures were enlivened by the presence of large herds of horned cattle and a flock of eight hundred ewe sheep, four hundred lambs, a portion of this year's increase having been disposed of previously. Numerous beeches of startling dimensions grace the lawn, and near where stood the old homestead an old yew tree, now in the strength of its power, reminds one that it might have enjoyed, and probably did enjoy, youth contemporaneously with the ancient "laird of Ury" and with his son the Apologist. The present dwelling is one of modern date; its predecessor and the "old Ury meeting-house" were removed to give it place.

Our meeting at Stonehaven was a relieving one. The family from Ury attended, and we were glad of their company. Thence we went forward to Glasgow by way of Dundee, accompanied by our kind friend, Robert Smeal, the gifted editor of the *British Friend*. Held large meetings at each of the above-named cities.

On the 24th, after a meeting at Kilmarnock, went that night to Edinburgh. Next day and first of the week met Friends and others at their place of worship. Here closed our religious labors in that interesting country, and we came pretty directly to this place, taking in meetings at Carlisle, Manchester, and Birmingham. Affectionately thy friend,

ELI JONES.

Eli Jones, in a letter dated 9th mo. 26th, thus alludes to service ahead: "We intend to leave London this evening for Paris, and after a few days there and among Friends in the south of France, embark at Marseilles for Greece; call at a few places in that classic land; thence pretty directly to Beirut in Syria, where, if the Lord shall make a way for us to labor in His service, we may spend some weeks in visiting school-missionaries and such others as may be disposed to hear the good news in the land of the Crucified One, and return by way of Jaffa, Alexandria, Cairo, and the island of Malta. We have as companions and helpers in the work our young friends Alfred Lloyd Fox of Falmouth, England, and Ellen Clare Miller of Edinburgh. Much kind interest has been manifested by Friends here in relation to this new field of labor."

One of the companions of E. and S. Jones wrote the following account of their labors in the south of France to the *Friends' Review*:

"Eli and Sybil Jones and party left London on the 16th for Paris, *viâ* Folkestone and Boulogne, having letters of introduction from the secretaries of the Turkish Mission, Church Missionary, and Jewish Church

Mission societies, and to various persons in the East. We had a smooth, pleasant passage of about two hours, S. J. reclining most of the time, and E. J. and companions remaining on deck watching the disappearing lights on the English coast and then those on the French shore coming into view. We spent the night in Boulogne, going on the next afternoon to Paris. The three following days we spent in Paris. We visited the Exhibition and went to the stand of the Bible Society, where we were greatly interested in the account of the work done during the time of the Exhibition. They have distributed, thus far, 1,800,000 copies of the Scriptures or portions of the Scriptures. Among others, eight hundred priests have received these, so that we cannot but hope that a large amount of good has been effected. While Eli and Sybil Jones were at the stand numbers of people came for the little gratuitous French, German, and Italian Gospels, and seemed much pleased to receive them. Our friends had the pleasure themselves of giving some copies to soldiers and others. The gentlemen at the stand were much interested in E. and S. J.'s mission to the East, and supplied us with Arabic and Turkish portions for distribution there. On First day we attended the Friends' meeting at the Congregational chapel, 23 Rue Royale, at 9 A. M. About forty persons were present, among others L. Mellor and her husband from Philadelphia, whom it was pleasant for E. and S. Jones to meet. The meeting was a memorable and impressive one, ministry and supplication flowing freely. Soon after the Friends' meeting the usual Congregational meeting was held, at which we remained, the

pasteur inviting E. and S. Jones to come to his afternoon meeting in the Avenue des Ternes, where they might have an opportunity of addressing those present. We accordingly went, and found a small but serious gathering of English and Americans; the song of the angels on the night of our Saviour's birth was dwelt upon. Next day E. and S. J., having been invited by the secretary of the Evangelical Alliance to be present at the usual service in the Salle Évangélique, we went thither at the appointed time, but were sorry to find on arriving that, though free opportunity was offered for Eli Jones to speak, the committee could not allow Sybil Jones to do so. Under these circumstances Eli Jones declined to take any part in a service which would so distinctly have compromised one of our Society's leading views. On Third day we left Paris for Lyons. E. and S. J. much enjoyed the country with its long lines of poplar trees edging the streams and canals, and vineyards terracing the slopes of Côte d'Or. We slept at Lyons, setting out the following morning for another day's journey to Nismes. Nismes was reached between nine and ten P. M., our Friends less tired than after the journey of the day before, having much enjoyed the scenery. Jules Paradon, who for so many years had been an interpreter for Friends and their kind helper in the south of France, came early to the hotel on the following morning to welcome the Friends back to Nismes. Lydia Majolier and other Friends also called, and an arrangement was made for a meeting to be held at the Free Church the same evening, the pasteur kindly giving up his usual service to E. and S. Jones. A good meeting

was held, about one hundred being present. Jules Paradon interpreted the free gospel message and the prayer for France, her rulers, her pasteurs, and her people. Much joy was expressed at seeing E. and S. J. again. Much fruit of their labor here fourteen years ago is evident. There seems much good stirring among the young people who are connected with Friends. Some of those who were at school when E. and S. J. were last here bear marks of their influence. On the 3d we drove to Congènies, about twelve miles from Nismes, through the rich vineyards and oliveyards of the South. There are not many Friends at Nismes, but the little meeting-house was well filled. In the evening a meeting was held, and about ninety present, half of them men. It was an interesting sight to see the men in their working dress and the women—many of whom had been working hard all day—listening so attentively and seriously to the loving and encouraging words spoken to them. Much feeling was shown as they spoke to the Friends after meeting. E. and S. Jones and their party were kindly lodged at the house of George and Lydia Majolier, and the following day were driven to Fontanès to see Friends in that neighborhood. We were hospitably entertained at the house of Daniel Brun, a minister of our Society. A meeting was held in the afternoon, about forty present; L. Majolier interpreted. E. and S. J. addressed words of warning and encouragement to all. Daniel Brun prayed for a blessing upon the seed sown. On First day the meeting convened at 10.30 A. M. at Congènies, many Friends coming from other places, so that the little meeting-house

was again filled, J. Paradon having come over to interpret. Sybil Jones dwelt upon the nature of true worship. Eli Jones dwelt earnestly upon woman's part in regenerating and elevating the world, reminding us of what a prominent part she played in the fall, and, on the other hand, both in the Old Testament history, and still more in the New, how many noble women are written about. These were held up as not unattainable examples. A large and very interesting meeting was held at 4 p. m. at Nismes in one of the Protestant places of worship. On Second day E. and S. J. visited two girls' schools for the poorer classes, at both of which they spoke to the children, encouraging them to pray morning and evening for help for the day and forgiveness for what they had done amiss.

"On Third day we were at St. Gilles, where we were very kindly entertained at Anna Vally's, where a meeting was held in the afternoon for the few Friends in the place, and in the evening a good meeting was held in the temple. The following day a large meeting was held at Calvisson, six hundred being there, and Pasteur Abausit himself interpreting. On Fifth day a farewell meeting was held with the Friends, thirty or forty in number, at which much tenderness of feeling was shown while S. J. urged and encouraged them to fight for the faith once delivered to the saints. She dwelt earnestly on the need of their forgiving those who had injured them, as they hoped to be forgiven. Many tearful farewells were said and earnest desires expressed for E. and S. J.'s welfare, and for a blessing on the labors of their hands. On Sixth day we left Nismes at noon, reaching Marseilles about 5 p. m.,

whence we hope to sail this afternoon for Athens, thence to Beirut, where we look to be about the end of the month."

We give below a letter from Ellen Clare Miller, written on board the steamer "Godavery" to the *Friends' Review* :

SMYRNA, 10th mo. 25, 1867.

It falls to my lot to give some account of the very interesting visit to Athens of our dear friends Eli and Sybil Jones. . . . It was a time never to be forgotten. Our account was written from Marseilles, from which port we embarked on Seventh day, 10th mo. 12th, reaching the Piræus on Fifth day morning. We had a safe and pleasant voyage, receiving much kindness from the captain, who seemed a superior man. There was not opportunity for much outward service on board, but earnest desires were felt and loving prayers raised that our tarriance there might be for good to those who sailed with us. . . .

On the 16th the fine ramparts of the rocky, sterile hills of Southern Greece came into view, and all that day we coasted along that most interesting country, with its mountains rising up from the very edge of the sea, here and there a poor little village with its scanty olive trees set in the hollows of the hills, or a solitary house for the shepherd or goatherd. It was past midnight when we sailed into the Piræus, very calm, with beautiful starlight and a very soft air; and so we landed in Greece.

We did not know quite what we should do, landing at midnight in a strange country and hearing only a

strange tongue, but we were wonderfully provided for in this respect. A Greek gentleman, who was our fellow-passenger returning to Athens, very kindly did for us all that could be done, getting our baggage through the custom-house without detention—which at that late hour was a great relief—and taking us to a comfortable hotel. It is difficult to convey the great interest of our visit to Athens, which should, I think, be confirming to all who go in simple faith where they feel themselves required to go, believing that the way and the work will be opened up before them. Such has been everywhere the openness to receive our dear friends that surely He who put it into their hearts to visit this place, and who when "He putteth forth His own sheep goeth before them," prepared the hearts of the people in a wonderful manner to receive them, and opened the way for their mission among all. It was very interesting next morning to find ourselves opposite the Acropolis with its ancient ruined temples and fortifications, and the less conspicuous but still more interesting little eminence beside it, Mars Hill, from whose rocks, where the council of the Areopagus sat, Paul spoke.

On Fifth day, the 17th, Eli Jones and Alfred Lloyd Fox delivered letters of introduction to J. H. Hill, chaplain of the English embassy, who for more than thirty years, with his wife, has been teaching the Greek children. There is a great work going on in Athens in reference to the poor Cretans who have fled from their own islands and taken refuge in Greece. Thousands have come to Athens, where they have been provided with food and clothing, and schools have

been opened for the education of their children. We visited five of these—some more than once—where E. and S. Jones had an opportunity of speaking to the children, and often to the poor Cretan women. Some were widows; others had lost their children, others whose husbands and children are still engaged in the war. All had lost their homes and their whole possessions. It was a very affecting sight to see these poor sorrowing creatures thronging to speak to the friends, thanking them for their words of loving sympathy and comfort, and for the help and sympathy sent them from America. At all the schools the message of our dear friends was to point both children and parents to Jesus as the one who is able under all circumstances to give peace and happiness to the soul. The message, which to many was a new one, seemed to go home to their hearts, and seed was sown with fervent prayer which we must believe will be blessed to these poor creatures and to Greece by Him who giveth the increase. Demetrius Z. Sackellarios, editor of *The Star in the East* and treasurer of the American and Greek fund for the support of the Cretan schools, very kindly and efficiently interpreted on several occasions. He is a Greek by birth, but spent several years in America, and his wife, A. Josephine Sackellarios, is an American lady. There are indeed several Americans in Athens, with whom we had some very delightful intercourse.

We spent First day evening with Dr. Hill and his family, and (through the medium of Edward Masson, a Scotchman, and formerly one of the judges of the supreme court of Areopagus) E. and S. Jones had an

opportunity of addressing a school at Dr. Hill's house for between twenty and thirty Greek girls of the upper classes. Several were introduced to them from Macedonia, Asia Minor, and many parts of Greece and the islands, besides Athens. An impression seemed to be made that evening which we trust will not soon be forgotten. After visiting another of the schools on First day, where we saw five hundred children taught on the national-school system, and some Cretan women spinning and weaving their native silk, we went to the prison, where Sybil Jones had obtained permission to speak to the prisoners. Leave was granted for all the prisoners, about one hundred and fifty in number, to come into the courtyard, in the centre of which was a large plane tree, under the shadow of which all stood, the poor men forming a large semicircle around S. Jones and D. Sackellarios, her interpreter, and the others. It was a striking scene and a time of great interest. The men were exceedingly attentive, and many were moved while S. J. spoke to them for nearly an hour. She sympathized with them in their present condition. She related some narratives of prisoners who, having found their Saviour in prison, had been filled with joy, and she prayed for them that they too might be brought to Him. The governor of the prison seemed very grateful—said he hoped the words spoken would be blest to the souls of the poor prisoners; and many said it was a day never to be forgotten. It was found that the prisoners had no Bibles, but an arrangement was made that each should be supplied with at least a Gospel. We spent the evening very pleasantly at the house of Dr. Kalopothakes,

where we met most of the missionaries, to whom, after the First of Romans had been read, E. and S. J. addressed many words of encouragement, as they did on a similar occasion on Third day morning, when many came to the hotel to take leave, alluding to the refreshment it had been in coming to a strange land to meet with those to whom, as servants of the same blessed Master, they could feel united in one common love and faith, partaking together of the one true communion and speaking together the language of Canaan. All present were deeply affected, and a strong impression was made there as on all other occasions. Some said that the visit of these dear Friends to Athens was just what they had long desired and prayed for—that what they had brought was as a message from the Saviour to encourage them in their work; and D. Sackellarios said that the day of his interpreting for them was the happiest of his life. The same morning E. and S. Jones visited the theological college for the education of young Greek priests. It is under the superintendence of a young Greek, who seems a serious man. He has one or two Friends' books, and is desirous to know something of our Society. S. J. addressed a few words both to him and to the students, encouraging them to give their hearts to the Saviour and to attend to the teaching of the Holy Spirit in their hearts.

E. and S. J. also received a visit from the Cretan bishop of Kissaruss to thank them for their visits to the schools and their interest in the Cretan children, and through them to express gratitude to the American people for their help and sympathy. He also

asked for the prayers of Americans that Crete might be made free.

We sailed from the Piræus 10th mo. 22d, landing at Syra the following morning, where E. and S. J. visited the school for Greek children under the care of F. A. Hildner, a Basle missionary, who has been for thirty-seven years engaged in work on this island. Here, as before, the gospel message was spoken to the children and a cheering visit paid to the missionary. We re-embarked on Fifth day, and after running for some time pretty near the coast we sailed into the beautiful bay on which Smyrna stands. The city looks bright and Eastern with its light-painted, square, flat-roofed houses, among which towers and minarets rise. Behind the city rises a steep bare hill crowned with a mosque and the ruins of an old castle. The mountains rise all round the bay, greener than any we had seen since leaving the south of France, and with olive trees and vineyards round their base.

To-day, the 25th, we went on shore, and were driven up and down the narrow, roughly-paved streets of Smyrna, in which we saw many sights reminding us we were in Asia—the trains of laden camels, the veiled Turkish women, the fine large cypress trees shading the graveyards with their painted inscriptions in foreign characters. We visited the deaconesses' home, where fourteen of the sisterhood educate between two hundred and three hundred children, many of the upper class. The establishment is in beautiful order, and a bright and Christian spirit appeared to reign in it. We hope to-morrow to continue the

voyage to Beirut. Our dear friends are pretty well, though needing rest. Thine sincerely,

ELLEN CLARE MILLER.

Ellen Clare Miller writes again in 11th mo. to the *Friends' Review* :

BEIRUT, Syria.

The account of the journey of our dear friends E. and S. Jones was brought down to the time of our leaving Smyrna. Having now reached Beirut in safety, they wish thee and their friends in America to know as soon as may be of their welfare, and of the pleasant and very interesting voyage which we were favored to make safely and comfortably. Since our arrival here, on Sixth day, the weather has been so broken and stormy that we do indeed feel that there is great cause for thankfulness to Him who holds the winds and waters under His control.

We sailed from Smyrna about noon on the 26th, gradually losing sight of the beautiful mountains which rise up on the south-west side of the bay with their fine coloring of gray, pink, green, and purple, which gives such a charm to the hills about this coast. We passed Chios and Samos—Patmos with its great interest as the isle to which the beloved disciple was banished by the emperor Domitian, and where the wonderful visions were revealed to him. The following day, First day, the 27th, we reached Rhodes, and, the steamer stopping for a few hours, we went on shore, going up the steep street where on either hand stand the half-ruined, strongly-built castles and houses once occupied by the Knights of St. John. Over each door-

way may still very plainly be seen the various coats-of-arms of the members of the order, the grand master having a larger house and more elaborate escutcheon. We passed a mosque at the time when the congregation were coming out, and saw each man resume his shoes at the door; there were no women. We were allowed to look inside, but not to enter more than a step or two. It was a plain, whitewashed building, with matting, but no seats; texts from the Koran painted here and there upon the walls, and a kind of pulpit from which the Koran is read. There are many Jews and Mohammedans at Rhodes. It was sorrowful to think how many there were who were professing to worship God, but in so mistaken a manner. E. Jones and A. Fox distributed a great many portions of Scripture and tracts in Arabic, Turkish, and Hebrew, as they did all along the coast at our various stopping-places, so sowing much good seed, some of which at least may, we hope, take root and bear fruit.

The whole of the following day was spent in coasting along that part of Anatolia formerly called Lycia, Pamphylia, and Cilicia, keeping very near the shore. It was a great privilege to pass near scenes of such interest as those regions through which Paul and his companions passed, and to see the very places on which their eyes must have rested. Cyprus was visible on the right, but too distant from us to obtain much idea of its appearance. Early in the morning of the 29th we found ourselves in the harbor of Mersina, the port of Tarsus, about ten miles from that city, of which Paul was a citizen. This latter place itself we could not see, but we were shown the direc-

tion in which it lay among the mountains, and the point where the Cydnus flows into the sea with its cold waters fresh from Taurus, whose snowy tops we plainly saw. The ship remained here till the afternoon, shipping wheat, and we were much interested in seeing a train of one hundred and fifty camels winding down from the direction of Taurus and moving slowly along the shore to discharge their freight at the warehouses upon the quay. We then turned our faces southward, passing not far from Antioch, which, however, cannot be seen from the sea. We stopped a few hours at Latakia, near which rises the cone-shaped Mount Cassius. Soon after passing this we had our first view of one of the spurs of Mount Lebanon, crowned with snow. This grand and extensive range became more and more conspicuous until we reached Tripoli, which lies beautifully at its feet in a fine wide bay. We sailed very near the island of Aradus, the ancient Arvad, opposite to which lies "the entering in of Hamath" so often mentioned in the Bible, the boundary of the Land of Promise, though never of that really possessed by the Israelites. The weather was very fine, but extremely hot, all the time we were on the water.

The first day we were in Beirut the sirocco was blowing a hot, enervating wind. Beirut looks beautiful, either from the sea or land. It is built along the shore at the foot of Mount Lebanon. We find several American and English missionaries, many of whose schools we have visited and have been much interested in them; also attended some religious meetings. As it is the rainy season, the Friends are not able to get

on quite so fast with their work as might otherwise be the case ; but they have been warmly received, and their visit seems to be a very opportune one. Our party are all in usual health. The dear Friends think their health is improved, decidedly so, since they left America. Thine sincerely,

ELLEN CLARE MILLER.

Another letter from Ellen Clare Miller, from Mount Lebanon in 11th mo., 1867, to the editor of the *Friends' Review*, says :

“ The last account forwarded to thee of our dear friends E. and S. Jones was brought down to the 12th of this month. The great storms which had prevailed up to that time, severer for the season than had been known for many years, passed away on that day. A remarkably fine rainbow, double and sixty degrees in height, one foot resting on the sea and the other on the base of Lebanon, appeared that evening just before sunset, giving very welcome promise of the return of fine weather. This was very cheering, as the heavy rains had for the time suspended the work of visiting schools, except that of E. B. Thompson, which adjoins M. Mott's house. We are not able yet to give a very clear statistical account of the many schools in Beirut and Lebanon for the education of boys and girls, but there is, indeed, a great work going on through their agency—a work of very widely extended influence. E. B. Thompson has fourteen schools under her influence, some in Beirut, some in the mountains. E. Saleeby, a Syrian, who has spent some time in Scotland and England, and whose efforts are principally

supported by subscriptions from the former country, has many more under his care. The American missionaries have stations at Beirut and in several towns in the mountains, and we are at present at a boarding-school for training Syrian girls for teachers, conducted by two young ladies from England, sent out by the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. They have at present only eighteen girls, on account of their limited means; the school will accomodate thirty, and the education given and the Christian influence extended, here as at other schools which we have seen, are very telling, and are raising the women to a very different position from that which they formerly occupied even among the nominal Christians in the country. The prejudice against their education was very great among all sects, and still exists, from the Moham-medans, who believe that woman has no soul, among the Druses, Maronites, and Catholics, and the somewhat more enlightened Protestants, who are now, through these schools, awaking to the advantage of having their daughters educated.

“The people everywhere seem very intelligent, and there seems much openness to receive missionaries from the Society of Friends, whose spiritual teaching is much needed in these parts; and we hope the feet of some may be directed to this Bible land, where the fields are already white unto harvest and the laborers few, and that Friends may see their way to lend funds to carry on this great work of Christian education among the females of the East. There is an innate nobility in them, and a gentleness and warmth of feeling in the women, which, when so developed, produce

a fine character. Those who cannot speak English look at us with eyes full of love and interest, and by their expressive gestures convey more than many of our words would do. We became much interested in the girls of E. B. Thompson's principal school, which we frequently visited, Eli Jones taking the Scripture class several times. He found their knowledge of the Bible and their understanding of its truths equal, if not superior, to what we should find in our own schools in America and England. Besides this school, E. and S. J. visited the infant school in connection with it, also three smaller branch schools under E. B. Thompson's direction, and a boys' school conducted by two very superior young men, native teachers, but also under her superintendence. They also went to the Prussian Deaconesses' Institution, where the children receive a good education under Christian influences; then to the school for girls under the care of Dr. Bliss, the American missionary: of this latter a native Syrian and his wife have the immediate superintendence, residing in the house with the boarders. The children everywhere are well instructed in the Bible, and commit a great deal to memory both from the Arabic and English Scriptures. In all the schools the Friends delivered their message, exhorting all to use diligence to advance in their education, that through the instrumentality of her young men and young women Syria may rise among nations, and encouraging them to seek earnestly and prayerfully after a knowledge of Him without knowing whom, with all their learning and knowledge, they cannot be truly great—often kneeling in prayer with the teachers and scholars

before leaving the school. They attended also a meeting for the Home Mission Society, where they addressed, through the medium of M. Bosistani, its principal, the college for the education of Syrian young men, as well as the American and E. B. Thompson's school, who were all present.

"On Sixth day morning we started for Sook-el-Gharb, a little village twelve miles from Beirut on the side of Lebanon, two thousand feet above the sea, where we intended to remain an hour or two visiting the schools there, and then to continue our journey a little farther to a village which we might make our headquarters while visiting the schools in that neighborhood, it being considered that the mountain-roads would have sufficiently recovered from the effects of the storm to be passable. The wind and the rain had, however, been so much more violent than is usual at this season that the road was much worse than had been expected, the path being in some places washed away by the torrents, which, wearing themselves a rough channel down what had been the road, had thrown up a wall of large loose stones on each side, making the journey in some parts dangerous, and so fatiguing that Sybil Jones was very much exhausted on arriving at Sook, and unable to proceed farther without a rest of two or three days. As much care as possible had been used in getting her up the mountain, riding being the only means of travelling on these steep, rough mountain-roads, with their ascents and descents more precipitous than can be well imagined without being seen; but the shaking and exertion were quite too much for her back, unused to such exercise,

and she was confined to bed, suffering much from pain and weakness, until Third day, the 19th, when she was carried in a chair to this place, twenty minutes' ride distant from Sook, by a comparatively level path. The exertion of this so tired her that with great reluctance she had to decide that she must give up the prospect of going farther into the mountains. Eli Jones and A. L. Fox are accordingly visiting the various mountain-schools, while she is remaining at the school in Shumlan. It is a great disappointment and a trial of faith to both the dear Friends that it has thus been ordered so differently from what had been planned; but we cannot but believe that it will be overruled for the best. The ride from Beirut to Sook-el-Gharb is a very interesting one. We halted for some time at a little rude khan at the side of a little stream of clear cold water, where we rested a while under the shade of a fine evergreen oak, and had some refreshments, being offered cakes of the Arab bread, which is very thin and flat and baked of coarse flour, producing the effect of a small sheet of chamois leather; though rather tough, it is sweet and quite edible, and in constant use in this part of the country. They tear off a piece, roll it up, and dip it into their food, instead of using knives and forks; and we were much interested in hearing that it was still the practice in doing honor to another at table to present him with such a piece dipped in the choicest part of the mess, reminding us of our Saviour's gift to Judas. Our view from this village is very fine. We look down on the Mediterranean, ten miles or more distant, but looking in this deceptive atmosphere not more than three or four

miles off. Between us and it intervene the terraced sides of Lebanon, laid out in mulberry-gardens or newly sown with wheat. Our stay at Sook, though unintentional, seemed to be in right ordering, for service opened up there. The mistress of the house where we were, E. Saleeby's wife, was dangerously ill, and has since died, and her husband felt the dear Friends' visit one of great comfort and entertained us with much kindness. E. Jones and A. Fox visited the boys' and girls' school there, as well as at Abeih and Bhamdûn, some hours' ride from Sook, E. J. examining the children in Scripture and in other branches, speaking to and praying with them, and distributing English and Arabic books. He also held meetings at Sook and Shumlan in the school-house, attended by the schools and several of the villagers, where the words earnestly spoken were attentively and gladly received. We have heard twice from E. J. and A. L. F. since they left us—good accounts. We were hoping to have seen them back last evening, but they did not appear. We suppose that they must have gone farther than was at first intended."

The following is a letter from Eli Jones, written to the *Friends' Review* a few days later than the above letter from E. C. Miller:

SYRIA AND PALESTINE.

SHUMLAN, 12th, 21st, 1867.

My dear Sybil feeling unable to go farther over these almost trackless mountains without time for more rest,

it seemed best for her and E. C. Miller to remain at the boarding-school for girls at this place under the care of two English ladies, Lucy Hicks and Mary M. Jacombs, while A. L. Fox and I should proceed in the work. Accordingly, on the 22d of last month we left at eight o'clock in the morning on horseback, attended by an efficient dragoman named Georgius, an interpreter, Ibrahim, and Abdallah and Hassan, muleteers. After a ride of two hours we reached Abeih, and were kindly cared for at the house of Simon Calhoun and wife, American missionaries. He has been many years in this country, and is, we learn, much esteemed by all classes. Our first call was at the school of the Druses. The provost of the school and the teacher of English met us at the gate and gave us a cordial welcome; then led us to an apartment where sweetmeats and coffee in tiny cups, according to the custom of the country, were served. In answer to our question whether the Holy Scriptures were read in the school, the teacher of English assured us that they were read by his class. He is a student from the American school, and will do what he can, I doubt not, in his delicate position to inculcate Christian sentiment among this peculiar people.

In the afternoon we visited the boys' and also the girls' school, under the care of the American mission, and were pleased with the advance they have made in their education: we spoke to the children in each school, William Bird interpreting, as he did in the evening, when we met the young men at the Abeih seminary for the education of native teachers. This institution has been in successful operation for the

last twenty-five years. Each student is expected to devote from one to two hours each day to the study of the Holy Scriptures. These students may now be met in almost all parts of Syria and in Mesopotamia and Egypt.

Seventh day, 23d. Rode to Deir-el-Kamr; found lodgings at the school-house, where E. B. Thompson has a small school. After dinner took an hour's ride to Beteddin; called at the palace of Douad Pasha, governor of the pashalic of the Lebanon. The governor was not at home; we were met by some of his subordinate officers, with whom we had interesting discourse.

First day, 24th. At an early hour we mounted our trusty steeds, and reached Mukhtârah about ten A. M. Riding up to the palace of the great Druse chief, Said Beg Junplatt, we found the two young princes about to set out on a ride to pass the day with friends in a neighboring town, accompanied by N. Gharzuzee, the tutor of the younger prince, and other officials. They offered us the hospitalities of the house as long as we were disposed, which we accepted, and were soon informed that the princes had given up their anticipated pleasure, saying they preferred to spend the time with us. The elder prince is nearly eighteen years of age, and married; the younger is about thirteen years old, bright and intelligent, and really "the hope of my house." His tutor, N. Gharzuzee, who is a native of Syria, has spent several months in England; he speaks our language well and appears to be an earnest Christian. As Christians we could not fail to feel greatly interested in seeing such a man in so im-

portant a position, where he is teaching this young man, destined, so far as we can see, to fill the highest place of influence among this heterodox people—not only sciences and languages, but the pure and unsophisticated doctrines of the Bible. At one P. M. we met the children of the American mission and of E. M. Thompson's schools, with several of the parents. After listening to a very satisfactory examination of the children in the Scriptures, I addressed them, N. Gharzuzee interpreting in an able manner. The meeting was one to which I recur with sincere satisfaction.

25th. Had our morning reading in Arabic, after which prayer was offered in English, in which strong desires were expressed in the name of Jesus, on behalf of the young princes, for the various members of the household and for Syria. We left after many a cordial shake of the hand and with many a "God bless you!" and "May you return to your own country in peace!" Near one o'clock P. M. we saw in the distance the snow-clad top of Hermon, which we seemed approaching. What thoughts filled our minds—thoughts too big for utterance—as we stood upon "the heights of that goodly mountain Lebanon," and saw the noble cone of Hermon rising majestically toward the meridian sun, while southward near its base lay the division of Naphtali, a portion of the "land of possession," where we hoped to arrive on the following day! "The north and the south, Thou hast created them; Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in Thy name."

Passed near a peasant at work with a curious plough drawn by a pair of tiny bullocks. We each took a

turn in guiding the plough, and felt a pleasure for the time in occupying a place so often honored by prophets and good men of old in this historic land. About the time of the going down of the sun we reached Jezzin. Weary from the long journey; I lay for a time upon a rug near the fountain while our dragoman went to look for lodgings. During that brief time many a maiden came forth with her pitcher to draw water. What strong evidence this that we are nearing the Bible land! Lodgings were soon announced. On reaching the room intended for our reception we found several members of the family busily engaged in covering the floor with matting, and near the seat of honor a fine carpet was spread. Presently, finding I was weary, a thin mattress—or perhaps, as would be better understood in our country, a thick comfortable—was added as a bed. Here, stretching my weary limbs, I sought needed rest. By the time, however, that we were fairly domiciled a large circle of men came in and engaged in their favorite occupation, smoking. Though the fumes of the pipe have for us no attraction, but rather the contrary, still, finding our neighbors inclined to be social, we strove to make the conversation profitable and if possible edifying. In the course of the evening our kind hostess inquired if we would like water for our feet? On our replying in the affirmative, “a lordly dish” well filled was brought, and we were told all things were ready. Think what must have been our surprise on being told that the young woman standing near had volunteered to wash the strangers’ feet! Fearing that our refusal might be misunderstood, we placed them

at the disposal of the "little Syrian maid." With what thrilling interest ought we hereafter to read the account of what transpired when He whose blood cleanses from all sin "girded Himself and washed His disciples' feet," saying to them, "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet; for I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done unto you!"

The morning of the 26th the priest of the place came in, with whom we had some pleasant intercourse. After breaking our fast we told the family that it was our practice, before proceeding on the journey of the day, to read a portion of Scripture and endeavor to lift up our hearts to God in prayer, and we gave them an invitation to be present. They all remained with us, as did the priest. We need not inquire to what society these people belonged; suffice it to say, they entertained strangers, they washed our feet, they fed the hungry, they bade us go in peace, and refused our money as a recompense. After a ride of two hours we halted at Cafer Huney, a little village on our route, to have our horses' feet examined by a blacksmith and shoes set if needful. While waiting we went to the fountain, where several persons collected. After a time spent in pleasant conversation we spoke to them of the heavenly country and of salvation by Jesus Christ. We left with them copies of our Lord's miracles in Arabic, which they received gladly. One of these rustic villagers, a lame man, offered me his cane as a walking-stick with such hearty good-will, saying he had others at home, that I took it and found

it very useful in making the steep descent of Lebanon in the afternoon. Near sunset we reached the foot of the Lebanon range, and then crossed the Litany (named on many maps Leontes) on one of the few bridges to be found in this country. An hour and a half more brought us to the little town of Abbel, toward which we had looked as an Arab village where it might be difficult to find secure and comfortable lodging for the night. Ere we entered all was shrouded in darkness, for the night had set in, but, as it proved, a glad surprise awaited us. In reply to our first inquiry for lodgings we were told that "the American church would be the best place for us to stop at." A little farther on we were accosted by one with whitened locks, who, taking our hands, shook them with both of his with brotherly cordiality, and then with a light led the way to the comfortable house erected within the past year as a place for worship and a school-house by that devoted band of men whose praise is in all the churches in this land—the American missionaries. By the time we had entered several of the brethren had arrived. The house is without seats. Mats were quickly arranged for us; then followed the arrangements for supper. A *canoan* filled with charcoal with which to heat the water for tea first arrived; then one brought bread, another eggs, a third sugar, and another melons; and *such melons!* worthy the land that produced them. All things being ready, the travellers sit upon the floor about the inviting meal, and while they are busily engaged in satisfying the calls of hunger the company increases; and here our responsibilities widen, for as we have been privileged to partake of their good

things for the sustenance of the body, we are in duty bound, as far as may be our power, to meet their spiritual and intellectual wants. I trust this evening, our first in Palestine, was spent to the mutual benefit of all concerned. On the morning of the 27th the school-children and several of the parents came in, to whom we spoke words of encouragement in the pursuit of useful knowledge, and especially that which "maketh wise unto salvation." An hour more brought us to Krhyam, where we met another school. We spoke to them of Him who is the only "Hope of Israel." Again in the saddle, we rode away across the extensive and fertile valley of Marjaiyum.

Just before reaching D'Mimas we met William Eddy of New York State, a minister in connection with the American mission. On learning our intentions, he kindly proposed to return to D'Mimas, that he might be with us during our stay; his presence and kind care contributed largely to our comfort. Here we visited another school and met several of the brethren socially. The subject of education, and especially the education of women, was freely discussed. We endeavored to show them that no people can be happy or prosperous while woman holds a degraded position among them, and that it is in vain to look for great men where good and virtuous mothers are not to be found. As we press onward what a view opens before us! One short hour farther we stand upon a rocky knoll near the ancient town of Abel, where Joab claimed Sheba the son of Bichri as a condition of peace. Looking eastward, toward our right are the hills of the ancient Bashan, thickly dotted with oaks,

those emblems of strength; toward the left Hermon lifts his head to heaven in solemn and solitary majesty. Not far are the sites where stood Laish, Dan, and Cæsarea Philippi of the Scriptures, which we hope to visit before nightfall, and all around on either hand we have spread out before us one of the great battle-fields of the Bible. We spent a short time in the town distributing a few Arabic books, and met with, as far as we could learn, the only school-teacher, who told us he had under his instruction fourteen boys. We tried to give him encouragement in the work, and gave him a copy of the Psalms.

Soon after mid-day we reached Tell-el-Kady, "the hill of the judge," the Dan of Scripture. Two things are here worthy of special notice: the fountain of the Jordan and the site of the ancient city of Dan. The Tell is cup-shaped, and bears evidence of being an extinct crater. On an island of rocks in size little more than sufficient to accommodate our party, and beneath the wide-spreading branches of an ancient oak, we took our humble mid-day meal. We had scarcely begun to satisfy our own appetites when a mounted Arab, armed to the teeth, rode up and asked for food, to whom we gladly gave a portion, for, once fed from our store, he becomes an ally, not a foe. Perhaps I ought here to add that on our way to this place from Abel we were accosted by an armed Arab, who demanded "backsheesh" as I rode abreast of him: feeling that we owed him naught but love and goodwill, we gave him no money, and were suffered to pass without further molestation. The ruin of the ancient city of Dan is very complete; a few broken walls, fallen

stones, and pieces of pottery are all that are left to tell of a people long since passed away.

The story of Dan is soon told. Originally an agricultural colony of the Phœnicians, called Lessem or Laish, it was captured by six hundred Danites from the towns of Zorah and Eshtaol. The capture of Laish by the Danites in the north was the fulfilment of Moses's prophetic blessing to the tribe: "Dan is a lion's whelp; he shall leap from Bashan." Deut. xxxiii. 22.

Another hour's ride brought us to Baniyas, standing amid the ruins of the ancient Cæsarea Philippi. The modern village is inhabited by some one hundred persons of the Moslem faith, who live in wretched ignorance and poverty. We lodged at the house of the sheik; a room was assigned us and mats spread. There we stretched our weary limbs, but, as the sequel proved, not so much to sleep as to contemplate upon the fact that we had nearly reached the base of Hermon and the site of Cæsarea Philippi, and upon the record that our Lord, after healing the blind man at Bethsaida, "came into the coast of Cæsarea Philippi"—that not far from this place He made that striking appeal to His disciples: "Whom say ye that I am?" and soon after, taking three of His disciples, "He went up into a mountain, and was transfigured before them." Yes,

"I tread where the Twelve in their wayfaring trod,
I stand where they stood with the Chosen of God—
Where His message was heard and His lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought."

The next morning, before leaving, we conversed with a son of the sheik, himself a husband and father, upon the importance of education. He acknowledged

his own inability to read, and further said that the children were all needed by their parents to work; and as to woman, her business was to care for the house and meet the wants of men, and if she did not do this well she must be beaten to make her do it. Such is the state of civilization where once stood a great and prosperous city, whose architectural ruins attest the fact that its citizens must have been men of skill and taste. Again in the saddle, we turned our course northward. Near noon we ascended a high elevation, where our dragoman halted and called out, "Look! look!" Facing southward, we looked and saw Hermon on our left standing in majestic greatness, and beyond, far to the south, the waters of the Sea of Galilee. Mid the glare of a noonday sun the little sea seems a molten mass of silvery hue. We have within the scope of our vision a mountain whose name is accepted as a word of beauty, a valley of great natural fertility, and the arena of mighty deeds done by men whose record is found in the "Book of books," and whose God is the Lord. Here young Jordan springs into life and links its destiny with the waters of Merom, and onward the eye stretches to that now placid sheet where in a dark and stormy night the chosen band were troubled, and where a compassionate Saviour allayed their fears.

We dined at Rasheiyet,* at the house of a native Protestant minister, where we were kindly entertained. He accompanied us to the school of the American mission. We were pleased with what we saw, more

* In tracing out the course of these travels I have used the spelling given in Bradley's *Atlas of the World*.

especially with the students' knowledge of scriptural history. Several hours more brought us to Hasbeiya; we lodged at the school-house and had our mats spread upon the seats, thus extemporizing a bedstead. Next morning about twenty of the girls came in to meet us, and also two of the female teachers. We spoke of the way of life and salvation, with such words of encouragement as we found in our hearts. A ride of several hours brought us to Rasheyá el-Wady. We lodged at the house of one Moses, the first person of the place who embraced Protestant views.

Next day, 1st of 12th mo., held a meeting at the school-house. I felt strengthened, as I trust, to preach "Christ, and Him crucified," as the only way of life and salvation. On the following day at an early hour we passed out of the town by the light of a lantern. At half-past one P. M. we began to ascend Lebanon. At one place near the top we found our path literally strewn with fossils (bivalves); some of these we collected to take home with us. After a journey of nearly fifteen hours we reached Shumlan, our mountain-home, and were glad to find our companions in comfortable health, and I trust a feeling of thankfulness was felt to our heavenly Father for His protecting care so mercifully granted during our separation. Very sincerely, thy friend,

ELI JONES.

We give below some extracts from letters written to the *Friends' Review* by Ellen Clare Miller, giving a definite account of the number and working of the schools in Beirut and Lebanon for the education of

the young sons and daughters of Syria. E. and S. Jones have visited the greater number of them, and found many different kinds of laborers—Americans, English, Scotch, and Syrian—all doing a good work for the land :

“Most of those among the natives who are true Christians, and who are exerting a good influence upon the people here, refer gratefully to the American missionaries as those who were instrumental in bringing them to the truth. The American mission has stations at many places among the mountains, most of which have been visited by Eli Jones and A. L. Fox ; and besides those in the north of Syria, which we shall not see, they have three in Sidon and its neighborhood under the care of W. Eddy, which we hope soon to visit. The Syrian Protestant college of which Dr. Bliss is president is an institution where Druses, Maronites, Greeks, Armenians, and Protestants together receive a literary, scientific, and medical training under Protestant influence. E. and S. Jones visited this college last week, when they met twenty-eight of the young men, whom they were invited to address. Eli Jones set before them clearly and forcibly the great power of individual influence possessed by each student, the influence their institution must exert on the land, the measure it was of the power of the country, as no stream can rise higher than its source, and as the fountain is the stream will be. Sybil Jones, as an American mother who knew much of such institutions in her own land, affectionately urged them to work perseveringly and prayerfully in their studies, that each one might leave the

world better for his having been in it. It was a very interesting visit; the young men, a fine, intellectual-looking company, listened with great attention, and afterward gathered round the Friends to express their thanks for their kind interest in them.

"There is a large girls' school in Beirut, under the immediate care of a Syrian and his wife, but superintended by the wife of Dr. Bliss, Dr. Thompson's wife, and other ladies. This we have visited more than once, when E. and S. Jones have spoken to the children."

"Besides the school at Shumlan, which is under the care of the English Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, the schools supported by England are all in the hands of Elizabeth Bowen Thompson, whose work is a very extensive one. Her schools are at present twelve in number—five at villages in the mountains—all (with the exception of one recently opened at Ainzabatté, where an English young lady is stationed) taught by natives who have been trained by E. B. Thompson herself. Her work here began in 1860, when the fearful struggle between the Druses, Maronites, and Mohammedans made so many widows and orphans. These Elizabeth Thompson gathered around her at Beirut, providing for and educating them. Since then the field has gradually opened before her, until she has now seven day-schools in Beirut and its immediate neighborhood, and a normal training-school of upward of sixty boarders. All of these E. and S. J. have visited, many of them frequently."

"There are many daughters of Jews and Moham

medans among E. B. Thompson's scholars, and it is very interesting to hear these little girls singing Christian hymns with the others and repeating and listening to passages predicting the coming of the Messiah alike of the Jew and the Christian, and testifying of Jesus as the Christ. E. and S. Jones had a very interesting meeting with about forty of the native teachers and others connected with these British schools. There is a large girls' school, with an orphanage, under the care of the Prussian deaconesses, similar to the one we visited at Smyrna. Here Sybil Jones had an interesting time with the sisters and the children. She also visited the hospital, an establishment in beautiful order, under the care of four of the sisterhood, where, in a large house finely situated near the seashore, the very poor are kindly nursed and cared for. A school for Jewish children, conducted by missionaries sent out by the Jews' society in Scotland, has lately been established in Beirut. To this also the Friends paid a visit, which was spoken of by teachers as very helpful."

"We left the terraced sides of Lebanon on the last day of the year, returning to the region of the palm, orange, and prickly pear. The weather has this month been very fine, though broken now and then by one of the fierce, sudden winter storms with their rushing rain and violent thunder and lightning. This wild climate suits Sybil Jones remarkably well; she has been better since returning to Beirut than she remembers to have been before, and she enjoys the riding on donkey-back. Eli Jones is better than when we first landed in Syria, though the bracing air of the moun-

tains suits him better than this more relaxing temperature. We have visited most of the missionaries. Friends and their principles were almost unknown here, but we have been most kindly received, and we hope way has been made for others of our Society who may come to this country. E. and S. Jones one day visited the Beirut prison, into which they were admitted without hesitation, and where they had the pleasure of speaking to about forty poor creatures, and of pointing them to Him who alone has power to break our spiritual fetters."

Below we give extracts from a letter of Eli Jones to the *Friends' Review*, written from Jaffa in Palestine:

"2d mo. 17th, 1868. E. C. Miller's health appearing not quite equal to a long journey, and finding it not possible to obtain more than three seats in the diligence for Damascus on the 25th of 1st mo., it was arranged that our young friend should 'stay by the stuff' in Beirut while the other members of our party went forward. Accordingly, at the early hour of two o'clock A. M. we arose, breakfasted at half-past two, and at three took conveyance for the station, and at four precisely, with shawls, wraps, sandwiches, etc., were nicely packed in the coupée of the diligence."

"Our ride increased in interest as the young day grew upon us, and by the time the sun had thrown his full blaze of light athwart the western slope of Lebanon the objects seen through the transparent atmosphere of this land presented a most delightful view. Our course was sufficiently tortuous to enable us at times to look down upon Beirut and its sur-

rounding olive- and mulberry-orchards, stately palms, and suburban villages, while beyond lay the Great Sea, dotted here and there with the sail of many a merchant-ship, and then again Sunnin, the highest western point of Lebanon, snow-capped, stood majestically before us clad in the changing hues of early morning."

"Reached the summit near ten, and after another hour's ride of almost flying speed we looked down upon the great valley of Buka'a or Cœle-Syria, bounded on the east by the Anti-Lebanon, clothed in its snowy vesture, while far to our right Hermon, the imperial monarch of Syrian mountains, was seen, in its appearance fully justifying the appellation sometimes applied to it—that of a silver breastplate."

"Just as the darkness of night shut out from our view the fertile valley in which Damascus stood, our last relay of animals was attached to the carriage, consisting of six white horses; and fine specimens they were. A little farther on our attention was arrested by the sound of water on our right, and we were told that it was the Barada River, the Abana of Scripture. 'Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?' The remainder of our journey lay along the fertile valley of this ancient river. It may, with the strictest propriety, be termed a 'river of Damascus,' as it divides the city into two parts and furnishes a liberal supply of water to many of its inhabitants. We found comfortable quarters at the Dimitris' hotel. The proprietor, a Greek, speaks broken English and strives to make the stay of his guests as agreeable as circumstances will admit.

"26th. Sent our certificates to the missionaries for their perusal. At 12 M. attended the prayer-meeting of the few persons here who speak English. After some singing and prayers, and a rather long theological discussion, liberty was given to others to speak. My dear Sybil availed herself of the opportunity to express the feelings which lay with weight upon her heart. This was done briefly, when she knelt in earnest supplication on behalf of those present and for the spread of the glorious gospel of God our Saviour."

"The next day visited two of the schools under the care of the missionaries; strove to encourage teachers and pupils to act well their part. Then went to the home of one of the Bible-women employed by E. B. Thompson to go from house to house and teach such women as desire to read the Bible."

"During our stay in the city we had frequently at our morning readings of the Holy Scriptures the company of the Bible-women and a few others, when our hearts were made glad in the Lord." . . . "A few weeks previous to the abdication of Louis Philippe the French obtained a foothold in Algeria, after a lengthened struggle of fifteen years or more, when Abdel-Kader, the sultan of the Arabs and one of the most remarkable men of his nation, was induced to surrender to the power of the French, on the condition that he might be allowed to retire to a Mohammedan country as a stipendiary exile." . . . "He is a follower of Mohammed, the founder of Islamism, and has shown his devotion to the teachings of the Koran by a pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina and by a lifelong adherence to

the religion of his fathers. In 1860 thousands of Christians in the Lebanon and in Damascus were massacred in cold blood, instigated by the deadly hate of the followers of the false Prophet, while hundreds of others, men, women, and children, fled from their pursuers and took refuge in the house and about the premises of Abdel-Kader, who in the exercise of the influence his position gives him, and from the promptings of a kind heart, aided by his trusty followers, shielded the helpless ones from the fury and fanaticism of his co-religionists. Once the mob approached his house and demanded with frantic yells that the Christians within it should be delivered up to them. He, accompanied by a strong body of his followers, went out to confront the yelling crowd. 'Wretches!' he exclaimed, 'is this the way you honor your prophet? May his curse be upon you! Shame on you! shame! You will yet live to repent. You think you may do as you like with the Christians, but the day of retribution will come. The Franks will yet come and turn your mosques into churches. Not a Christian will I give up. *They are my brothers.*' The mob withdrew." . . . "Abdel-Kader * was at length enabled to repose. He had rescued *fifteen thousand souls* belonging to the Eastern churches from death, and worse than death, by his fearless courage, his unwearied activity, and his catholic-minded zeal. All the representatives of the Christian powers then residing at Damascus, without one single exception, had owed their lives to him. Strange and unparalleled destiny! An Arab had thrown his guardian ægis over the out-

* From *Life of Abdel-Kader*, by Col. Churchill.

raged majesty of Europe. A descendent of the Prophet had sheltered and protected the (professed) Spouse of Christ. The day previous to our leaving Damascus it seemed right to seek an interview with this noble exile, and from a full heart, in my own name and in behalf of my country and fellow-professors, thank him for his kind and humane interposition, by which, under Providence, so many fellow-beings were rescued from an untimely and a cruel death. Passing up the street upon which the house of the great chief stands, and having Abou Ibrahim for a guide (who, by the way, claims descent from Aaron), we observed Abdel-Kader enter the gateway just before we reached it, where he was standing when we arrived. Our guide having addressed him, he kindly noticed A. L. Fox and myself, and, cordially beckoning us to follow him, led us to a simple reception-room, where, being seated, we had an opportunity of saying what lay nearest to our hearts, and enjoyed the pleasure of feeling that it was kindly taken.* While in Damascus we were in the 'street called Straight,' and visited the place indicated by tradition as the house of Judas, where the blind Saul of Tarsus lodged. We were shown the house of Ananias, who was sent to cure the penitent of his

* Eli Jones spoke his mission in English. Alfred Fox translated it into German, and the Jew gave it to the Arab sultan in his own language. Through the medium of three of the world's great languages the representatives of these three great religions expressed their thoughts to each other, and the burden of the thoughts was love and gratitude. The message being given, refreshments were put before the strangers, and then Abdel-Kader withdrew as a courtesy, so that these visitors might not be constrained to go out backward from his presence—an honor due to him as sultan.

blindness, and the place in the wall where the disciples took him by night and let him down in a basket. I am not surprised that the Christian traveller feels some misgivings as to the identity of these places when he remembers that the evidence is mainly traditional. There is, however, scarcely room to doubt that the modern city occupies the site of the Damascus of Scripture, and that the 'street called Straight' is the identical one entered by Saul on that memorable day that gave to the Gentile world a great apostle and to the Christian Church one of its brightest luminaries." . . . "The conversion of Paul was one of the most momentous events of Scripture history. The fiery zeal of Saul the persecutor was not extinguished—it was sanctified." . . .

"Paul the missionary retained all his former energy, boldness, and determination. In Damascus he first preached 'Christ crucified;' then he went into Arabia, then to Antioch, then through Asia Minor; then he passed the Hellespont to Greece; and then he went a prisoner to Rome, where he preached the gospel though chained to a heathen soldier. The apostle Paul occupies the first place among the New-Testament worthies." . . . "Damascus is as old as history itself. It has survived generations of cities that have risen up in succession around it and have passed away. While they all lie in ruins, Damascus retains the freshness and vigor of youth." . . . "Outside of the eastern gate of the city is a leper hospital, which to this day is supposed by the inhabitants to occupy the site of Naaman's house." . . . "There are in the city about thirty thousand Christians, ten thousand Jews, one hundred

thousand Mohammedans, and of Protestant Christians less than one hundred, all counted."

"On the 31st of the month we returned to Beirut by diligence. During our stay of five days at Damascus snow had fallen upon the mountains, but not so as materially to retard our progress until we had nearly reached the summit of Lebanon, when, being furnished with a train of twelve animals and four outriders, aided by a strong force of men, we proceeded without much detention, arriving at our comfortable quarters in good time." . . . "We anticipate leaving in a few days for Jerusalem, should the weather permit and the health of our party prove equal to the effort." . . . "With love to all who love the truth as it is in Jesus Christ,

"ELI JONES."

The following are extracts from a letter from Ellen Clare Miller, written a few days after the return of Eli Jones and A. L. Fox from Damascus :

"Eli Jones had a meeting at Beirut with some of the young Syrian men of the town, which, though it was a stormy night, was well attended and an interesting time. On First day, the 9th, he had a very good meeting in a suburb of the town at the house of one of the principal men in the neighborhood." . . . "It was a very interesting group, upward of one hundred being present, some of the turbaned old men leaning forward on their staves with their eyes fixed on Eli Jones while, after the reading of the twelfth of Ecclesiastes from the Arabic Bible, he addressed them through the aid of our kind interpreter, Maalim Saleem,

seeking to bring all before him, old and young, to enter into the service of Him whom he had from his youth proved to be a good Master."

"On the 7th, Sybil Jones had a meeting with the women connected with E. M. Thompson's school, at which she spoke to them for about an hour of our need of a Saviour." . . . "Many of these women have learned to read, and they are very anxious that a school should be opened for them where they may be taught to read and sew by a native teacher." . . . "She visited also some of the poor women at their own homes and the Bible-women employed by E. M. Thompson, all of whom seemed very ready to receive a visit from one having their best interests at heart, and to listen gladly to the word spoken." . . . "On Second day evening a meeting was held by Eli and Sybil Jones with the Arabic-speaking congregation at Beirut, who readily responded to the invitation to meet them. Eli Jones addressed them from the words, 'The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.'" . . . "Sybil Jones followed, urging the necessity of a heart-changing repentance." . . . "Sybil Jones paid interesting visits to some of the harems at Beirut, the first time we had been inside any of those 'gilded cages,' where the poor women, without the resource of books, for they cannot read, or of work, for they cannot sew, talk, sleep, dream, and smoke life away, without the variety of walking out, for they cannot be trusted abroad, and unable to look out into the world except through a lattice. We went under the care of E. M. Thompson, who obtains ready access." . . . "We were driven as near the first house

as the carriage could be taken, but on alighting had to ascend a steep, rough, narrow road, crossing a water-course here and there, then a branch road of steps, then another torrent-path. The roads of ill-governed Syria are deplorable indeed. At last we reached the door of a large but unpretending-looking house, or rather group of houses, for one opened out of another. Here lived four families, related to each other, of the first rank in Beirut, the grandmothers, the wives of the house, girls, and children, in the flowing dress of the East, sitting on the floor by the ashes of the braziers or crouching on the divan, all but the youngest smoking the unfailing nargileh with its long flexible tube. They received us most cordially and affectionately, and seated us by their sides, and through the medium of one of E. M. Thompson's native teachers Sybil Jones spoke to them, and also E. M. Thompson; but it was very difficult to secure the attention of the company for any length of time; they could not refrain from laughing and chatting together. Poor creatures! some of them looked almost devoid of intellect with the long pipe-tubes in their mouths; others were very pretty and seemed quite to appreciate the loss they sustained by being uneducated. Some of the highest Mohammedan families are very anxious that E. M. Thompson should open a school for their elder girls, where they would send them if no man was allowed to look upon them. The desire for education is waking up among them in a remarkable manner." . . . "The ladies are all waited upon by dark, white-teethed African female slaves in scanty clothing. Sherbet, coffee, and sweetmeats were handed round, and it is

an insult to decline partaking, however many houses we may have visited." . . . "Poor creatures! we could not but desire that the true light might enter their dwellings and shine into their hearts."

"We sailed from Beirut on the 12th, and came down the coast in the night, passing in the darkness Sidon, Tyre, Mount Carmel, and Cæsarea. After a rather stormy passage we anchored next morning before Jaffa, which rises up from the sea on a round hill, at each side of which is a sandy bay." . . . "It is difficult by description to give much idea of Jaffa with its steep, narrow, dirty, and muddy lanes, and street-stairs which climb up the hill among the old, dilapidated houses crowded irregularly together." . . . "Jaffa is very ancient, and, notwithstanding its extreme dirtiness, an interesting place." . . . "The most interesting place to visit in the town itself is the supposed—and, indeed, well-authenticated—site of the house of Simon the tanner, which stands by the sea-side, rising up above the town-wall. The building now standing is not supposed to be the very one in which Peter lodged, but to have been built on the spot where it stood. In the courtyard is a very ancient well which helps to identify the place, and beside it is a large stone trough of undoubted antiquity, probably used to soak hides in, and partly covered by a large flat stone like a currier's table."

"There is mission-work going on at Jaffa; P. Metzler, a German educated at the Basle institution, carries on a mill, with part of the profits of which he supports a girls' day-school." . . . "Eli Jones with A. L. Fox visited this school the other day, when he

spoke to and examined the children, with whose intelligence and answers he was much pleased."

"While the Friends were in Damascus I was present at a native wedding, where the honored guests were each furnished with a taper to hold; which had a great interest as a remnant of the going forth with lamps to meet the bridegroom alluded to in the parable of the Ten Virgins. New light too has been thrown on the expression 'heaping coals of fire on his head' by finding that it is customary for the baker when he clears his oven at night to give away the living embers to those who will accept the kindness; and we have met persons in the evening carrying these coals away on their heads in large open braziers. It is remarkable how little the customs of the people have changed within the last two or three thousand years."

After the above letter was written the Friends went from Jaffa to Jerusalem, thence to Marseilles, having held many meetings and interviews with teachers and scholars in the schools, which are doing a great work toward causing the light of day to dawn upon unfortunate Syria. The following extracts from a letter written by Eli Jones to the *Friends' Review* from London will state clearly the reasons for their leaving Palestine sooner than was expected: "We are again in this great city, and comfortably quartered at the house of our very kind friends Stafford and Hannah S. Allen, where we are seeking rest and a renewal of strength for further service for our good Master. For more than two months past my dear Sybil has been suffering from an attack of disease, leaving her at times

very weak ; consequently, we were unable to accomplish fully what we had in view in the Orient, leaving several places in Palestine and in Egypt that we might hasten the time of embarkation at Alexandria in order to bear our invalid to a more favorable climate, as the only thing likely to facilitate a cure. The voyage, with the use of remedies prescribed by the physician on shipboard, arrested the disorder for a time, and we hoped the cure might prove permanent ; but the journey by train from Marseilles to Nismes proved too much for the strength of our charge, and the disorder rallied with fresh force and continued for some time, but again yielded to skilful treatment and nursing by our dear friend Lydia Majolier, whose kindness and sympathy, with those of our much-loved friends in the south of France, greatly cheered all our party. Near noon of the 8th we took the train for Paris, and thence to London by way of Boulogne, where we arrived after a journey of thirty-three hours' continuance. Dear S. bore the journey admirably, and we now entertain the hope that a few days of quiet and rest may be of great use, so that we may be able to proceed to Dublin in season for the yearly meeting. Our long sojourn in the East has not been without its trials. Sometimes they seemed to us peculiar, and when we attempted to look into the future it seemed doubtful if not dark. Still, that kind Hand always stretched out to save has gently led the way and shielded us from harm. Blessed be the name of the Lord !" . . . "A. L. Fox left us last evening for his home, where we now fancy him in the society of wife and child, father and mother, brothers and sisters, to whom he is tenderly attached and

by whom he is greatly beloved. Dear E. C. Miller intends to remain until Second or Third day of next week before she leaves to join the home-circle, by whom she will receive a warm welcome, but saddened by the thought that one dear sister waits not on earth to welcome the coming one, but in another and higher scene of existence."

CHAPTER XIV.

SECOND VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND.

THE cause for which the two Friends came to England before fully accomplishing their work in Syria was the extreme feebleness of Sybil Jones. A change and partial rest seemed imperative.

They soon began to labor in Cornwall, and they were gratified to find "Quakerism still vital" in this place where George Fox had sowed the seed exactly two centuries before. Considerable time was spent and much edifying work done at Falmouth, where they were pleased to find so many Friends of high literary and scientific attainments. The small meetings of the neighboring villages received new life from the earnest words and encouraging advice of the travellers.

One of their letters describes the visit to a meeting at Come-to-Good in the parish of Kea:

"Here is a meeting-house belonging to Friends built more than two hundred years ago. It has a most primitive appearance. The walls are of stone, the abutments of the same material; the roof is thatched with straw. It is in a rural and retired spot. Only one Friend, and he of more than fourscore years, resides in the neighborhood; but the many grassy

mounds that press about the door tell of generations that have passed away. The meeting here was one of great interest, and one to which we recur with unfeigned pleasure. He who, we doubt not, has from time to time met his servants here and at that altar of "unhewn stones," was now present to bless the waiting ones. In this humble structure George Fox proclaimed the good news with his wonted zeal and with all the energy of a reformer."

In the same letter Eli Jones writes with great feeling :

"A little farther on we reach the Land's End. Here it stands, a bold promontory, with granite fingers pointing toward the New World. As I climb these mighty bulwarks that have successfully defied the power of Old Ocean through every change of time, and look out upon the unstable waters toward the setting sun, what thoughts of kindred and country fill my breast! Lord of life, great Spirit in the centre of all worlds, bless thou them!"

For more than two months they dwelt at Plymouth, during which time Sybil Jones gained strength rapidly, although she was in a very critical condition. A Friend from that city writes of their message there : "I believe there are many in this part of the country who will have reason to bless God in eternity for the visit and gospel labors of Eli and Sybil Jones." Members who had never before opened their lips in public bore testimony that they desired to be on the Lord's side.

The southern part of England was faithfully travelled over, and the joys of a "life hid with Christ in

God" proclaimed to the people, who everywhere received the messengers and the message gladly. The various meetings of Ireland were again attended. A warm reception was given to the American workers, who were already well known there from their previous efforts, and an earnest and loving spirit seemed to pervade many hearts. As this year (1868) was closing, Eli Jones, with a heart full of love to God for his immeasurable blessings, wrote to one of his friends in the land which he so loved:

"As we turn to other households and to our country, and to other countries and peoples, we see everywhere evidences of the superintending care of Him in whom we live and move and have our being. And are we not reminded by divers tokens for good that light is advancing? And may we not accept as true the words of the poet:

‘Upon the great dial-plate of ages
The light advanced no more recedes’?

If this be so, let us bind on our armor, and as the new-born year takes its place as the successor of those that are past, and after it shall have done its full measure of service in the long line of years shall give place to others, who we hope may be blessed in their deed and doing far beyond their progenitors.

"On the closing day of the last year I stood with my fellow-travellers upon the western slope of Mount Lebanon, and there reviewed the past and looked prayerfully forward to the incoming year—a year whose history will soon be complete. And what a history! and what a work has been accomplished!—

work in which millions have been actors. The citizens of the two great English-speaking nations, Great Britain and the United States, have with unprecedented unanimity at their late elections declared in favor of religious liberty and of political equality. In Spain multitudes seem only waiting to claim for themselves and their countrymen these inalienable rights of all men.

“Even in Turkey, where the teachings of the Koran and the False Prophet have dominated so long, see we not bright rays of light here and there amid the darkness? I think we do. The Christian woman with her firman from the sultan is diligently instituting schools where the children of the Jew, the Christian, and the Mohammedan are taught *not* the *Koran*, but the *page* written by inspiration of God.

“If we turn to Madagascar, that far-off island of the sea, we observe much with which to fill a large page in the history of the year just closing. A queen has reached the throne who looks approvingly upon the workers among her pagan subjects, while thousands press about those who tell the good news of salvation by Jesus Christ, and hear them gladly; while Liberia, India, China, and Japan can each furnish a page that shall tell of light advancing and declare to the world that ‘God is love’ and the ‘Father of us all.’”

As the winter passed and Sybil Jones felt new strength come from her partial rest in Great Britain, while her husband continually carried on the work, sometimes alone, sometimes with her help, they each began to feel that there was more work to be done in the East, though neither had spoken to the other in

regard to it. The 22d of 2d mo., their prospect having become definite, with the full approval of English Friends they once more embarked for Syria. They spent nearly a week in the south of France, revisiting their many friends there and encouraging them all to continue on in their lives of service to the Master. The meetings were very large, sometimes fully five hundred being present, and they found their work done sixteen years before had left a lasting impression.

After a delightful voyage over the blue waters of the Mediterranean they came to Alexandria, where there were many opportunities offered for spreading the news of the way of life through the Saviour. Here and at Cairo there were many who gladly listened to the great truths which they were inspired to preach. There, where Napoleon had told his soldiers that forty centuries looked down upon them from the heights of the Pyramids, these missionaries of love labored to point their hearers to the Ancient of Days, whose habitation is from eternity and which standeth sure. The different mission-schools of Northern Egypt were visited and helped in various ways.

Of this work Ellen Clare Miller, again their companion, writes :

“The visit to Egypt was altogether of remarkable interest, there being, especially among the native Christians at Alexandria, an interesting and open field for the spread of *spiritual Christianity*, and an earnest longing in the minds of some after a closer *acquaintance with the teaching of the Holy Spirit and His appearing in the soul.*”

The 16th of 4th mo. they came to the end of their journey, and camped outside the city of Jerusalem. At once they began the work of visiting schools and holding little meetings for all who wished to hear the gospel, not only in Jerusalem, but in all the surrounding villages. As these laborers rose before the groups gathered round them on the very spots where the works of our Master were wrought and where his words were spoken, with the scenes of the greatest historic events stretching out before them, a new power seemed to fill them, and their souls were stirred for the salvation and upbuilding of the people of this Holy Land. No class of its inhabitants was neglected; even the lepers were recipients of their message. Eli Jones visited the community of these unfortunate beings, and tried to induce them to come to the hospital prepared for them, telling them also of Him who came into this world to deliver us from even a worse disease than leprosy.

A letter from Eli Jones, written from Burkin, will suffice to give the reader an idea of their travels and a description of some of the places visited. Among others he speaks of Ramallah, where the mission-school was begun during their visit there. The letter was written for the *Friends' Review*:

"Tented near this little town, the time of day some thing past 'high noon' and the heat at 94° in the shade, I take the time to jot down a few thoughts, or perhaps I should say facts, for the perusal of my North American correspondents. Since I last wrote thee we have passed through portions of the ancient country of Egypt, have looked with feelings of admiration and wonder upon her pyramids and hieroglyphics, the

former standing out to-day in all their primeval strength to tell of the *greatness*, or perhaps more correctly of the *folly*, of their builders, and the latter as we saw them upon the lasting rock apparently as clearly defined as when fresh from the hand of the recorder.

“The Nile, emphatically ‘the river of Egypt,’ still flows onward to the sea, and in its season annually waters the country, giving abundant fertility to the soil, which if cultivated with skill and care would make the adopted country of Joseph again the granary of the world. We had a very pleasant sail upon this wonderful river, embarking near the spot where floated the ark of bulrushes containing the Hebrew child who in the fulness of time became the leader and deliverer of Israel from their long bondage in the land of the Pharaohs. At the time of our visit the river was spanned by a bridge of boats, thrown across by order of the viceroy on the occasion of the marriage of some members of his family: this circumstance gave us a carriage-ride for several miles where otherwise we must have had recourse to donkeys as a mode of conveyance.

“A canal has been constructed extending from the Nile near Cairo to Suez upon the Red Sea; these places are also connected by the railroad; much of the way this runs parallel to the canal. On our way to the latter place we followed the iron horse for five or six hours across the desert of sand which must needs be passed, and which is enlivened only by the moving sails upon the canal, the untiring steeds that bore us on, and those tell-tale wires which, as with loving

arms, are embracing not only the seas and fertile lands, but also the desert wilds. An highway (Isa. xi. 16) *is* here, and shall not *this* desert yet blossom as a rose? To our party the Red Sea was an object of much interest: as we sailed out upon it we beheld at our right the mountains through whose defiles the Lord's people are supposed to have passed on their approach to the water's edge, where, notwithstanding the hot pursuit of their enemies, they were to hear the assuring language: 'Fear ye not; stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, which He will show to you to-day; for the Egyptians which ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more for ever;' and on our left was the gently-sloping strand where they made their exit from their watery way, and where we subsequently landed, some of our party going a little way into the interior to drink of the waters at the 'well of Moses,' which remaineth unto this day. Let the God of Israel be magnified, and let not His wonderful works be forgotten by the children of men.

"During our brief stay in this part of Egypt we had occasionally the opportunity of observing the progress of the work upon the projected ship-canal across the Isthmus of Suez. Of its ultimate completion and success its projectors are very sanguine, and it is equally clear that for the attainment of that end great engineering skill has been displayed and a large expenditure of money been made, and such a measure of unfaltering perseverance and of unflagging determination to overcome opposing difficulties brought into requisition as have been manifested in few other enterprises undertaken by man.

"On the 6th of the 5th mo. the male members of our party left for Jericho, travelling the very road, we may suppose, upon which the man was journeying who 'fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.' We halted near mid-day under the 'shadow of a great rock,' and not far from the spot made ever memorable and dear to the Christian by one of the most beautiful and instructive parables of our blessed Lord—that of the Good Samaritan.

"We found the way rough and in some places difficult, yet there are in several places indications that in the centuries past, perhaps in the days of Roman rule, there was a highway here where the chariots of Jehu and Jabin might have 'rolled harmlessly on.'

"Our tents we located near the modern Jericho, which is supposed to occupy the site of Gilgal, the camping-ground of the host commanded by Joshua, and where he did 'pitch those twelve stones which they took out of Jordan' in commemoration of their miraculous passage through the waters. Almost immediately upon reaching this place we put ourselves in communication with the people. Found the entire population Moslem, not one of whom can read, and the evidences of moral degradation, especially among some of the females, were remarkable. It should be said, however, that when we spoke to them of matters of the highest moment, and read to them from the sacred volume, the majority listened with some approach to respectful attention.

In the evening the sheik and some twenty or more of the men of the village responded to an invitation to

come to our tent: we read a portion of Scripture and spoke to them of the beneficial effects of education upon a people, and of our individual duties to God. Our remarks were ably seconded by Prof. E. C. Mitchell of Alton, Ill., who kindly united with us in striving to stimulate the inhabitants of Jericho in the way of mental and moral improvement. At the close of the interview they assured us that we were the first persons who had ever offered them a helping hand or spoken to them of a better way than the one they were then pursuing, and added that on the next evening they would tell us whether they would accept our offer to give them a school. At an early hour next morning we were on our way to the Dead Sea, where we enjoyed the luxury of a bath in its bitter and buoyant waters; thence we passed on to the Jordan, to the place where thousands of pilgrims come in commemoration of the passage of the pilgrim band from Egypt under the lead of Joshua, and of the baptism of the world's great Deliverer by John, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled. Here we lunched and duplicated our bath in the Dead Sea: found the current of the river strong and rapid, requiring much care to retain one's position. The water is shoal, but of sufficient depth in places to allow of baptism by immersion.

"On our return to Jericho the sheik kindly engaged to convene some of the people in the town, where we met fifty or sixty persons, and among the number several females, who brought their long pipes and engaged in smoking as they took their seats upon the ground. Their faces and breasts were sadly tattooed,

and on the whole they presented a spectacle not easily matched short of the Western wilds of America. It is, however, but justice to this country to say that during my long stay here I have nowhere else seen its like. The motley company were addressed by Prof. Mitchell and others of our party, and we cherish the hope that this labor will not be in vain in the Lord, but that in due time fruit may appear. Soon after reaching our tents several of the men called to say that they wished a school for their children, and if we would send a teacher they would gladly receive him. I hope the means may be found to support a school at this place. The good influence would extend rapidly to the towns around.

“First day, 9th of the month, some of our party at an early hour in the morning were at Bethany, the town of Mary and Martha, where we collected upon the top of a house such persons as we found at liberty, and read the account of the raising to life of Lazarus, as recorded by the evangelist, after which we trust Jesus Christ was preached as the resurrection and the life.

“At half-past two P. M. of the 11th we left Jerusalem on our journey northward, and soon after reached the top of Mount Scopus, where on our right we enjoyed a delightful view of the Dead Sea, the valley of the Jordan near its mouth, and beyond the mountains of Moab, and, turning to review the ground travelled over, we had Jerusalem full in view; and perhaps from no other point is the city seen to greater advantage than from this, unless it be from Olivet. Tradition tells us that Titus, the Roman invader, selected the top of Scopus for his camping-ground, from which he could

easily observe much that was transpiring in and around the doomed city.

"We now leave, probably for the last time, the city dear to Jew and Greek, to Moslem and Christian, and especially dear to us who have found an open door to preach there Christ, and Him crucified.

"Some half hour on our way from Scopus we turned aside a little to look upon the village of Anathoth in the land of Benjamin, the home of Jeremiah the son of Hilkiah. Resuming our course, we soon reached 'Gibeah of Saul.' The place is indicated by little more than a conical hill, which lay to our right. On our left and more distant, capping a high eminence, Mizpah was seen. Farther on Ramah was reached, the home of the good Samuel, 'and Samuel judged Israel all the days of his life. And he went from year to year in circuits to Bethel and Gilgal and Mizpah, and judged Israel in all those places. And his return was to Ramah, for there was his house, and there he judged Israel, and then he built an altar unto the Lord.'

"Reaching Ramallah, some three hours from Jerusalem, we found our tent in readiness to receive us. The town occupies an elevated position overlooking the distant plain of Sharon. The air was cool and bracing. 12th, visited a boys' school at Ramallah. In the afternoon some of our party visited one at Jifneh, the Gophna of Josephus. 13th, went to Bethel, distant one and a half hours from our encampment.

"On approaching this place, so noted in Scripture records, we observed the remains of a cistern 314 feet by 217 feet, constructed of massive stones; the south-

ern side is entire, the other sides are more or less ruined. A portion of the enclosure is now used as a threshing-floor. Here also is a fountain at which the cattle of Abraham often drank in former days, and at which the maidens of Sarah were wont to fill their pitchers as the Arab maidens do still.

“The Bethel of to-day is a miserable Moslem village with a low, uneducated population, amongst whom we were unable to find more than one person who could read. He is the one who calls the people to prayers; to him we gave a tract and the Psalms of David in Arabic.

“As we spoke to some of the inhabitants of our great Father in heaven, and of our obligations to serve Him, we were answered with little more than a vacant stare and an expressed wish for backsheesh. What a contrast between these followers of the False Prophet and him who is called the ‘father of the faithful,’ who here spread his tent and here rendered true homage to the great *I Am!* and how unlike the patriarch Jacob, who here, beneath heaven’s broad canopy, slept, as many an Arab now sleeps, on the bare ground with a stone for his pillow! Here he dreamed of the ladder which reached from earth to heaven, and on which the angels were ascending and descending, and on awakening was so impressed with the holiness and majesty of Jehovah that he exclaimed, ‘How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God.’ And here the cheering promise was given him: ‘In thee and all thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed; and behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.’

“Here Samuel, worthy of double honor, a prophet of God and a judge in Israel, came on his yearly circuit from Gilgal and Mizpah to hold his court and render righteous judgment between brethren; and thitherward turned the steps of Elijah and Elisha while fulfilling their high commission as servants of God.

“And here too came the youthful king Josiah, as foretold by the prophet, and brake down the high-places of Jeroboam, and burned down to the ground the grove that grew up on the hill for the worship of Astarte.

“On our return from Bethel we held a meeting at Beeroth—now called Bireh—with a few Christians and Moslems. Our interpreter read the fifth chapter of Matthew, after which I drew their attention to the teaching of the gospel, dwelling at some length upon the words, ‘Therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.’ They listened with marked attention to all that was said. On leaving we were told that a few years since a difficulty arose from a very slight cause between two families in the town, and, spreading to others, the spirit of strife and revenge grew higher and higher till in their murderous fury forty-four persons lost their lives, and since then the spirit of revenge had shown itself in other ways. Only the night before our meeting valuable fig trees had been destroyed from the same cause, and we were told that some of the parties concerned were present and heard our words of exhortation.

“Beeroth was one of the four cities of the Gibeonites,

whose curious story the name will at once recall. It is also thought to be the halting-place of Joseph and Mary when they found that the child Jesus was not among their friends and kinsfolk of the party. Ramallah, twenty minutes from Beeroth, is professedly a Christian village, occupying a commanding position from which we get a fine view westward down the mountain-sides of Benjamin and Ephraim, and over the broad plain of Sharon to the Mediterranean.

"Toward evening we held a meeting at the Protestant school-room in this town. The crowd of men, women, and children became so dense that nearly every one assumed a standing position, and all seemed very eager to see the strangers, and, as I thought, very curious to hear a woman address a public assembly. My S. J., taking her stand upon a bed in a corner of the room, spoke earnestly and at considerable length upon the way of life and salvation, to which many listened with fixed attention.

"*14th.* At the request of S. J., a meeting was appointed for females; many responded, and a satisfactory meeting was held. Meantime, the male members of our party called at the Latin convent. Found the monk at its head with a school of eight or ten boys, which he summarily dismissed upon our entering, assigning as a reason that it was time for them to leave, though it was but ten o'clock in the morning. From the answers which he gave to our numerous inquiries we were induced to think that although he and his associates may not do much to enlighten the people around them, yet that as an individual he is really loyal to the Church of which he is a member,

and that he considers salvation very unlikely, if not impossible, apart from conformity to its rules and its traditional observances.

"In the evening a meeting was held with males only, in which they were exhorted to prepare to meet their God in peace by repentance toward Him and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and also to a faithful performance of their several duties as husbands, fathers, and brothers, that so the position of women may be elevated in this land and her children prepared for a useful career among men.

"I am closing this sheet at Beirut, the 12th of 6th mo.; and as the mail closes very soon, I have only time to add that our party are in good health and look to turning their faces homeward in a few days.

"Thy loving and sincere friend,

"ELI JONES."

It will not be possible to give the further details of the faithful efforts of this little party to promote the highest earthly and eternal welfare of the inhabitants of this once highly favored land. They visited all the spots made sacred by the steps of Him whom they followed, but they went not to satisfy their desire of beholding: they bore tidings of joy to the sorrowful. They pursued their journey as far north as Beirut, preaching in every city and village, and leaving in many places money behind them for the advancement of education. Wholly devoted as they were to the service of the Lord, with great love for all the human souls where they went, and power being given them to tell the story of a mighty Deliverer, the

fruit of work must have been very abundant. We do not need to count those converted in such work for the Lord, and even if we could we should still be unable to estimate the value of the seed thrown broadcast over the land, which may long lie dormant and finally bud into new grain.

On the 22d of 6th mo. Eli and Sybil Jones, with their companions, E. C. Miller, Joseph Pim, Richard Allen, and T. C. Wakefield, sailed from Beirut for the Occident, stopping on their way at Athens, Marseilles, and Geneva, and reaching London the 10th of 7th mo. Soon after their arrival in England the two American Friends embarked for their home. Sybil Jones's work in the Eastern continent was now complete, and she had the great satisfaction of feeling that she had in every particular obeyed the call of Him whom she served.

CHAPTER XV.

SYBIL JONES: HER LIFE-WORK AND DEATH.

- “For ever blessed be His name who bore
Her blood-washed, white-robed spirit on and on,
Through dark, deep waters to the radiant shore,
Her warfare ended and the victory won.
- “Her children, underneath her native skies,
Rise in the North, the South, the East, the West :
In Europe, Asia, Africa they rise,
Her sons and daughters, and pronounce her blessed.
- “Oh for a zeal like hers, to never tire !
Oh for a faith like hers, to follow still
The cloud by day, by night the glowing fire,
That led her on to do her Father's will !”

DELPHINA E. MENDENHALL, “*To Sybil Jones.*”

AFTER the return from the East a few more days were left for Sybil Jones to tell the same story to men and women nearer her own home. Her frail body had carried her to many shores, and had not given way until she was once more among lifelong friends.

She had presented Christianity to Mohammedan women “from the standard of equality of sex in social life, religion, and the ministry of the word.” She had entered the “gilded cages” of Eastern harems and “borne the gospel with a sister’s love to those unhappy inmates—glad tidings which they had never heard until proclaimed by her lips.” With no relaxation

of fervor, with no diminution of power, she continued to tell those not living in communion with God that "to be carnally-minded is death," and with the earnestness of one saving drowning men from the depths of the sea she stretched forth her hands and raised her touching voice to save them from a still worse death, the wages of their sins. The series of general meetings which Friends had just begun to hold gave her an opportunity to come before large audiences of all denominations, of the different classes. Many who came were unconverted; many more were in a dangerously lukewarm state; others needed strength and comfort. To one and all she proclaimed the great truth that whosoever liveth unto himself dieth, but "whoso hath the Son hath life;" and to the hearts where sorrow and discouragement and doubt dwelt she spoke of a joy for the world, an encouragement "to press toward the mark for the prize," a faith and belief that overcome. Over those long Maine hills, in the balmy air of autumn, fresh from the yellow grain and mellow fruit, or creaking through the snowdrifts of mid-winter, she and her husband, both with the same thought uppermost, rode to sit down on the high seats of those broad-based, low-eaved Friends' meeting-houses, and to rise again and speak messages of healing inspired by the great Physician. She loved to live, for every day gave her one more chance to call to the unhappy to be made happy. She loved to live, because she enjoyed the beautiful things which God brought daily before her eyes in His book written with His own hand. It was, too, a joy to her to be with her family, to be a mother to her dear children, a wife to her wedded fellow-laborer,

and a friend to the many who loved her ; but while she loved life she knew enough of our God to be assured that when her "bark sank it would be but to another sea," and that what we call death is but going from a chrysalis life to a fulness of knowledge and a fulness of life. No change that merely freed her of what could die and left her wholly immortal could be terrible to her, and so she had never, in all the days of extreme sickness which she had passed, had other thought than that she was being kept from work. To the very last she pleaded with her wonted earnestness : " I beseech you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God," and she loved to quote the hymn which expressed the aspiration of her soul :

" Oh, if *one soul* I've pleaded with
Meets me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens
In Immanuel's Land."

The thought has often been expressed that as the spiritual life of a man or woman grows, develops, and gains complete mastery, the body gradually takes on a new and deeper beauty ; a something which had not formerly existed shines out and hallows the face, and somewhat as the setting sun puts over the clouds a glory which throughout all the long sunshiny day had not been seen, so a brighter gleam comes out from a ripened soul, and it becomes more than ever evident that the inhabitant of the clay house had come " trailing clouds of glory from God who is its home." This was decidedly true with her. The tall, erect, queenly person, the large head, high forehead, deep hazel eyes,

the smile which so often played upon the lines of her countenance,—all took a new meaning as the “light which never was on sea or land” shone through them, proving that her “citizenship was in heaven” and that she indeed was “a fellow-citizen of the saints.” We know not what is beyond our ken for such as she, but we believe that He who created such a wondrous home for the mortal part has elsewhere a proportionally magnificent domain for that which dieth not. A few hours before she died she exclaimed in the words of the martyr Rutherford:

“Oh, well it is for ever,
Oh, well for evermore,
My nest hung in no forest
Of all this death-doomed shore.”

And on the afternoon of the 4th day of 12th month, 1873, she left the life of toil and struggle for the life of reward.

Ellen Congdon of Providence wrote in fitting words: “I have taken comfort in the midst of this great bereavement to the Church militant in thinking of the rejoicing and the welcome as her ransomed spirit took its place among the redeemed of all generations. Yet, far, far beyond even this must have been the holy rapture with which she realized the fulfilment of that gracious promise: ‘Thine eyes shall behold the King in His beauty, and thou shalt see the land that is very far off.’ ”

The governor of the State showed his appreciation of the departed one in the following extract from a letter to her son Richard: “Had it been possible I should have been present at the funeral services. I

remember your mother from my boyhood, and received the news of her death with profound sorrow. She exemplified the true Christian character in a degree rarely equalled in this life; indeed, she has always appeared to me more in the heavenly than the earthly. In her death the Christian religion has lost one of its brightest ornaments and noblest defenders. Yours is the priceless consolation which the gospel and the remembrance of a life so full of noble deeds afford. Any words of mine would be poor and weak, but I cannot forbear conveying to you and your much-esteemed father, whom I have known and honored for many years, my heartiest sympathy. Yours very truly,
“SIDNEY PERHAM.”

Her funeral, held in the Friends' meeting-house, was attended by a large company of friends, relatives, and neighbors. The citizens of the town came in large numbers to look for the last time on the one whom they loved and revered. Harriet Jones, Samuel Taylor, Sarah Tobey, and others spoke feelingly. “All hearts were moved,” says one who was present, “as our venerable and highly esteemed friend Eli Jones arose, controlling the feelings of a heart filled with sorrow, and revealed what had heretofore been kept by him—viz. the manifestation of divine power that had attended her mission while they travelled in foreign lands; also the blessing following her labors during the past few months in attending some one hundred and forty meetings, principally in her own State, in which she appeared like a reaper gathering the harvest.”

It is never well for us to speak over-highly of any one or of the service of any one. Power speaks for itself. We spend no breath of praise on the might of Niagara or the majesty of Mont Blanc. God has made them so that they tell us themselves continually of their grandeur. In like manner, the character and work of his human creatures tell to their generation and the following ones their strength and worth without the aid of man's voice.

What Sybil Jones did and said has been felt and has made its impression in the world, and no word which now might be spoken could add to what she really accomplished. For sixty-five years she went about doing what she seemed to have been sent to do. She was under no shackles of creed, but she had a faith which anchored her; she built on a foundation which had already been laid, and she wasted none of her energy seeking answers to unnecessary questions. Her whole heart was in her work, and nothing held her back in her desire to go on herself to perfection and to call others thereto. The power of her spiritual discernment was shown in numerous cases where she told minutely the state and feeling of some before her, and she felt out wonderfully the proper course for her to take. She seemed to grow stronger as she engaged in a new field of work, and not unusually she left her bed of sickness to undertake an arduous journey for an absence of one or two years. She went from Ireland to Norway on a couch, and there endured remarkable hardships, but grew stronger as she worked, and was almost daily before the people for the next six months. She had a striking influence

over unprincipled and dangerous men, and she never hesitated to go alone among the greatest outcasts. The swearing sailors on the ship for Liberia grew more gentle as they knew her, and she walked fearlessly into the cell of one of the worst prisoners in the United States: he was touched to tears and blessed the day that brought her to him.

As a minister she was especially gifted in exhortation and prayer, but she knew the Bible, and she knew experimentally the meaning of its promises and commandments. Her use of language was remarkable: every thought she wished to express was clothed richly, every truth was made clear to her hearers, and no words were wasted. God gave her a voice, not like Milton's, "whose sound was like the sea," but soft as the wind in the trees and strong to reach the farthest seats. There was a music in it which charmed, and a reserved power and volume which she could use when the occasion called for it.

The good people in the south of France still say, "She seemed to us like an angel;" which shows how her earnest tones and kind deeds impressed these simple-hearted people, who saw too few that loved to feed the sheep and the lambs. Her active work in the ministry began with her first visit to the provinces. Between that time and her death she went as a herald through her own land; to Liberia, to England, Ireland, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, and France; to Scotland, Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land. Few women, if any, before her had been called to so many and so widely separated peoples. By every race and nation she was kindly received, and she was

enabled to speak to them boldly and with such power that the lives of those who heard her were noticeably changed. Standing often where woman never stood before to speak, she lovingly urged the multitudes of ignorant, unsaved hearers to come to the Lord for teaching and salvation. The effect of her live words on those who had heard only formal preaching can hardly be described. When in her most earnest attitude, she was calm in her pleading, avoiding all that was sensational and speaking simply to reach the heart. There has never been a more striking instance of reliance on the divine Voice in the soul. There were numerous occasions in her life when not only all her friends, but skilful physicians, concurred in advising her to rest her exhausted body when she felt work immediately before her. In every case she replied, "I have this work to do now; I cannot take another course;" and in no case was she mistaken. Once at least she went from her own home to the train on a couch, but the results of the visit could leave no one in doubt from whence came the command for her to go forth.

Like Madame Guyon, it was her unceasing desire to bring her individual will into full harmony with the will of God, and like her she sought earnestly to distinguish minutely between her own impulses and the promptings of the Spirit of God; not unlike Madame Guyon, she knew her place to be where she could work actively among men for their enlightenment. No small part of her work was with soldiers and prisoners. Following the example of Elizabeth Fry, she went where sin had made the deepest stains. Not only did the

inmates of wards and cells become gentler as she talked to them, but they regarded this world and the next from a different standpoint when she had finished speaking to them of the one hope which she had come to bring them.

As she understood the New Testament, and as she interpreted the whisperings within her, it seemed clear that the disciple of Christ must devote himself or herself to uplifting a larger or smaller portion of the human race, the radius of influence depending on the number of talents received—that each servant's work might be different, but each one must get into an attitude to *find* his task, and then all must work to produce fruit for the same harvest-home.

The following is quoted from Harriet Beecher Stowe in her *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*:

“C. had been with Joseph Sturge during the afternoon to a meeting of the Friends, and heard a discourse from Sybil Jones, one of the most popular of their female preachers. Sybil Jones is a native of Brunswick, Maine. She and her husband, being both preachers, have travelled extensively in the prosecution of various philanthropic and religious enterprises.

“In the evening Joseph Sturge said that she had expressed a desire to see me. Accordingly, I went with him to call upon her, and found her in the family of two aged Friends, surrounded by a circle of the same denomination. She is a woman of great delicacy of appearance, betokening very frail health. I am told that she is most of her time in a state of extreme suffering from neuralgic complaints. There was a mingled expression of enthusiasm and tenderness in her face which was

very interesting. She had had, according to the language of her sect, a concern on her mind for me. To my mind there is something peculiarly interesting about the primitive simplicity and frankness with which the members of this body express themselves. She desired to caution me against the temptations of too much flattery and applause, and against the worldliness which might beset me in London. Her manner of addressing me was like that of one who is commissioned with a message which must be spoken with plainness and sincerity. After this the whole circle knelt, and she offered prayer. I was somewhat painfully impressed with her evident fragility of body compared with the enthusiastic workings of her mind. In the course of the conversation she inquired if I was going to Ireland. I told her yes, that was my intention. She begged that I would visit the western coast, adding, with great feeling, '*It was the miseries which I saw there which have brought my health to the state it is in.*'

"She had travelled extensively in the Southern States, and had in private conversation been able very fully to bear witness against slavery, and had never been heard with unkindness. The whole incident afforded me matter for reflection. The calling of women to distinct religious vocations, it appears to me, was a part of primitive Christianity; has been one of the most efficient elements of power in the Romish Church; obtained among the Methodists in England; and has in all these cases been productive of great good. The deaconesses whom the apostle mentioned with honor in his epistle, Madame Guyon in the Romish Church,

Mrs. Fletcher, Elizabeth Fry, are instances to show how much may be done for mankind by women *who feel themselves impelled to a special religious vocation*. The example of the Quakers is a sufficient proof that acting upon this idea does not produce discord and domestic disorder. No people are more remarkable for quietness and propriety of deportment and for household order and domestic excellence. By the admission of this liberty the world is now and then gifted with a woman like Elizabeth Fry, while the family state loses none of its security and sacredness. No one in our day charges the ladies of the Quaker sect with boldness or indecorum, and they have demonstrated that even public teaching, when performed under the influence of an overpowering devotional spirit, does not interfere with feminine propriety and modesty. The fact is, that the number of women to whom this vocation is given will always be comparatively few: they are, and generally will be, the exceptions, and the majority of the religious world, ancient and modern, has decided that these exceptions are to be treated with reverence."

John G. Whittier writes in his poem, the " Meeting :"

“ Welcome the silence all unbroken,
Nor less the words of fitness spoken—
Such golden words as hers for whom
Our autumn flowers have just made room,
* * * * * *
Or haply hers whose pilgrim tread
Is in the paths where Jesus led ;
Who dreams her childhood's Sabbath dream
By Jordan's willow-shaded stream,
And of the hymns of hope and faith
Sung by the monks of Nazareth

Hears pious echoes in the call
To prayer from Moslem minarets fall,
Repeating where His works were wrought
The lessons that her Master taught—
Of whom an elder Sibyl gave
The prophecies of Cumæ's cave."

In conclusion, it will be proper to insert the following brief sketch from one who knew her most intimately :

"Naturally extremely timid, when duty called her fearlessness was wonderful. With nerves so sensitive that the closing of a door would often startle her, in God's service she looked calmly upon death and danger in every form. Though much and acceptably before the public, the truly feminine graces ever stood forth prominently in her character. With her own hands she often performed the duties of her household, always entertaining much company, not only from neighboring States, but from foreign lands ; guided to manhood and womanhood five children, and soothed the last hours of many of her kindred. With a bodily frame very much enfeebled by a complication of diseases, she was constantly being reminded of the uncertainty of her life, and ever lived nearer to heaven than earth. Her mind was frequently absent, and when called back it was found to have wandered after some poor soul who had not yet received the 'good news' which her life was consecrated to publish. So little did she notice the landmarks of this earthly journey that the writer of this can affirm that scenes and places through which she had passed a score of times were ever new and un-

familiar to her absent gaze. When engaged in missionary labors her faith that God would care for her and hers was deep and constant. God's commands were her sole guide of her life; when these reached her she prepared to obey them without a thought of the means. Her invariable remark was, 'I am the King's daughter: the gold and silver are mine, and the cattle on a thousand hills.' Before her faith-inspired energy every difficulty vanished. She left the aged and enfeebled mother or the babe at her breast, committing them to the Master in child-like trust. Through all she clung with the relentless grasp of an abiding faith to the promises of her prayer-answering God, and if ever a cloud came over her way she remained on her knees until she saw its 'silver lining.' It may, then, with truth be said of this woman that her leading aim on earth was the winning of souls to Jesus Christ of Nazareth, the staff on which she leaned the faith of Abraham, and prayer her 'vital breath.' "

There are a few extracts from some of the letters written by Sybil Jones very near the end of her life which will be read with interest, since they set forth the progress of the active religious work which Friends in New England were just beginning at that time, and also give expression to her faith in regard to such work with reference to the necessity of an abiding defence against everything which might hinder permanent blessing.

She writes, 1st mo. 31, 1870, to her dear friend S. T.:

"I agree with thee that a revival is greatly needed, and that one is really begun and is prospering is cause for grateful songs of thanksgiving and praise to Him who causeth the outgoings of this brighter dawning to rejoice. Let our united prayers go up to the 'throne of God and the Lamb' that upon all the glory there may be a defence. That this glorious visitation will have its temptations we must know, for whenever the Spirit of Christ begins to work for the salvation of souls through the blood of the Lamb, Satan presents himself to defeat by various stratagems, if possible, the blessed work. My faith is, however, that the Most High will protect his own children and his own work, and cause it to prosper and spread abundantly. The bow of promises spans the whole. There is a great awakening in these parts; many old sinners are turning to the Lord and speaking of His great love. Young people too are bringing their early offerings to Him, for which my heart rejoices greatly."

9th, 22d, 1873. She writes from Oak Grove Seminary in Maine: "My dearest S., I am still here, and have been so ill I thought I might not see my dear sister any more below or reach my dear little home, my earthly tent; but my gracious Lord has led me up from 'the crossing' again thus far, and I rejoice in His will, whatever it may be. I have reached this place on my way home, and hope to be able to go in a few days if the Lord will.

"Thou may have heard of the wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit at the general meeting in Win-

throp. I attended only one session, but I never was more happy. Peace and glory reigned around while poor sinners were coming to Jesus. The gospel full and free and in apostolic simplicity was preached, and great was the company of those who heard it and were moved by its power through the Spirit.

"I cannot tell thee much now. I was laid aside with *my Beloved*, and oh the richness and fulness of His love to His weak child! I seemed to enjoy all that was passing in that wonderful tent where three thousand were present on First day. Many from city and country said they never heard such a powerful gospel message before. People are calling in every direction for the Friends to come and hold meetings. Let us be instant in prayer, ready to do our part in the vineyard of the Lord."

4th mo. 20, 1873. Not many months before her own departure she writes of her mother's death in a letter to S. T., headed "Travellers' Home:—" "I have been watching a sweet loving mother to the banks of the stream where all of my own family save my lonely self had passed before. I felt sure she would see the beautiful summer-time on earth no more; of this she too was aware, and made all needful arrangements for the event to her desirable. She appeared more and more angelic in expression and features as the time drew near to leave us. Her prayers and exhortations at the family altar were offered in great self-abasement, but wonderfully beautiful and fervent. The last night was a glorious time to her: though in great suffering, her face appeared so youthful and fair, beaming with such serenity, that all could bear witness to her victory

through the blood of the Lamb. Her last sentence only will I mention. Near the close she exclaimed with both cold hands uplifted: 'Glory! glory! glory! I see the angels!' after this only the word 'glory,' faintly uttered could be heard."

The last public religious service of this dear Friend was at Windham, Maine, during a general meeting held there. Of this last visit a Friend who was present writes:

"First day evening, 11th mo. 3d, 1873, to a crowded house she preached for half an hour from the text, 'If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me.' As the meeting was to close, she stood and most impressively repeated a farewell hymn, dwelling upon the lines, 'Farewell, poor sinner.' Pausing, she three times repeated these lines. None of us ever listened to a voice of such melody: it is indescribable—so solemn the message, so full of entreaty the tone.

"Her husband attended meeting at Deering on Fourth day following, but she remained in the house. Her messages to individuals in our neighborhood are treasured as coming from one so near the border as to be freighted with heavenly sanctity.

"From report of quarterly meeting committee I quote: 'We cannot close this report and do justice to appointment and the precious memory of Sybil Jones (since gone to the eternal rest) without referring to her attendance at the general meeting in company with her husband. It was a great blessing to us to be recipients of this closing labor of her peculiarly devoted life. Many can bear witness to the heavenly expression of her

countenance, her calmness, earnestness, yet tenderness of spirit, and the unusual unction which attended her ministrations as she pleaded *with* and *for* the erring and labored to restore the waste places of our Zión."

CHAPTER XVI.

ALONE AT HOME.

“Nor blame I Death because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth :
I know translated human worth
Will bloom to profit elsewhere.”—*In Memoriam.*

It need not be told, and it could not, how the loss of his wife affected Eli Jones, already venerable with age. Those only who have borne a like sorrow know the depth of the wound. The strength of his character and the weight of his love were never shown more fully than in the first years of his widowed life. War had taken his first-born, his sons were at their work in the world, his eldest daughter was married, and the youngest daughter alone was still with him. Though sixty-six years of age, he was yet strong, and knew that much more work was before him if his life should be spared. There was no time given him to rest. Not his to question the ways of Providence, but to work while the day lasted. He could turn his face to no field where he was not reminded of her who had diligently stood by his side, and his loneliness gave a new power to his words. As Tennyson of his departed friend, he could say :

“Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;
I have thee still, and I rejoice ;

I prosper circled by thy voice;
I shall not lose thee though I die."

For the first few years after the separation he was generally engaged near home. The duties of farm-work filled up the spaces between the monthly, quarterly, and general meetings which he attended. The little black horse that all his townsmen knew so well grew very familiar with the winding roads to Vassalboro', Brooks, St. Albans, Manchester, and other nearby towns. "Uncle Eli has come" made all who had gathered at the meeting-house rejoice, and, whether the subject was peace, temperance, or salvation, he spoke strong words to stir the listeners.

During all his life he has loved to till the soil; trees seem to be near friends of his. Lowell is

"Midway to believe
A tree among his far progenitors,
Such sympathy is his with all the race."

Eli Jones hardly claims relationship with the birches, but they are his close friends, and he has had many happy hours working among his trees. Perhaps he never was a farmer such as the editors of agricultural journals would extol, and it is certain that the hilly fields, with here and there a ledge of rock, in his farm at Dirigo would never have allowed him to accumulate wealth, even if his work had been exclusively there; but he felt the nobility of the calling. There was no yoke of bondage to the soil over him, and he got nearer Nature's heart as he planted, as he dug, and as he harvested. Those who exhort to a higher spiritual life can never know too much of the mysteries of animal

and plant life ; they can never be too conversant with the trials and pains which daily toil brings to those to whom they preach. Paul could touch hearts when he appealed to tentmakers ; Peter had an unwonted power when fishermen were before him ; and he who holds up hands hardened by hoe and spade will gladly be heard by those who have left the oxen in the furrow to listen to the gospel. Slavery to work narrows the mind, as any slavery does, but diligence in some business will never lessen the depth of a true Christian or weaken the influence of an endowed minister. Eli Jones has always been loved by all the animals in his house and barn, for there is true philosophy in the line, "For Mary loved the lamb, you know." His sheep would come from all corners of the pasture when he came to their feeding-place, and often he took his cane and walked out to give them salt and to learn their ways. Sheep that are loved grow best, and his flock was proof of it. After work he sat under one of the large maples near the house, and while resting, if alone, carefully studied the higher and lower laws of the birds over his head and the insects at his feet. I do not believe he ever knowingly stepped on a worm or beetle, and no life of any kind was ever willingly destroyed by him. He could mow on Fifth day until time for meeting, and then hay-making, and the possibility of showers were out of the realm of his thought, for there was a higher work which needed an undivided mind.

Nothing inanimate has interested him more than fossils and geological specimens. He made a large collection of them, and whenever an unusual stone showed itself under his hoe, it was examined. The perfection

of the minute shells, and consequently of the long-dead animals that once dwelt in them, deeply impressed him. The variety of trees and flowers which were growing in his garden and grounds astonished those who were acquainted only with the birches, beeches, maples, pines, hemlocks, the ordinary growth of the Maine woods; but he was delighted to see trees of other climes flourish in the hard Northern soil of his fields. His apples, pears, and grapes have reached the heart of many a boy who has wondered why his father has always lived contented with "Bitter Sweets" when "Early Harvests" are so good and easy to raise; and an invitation to spend a day in this garden of the Hesperides was not soon to be forgotten; and in fact it was a day of growth in the boy's better nature.

There was something still more gratifying than such an invitation: it was to sit in the "South Meeting-house" when "little David" or Samuel or Joseph was the text. Others might instruct the heads of the meeting, but little eyes, sometimes heavy with sleep, opened and grew larger as the shepherd on the hills of Bethlehem had his arm nerved by the strength of the Lord or as Samuel cried, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." He drew pictures of those far-off scenes until a panorama seemed unrolled and young and old saw the mighty characters of the early dispensation working before them; and it was not long before a new light came over those same hills and new songs filled the air: "Rejoice, for unto you is born, this day, in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

During these days of farm-life Eli was often chosen to fill the different town offices. As "supervisor of schools" he used to hear the geography lessons and make the map look so large and real that the scholars felt that it in fact represented solid earth. Then he was sure to ask the whole school some question which would start a train of new thoughts, and he was not likely to leave the school-house without setting forth in a novel way the need of learning how to spell and the mistake of trying greater fields of work before this one was conquered.

It was in the "town-meeting—the old "New England town-meeting"—that he showed his peculiar tact and strength. The men of the town were there to settle the knotty question of "new roads," "improved schools," "care of the poor," and a long list of similar points. It is always a question with boys "how they make Presidents," and it is no less so how they make "selectmen and supervisors;" and on these great days young statesmen were being taught there. The speakers for and against the different articles in the "warrant," stood up on benches and spoke. A moderator was appointed who kept order and decided difficult points. The younger, non-voters, were surprised to hear such eloquence and to see such weighty matters handled by men whom they knew only as great woodcutters or haymakers; but it really seemed to them that another Demosthenes must be in the midst of them when Eli Jones began to argue down the weak schemes and prop up the wise plans for public improvement. At least one listener remembers how one important point was settled. The ques-

tion had been discussed whether the town should pay up its "war debt" and by taking on itself a double tax for one year throw off the burden of a heavy tax each year to pay interest-money. It had been decided affirmatively, but after the meeting was over and the citizens had gone home and talked with their wives, it began to seem to many that too great a step had been taken, and a call was issued for a new meeting to rescind the vote. There was much feeling, and the signs of a strongly divided camp were evident. The stir indicated that the question was momentous. A plain but strong argument was given to rescind the vote on the ground that it would be wiser to divide the amount and take a number of years to pay it than to impoverish the poor farmers by forcing such a tax upon them at one time. It may have been because the writer was very young and impressible, but the reply seemed to him masterly and worthy of a much greater occasion. Not a word was lost; the answer was brief, and its burden was that it was time to be free from the stigma of this debt, which either those present or their children must pay, and that if every citizen would play the man and do his duty now the debt would be blotted out, and easily. A vote was taken, and by a large majority it was agreed to leave the next generation free from debt by paying it at once; which was done.

The work of a man for the bettering of his own town is not unimportant, though it may seem so when we consider the greater fields of usefulness. He who has roused his neighbors and helped them find a better way of educating their sons and daughters has accom-

plished a work of immense importance. If all the towns and villages were taken care of, the State would soon rest on a sure foundation, and he is a skilful physician who labors to *heal* the troubles in the towns which supply *life* to the cities. Eli Jones has always said that the great aim must ever be to get the individual home in a proper condition. It is not possible to show how much he quietly did in the years he spent at Dirigo, but certainly it was time well used, and we need not lament that he was "hemmed in" by county lines. What he did is poorly and briefly recorded here, but it is written imperishably somewhere, not infrequently on the impressible hearts of men.

CHAPTER XVII.

LATER VISITS TO THE EAST.

THE later visits of Eli Jones to Palestine and their object have already been spoken of. With an accurate knowledge of the land and its customs, as well as of the needs of its people, he was especially adapted to taking a prominent part in directing the work of education there. He has always had a faculty for raising funds, and, having been especially successful in gathering money for building and necessary expenses, the time seemed to have come for opening a boy's training-home on Mount Lebanon. It had seemed best to organize a meeting of the Society of Friends at Brummana, so that he went in 1876 to assist in person the accomplishment of these two designs.

He sailed alone to Liverpool, and then with Alfred Lloyd Fox, who had accompanied him on his first visit, and Henry Newman, proceeded to Beirut, and thence to Brummana.

They rode on horseback up Lebanon, and not far from Brummana beheld a most touching sight. The children of the school stood at a bend in the road, each carrying a bouquet of flowers, which they held aloft as their aged benefactor approached, and all these *Syrian maidens* together gave their greeting in English: "Welcome, our dear friends!" This simple, sincere

manifestation of affection deeply impressed the venerable messenger of Christ and cheered his heart. It was like the loving welcome from his own children upon nearing his own home.

A winter of work was passed pleasantly at the mission and among the natives. In company with Theophilus Waldmeier, the American and English messengers visited Rustin Pasha, the governor of Lebanon, who not only received them courteously and gave them much assistance, but has ever shown himself a good friend of the Friends' mission.

Eli Jones has had the good fortune to win the favor of those high in authority, and he has used well his opportunities to impress the dignitaries of those lands. On the way from Joppa to Jerusalem he was in the same hotel with the governor of Palestine. The latter, hearing that a missionary of the Society of Friends was in the house, wished to see him. They met and talked together as friends. The governor showed himself a man of wide culture and liberal views, believing in the elevation of woman as a potent means of civilization, his own daughters being students of science and literature. He had a clear conception of American civilization, and understood the position and history of Friends, showing much interest in their work at Ramallah. As they parted he asked with much feeling that his aged American friend would pray for him and Palestine.

Again, in 1882, Eli Jones sailed for England on his way to the Holy Land, to be present at the opening of the girls' training-home and to obtain a legal transference of the mission to the Society of Friends.

Charles M. Jones of Winthrop, Me., was his valuable companion. They were met in Liverpool by Alfred Fox, who, though not able to attend them on this journey, went as far as Marseilles to see them well on their way. They landed in Joppa, and soon after their arrival were invited by the Episcopalian clergyman to come to his house to meet and address a little company. They found a large number assembled, and Eli Jones was told that he might address them in English, with the assurance of being perfectly understood; so that here, in that ancient city where Peter was taught to regard as clean all cleansed by God, the walls of division were again taken down and a minister of the Quakers preached the gospel in the English language to an assembly of Episcopalians.

On landing at Beirut they visited the American school in that city, and were asked to address the scholars, which they did. After the exercises were over the lady in charge of the school, finding from their conversation that they were Friends, said with much surprise, "I thought you were Presbyterians." They were warmly welcomed at the Mount Lebanon Mission-school, and were occupied there and at the Ramallah mission until the spring of 1883.

On their return, Alfred Fox stood on the wharf at Marseilles to greet them. He did not leave them until their steamer sailed from Liverpool, and there waved them a long farewell. His death not long after removed from this world a grand Christian gentleman, the dearest friend of Eli Jones's later life.

The fourth journey of the latter to Palestine suc-

cessfully accomplished, the faithful servant of God returned to the familiar scenes of his own home, not to seek the rest of one who puts the armor off, but to spend the last years which God's goodness had given him in declaring with the zeal of vigorous manhood the business of soldiers commissioned by the Prince of peace. Each year which puts its weight upon him lessens the probability of his re-seeing Lebanon and Jerusalem, but no spot except that which eighty years have made almost sacred to him as home has so many memories and attractions touching his heart. When he went from home bowed with age to undertake his last visit some one said, "I fear thou wilt never come back to us." He replied, "Lebanon's top is as near heaven as my native China is."

He has twice visited the missions in person, and each time found work for three or four months. He has always been greatly loved by those for whom the work is being done. Being asked once the reason for his success with these Arabs, he replied, "Because I am of the people. I go down to their condition, but do not stay there; I endeavor to bring them up." They are very strong in their affections, and dislikes as well, and they are exceedingly keen to see their real benefactors. Eli Jones experiences his greatest pleasure taking these children around him and teaching them in his characteristic way, while they love him as a good father. In the answers to his questions he was often surprised by the originality of the little pupils. One day as he was talking to a class of girls he asked where the Jordan rises; immediately came the answer. Again, "Where does it end?"—"In the Dead Sea." "And what

becomes of the water, as the Dead Sea has no outlet?" There was a long silence, when a little Arab girl replied, in a simple, beautiful metaphor, "The sun drinks it up." On one occasion he found the children sitting on the floor to be taught; he at once ordered seats for the room, though he was told they would not use them. He replied, "We will see; if you get them from the floor upon good seats, you have raised them so much from their low condition." When he next went to the room he found them proudly sitting on their new seats. One little girl who could speak English came over by his side and said, "We thank you for these seats." When he was about to come back and to separate from them they stood round him with tears in their eyes to wave him a farewell.

The questions are often asked, "Is the gain worth the cost? Does the improvement correspond to the outlay and effort?" There is but one answer. These Druse boys and girls are eager to be taught, not only to read and write, but to understand the story and teachings of Christ. They go from the school entirely different persons, and they are wholly unwilling to go back to their unchristian manners of life. They are capable of becoming good scholars, and many of them are ready to teach others. The character of the natives around Mount Lebanon has completely changed, while those being trained are now in a condition to exert an elevating influence on those about them.

Mission-work, like all other work, must consent to be tested by its fruits. The work of Friends on Lebanon and at Ramallah will stand this test well.

In a letter to his friend S. F. T., Eli Jones writes to express his feeling of loneliness without his wonted companion, and the nature of the work being done in the Holy Land at the time of his third visit there in 1876:

BRUMMANA, 1st mo. 8, 1876.

While my fellow-travellers and Th. Waldmeier have gone to a distant village to attend to matters of business, I have been left to my own reflections, and I have in an unusual manner missed the sympathy and the words of cheer in times of trial that I was sure to receive from her who has been called up higher before me. Her words were as balm to my troubled breast, but now I plod on alone. My life would be too sad and weary to be borne did I not trust that an Eye of compassion beholds me here even as when in my native land surrounded by loved friends.

We left England on the 9th of 11th mo., and spent several days in France attending ten meetings in that country; then embarking at Marseilles for Alexandria, where we spent a few days meeting old acquaintances and attending to what seemed called for. Again we went on board ship, and next day came to Port Said at the mouth of the Suez Canal, the morning after we were in Joppa. Here we visited the institution under the instruction of Jane Arnot, a woman of *great faith* and of *much works*, who has a school of sixty girls. We found her occupying a new house erected on the very spot where our tent was pitched a few years ago, and where we had a meeting one First day afternoon with the people of Joppa.

We reached Beirut the 31st of 12th mo., and the next day came to Brummana, where we received a warm welcome. Hanne Ferach, my little Bethlehem girl, rushed forward and grasped the hand of her old friend with the cordiality of a loving daughter; also several of the citizens came to bid us welcome to their town. All this was unexpected, and, to speak honestly, it moved our hearts and was a delightful ending of a long journey.

We are much pleased with the work begun here. On First day our meeting frequently numbers over one hundred, the Bible meeting in the middle of the week over thirty.

In the room where I am setting a teachers' meeting is going forward preparatory to the labors to-morrow, which will be the first of the week. Sitting around the table are ten preachers and teachers; two of these are female. Their conversation is all Greek to me, but it is very interesting to see them arming for their work from such an armory.

The Sabbath-school numbers sixty, while there are six schools in operation through the week, reaching at least two hundred and thirty children; all these are emphatically Bible-schools.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AS A FRIEND.

“Be ye complete in Him.”

“God's own hand must lay the axe of inward crucifixion unsparingly at the root of the natural life; God in Christ, operating in the person of the Holy Ghost, must be the principle of inward inspiration *moment by moment*, the crucifier of every wrong desire and purpose, the Author of every right and holy purpose, the Light and Life of the soul.”—UPHAM.

ELI JONES was a birthright member of the Society of Friends, and as far back as there is any record the family had been a Friends' family, so that he inherited an inclination to the manners and views of the Society; and it was as much expected of him that he would make these views his own as it was that he would be a worthy son of his parents and grandparents. Quakerism was the air which a Friend's child breathed seventy-five years ago, and it was a poor child that longed for another atmosphere. It was a startling revelation to a boy that there were people in the world who said *you* to one person, and it required an explanation.

Eli had little opportunity of reading the lives of the Friends of former times, and he had no way of finding out the “philosophy of Quakerism,” but his father and mother and the whole circle of his connections had a definite idea of what they believed, and their lives

were more teaching than many books would have been. The different meetings were regularly attended by the young members, and they early became accustomed to the ways of doing the necessary business. He learned to respect the body which transacted its business so quietly and orderly, and which had such a loving and successful plan for reaching the state and standing of the different members.

The monthly readings of the "Queries" placed each soul in the silent confessional before its Lord, while the general "Answers" gave opportunity for efficient counsel. It was a living Church, and its light shone before men. There were excellent examples of pure Christian character in the Society at China—ministers, elders, and members who would deeply impress the young, who thought of no other course than following in the steps of their predecessors. The quiet strength and sweetness of the best members of the Society, their guilelessness and sincerity, have had great weight in holding young men, and have done what austere teaching could never have done. The call to confess Christ, as they proclaimed it, was also a call to a higher manhood and nobler living.

Eli Jones early loved Friends, and his love has continually augmented. He has done his work in the Society, going out on his own various missions each time with its sanction; and he has experienced fully the help which comes from the united and loving support of the Church at home. His life has been widely useful in great measure because he was a Friend, for the work he has done could properly have been done only in Friends' way, and he could never have suc-

ceeded under the restrictions of any other church organization. He was qualified to be a Friend minister, but he was not adapted to be one of any other denomination.

About forty years ago, as he was beginning to preach, there appeared in New England a new phase of thought. Its centre was at Concord, Mass., and its adherents were called *Transcendentalists*. They held, among other things, that to really know man must have something in him which transcends human knowledge or the knowledge of the senses. In order to know truth a light must shine into man's mind from the Source of light, and who ever would know himself, the world and the Supreme Being must have a God-given teacher in his own breast; but these men maintained that this was a *natural* endowment of the human mind—a wonderful gift, but given in the *same way* as memory. The difference between Transcendentalism and Quakerism has been thought slight; it is, however, immense. The Society of Friends has never believed that man by *nature* has any power or light within him capable of satisfying his longings or of gaining salvation for his soul. While Friends do not lose sight of the facts that Christ the Son of God came to be a perfect ensample for us; that He came to give us life, and to give it more abundantly; that He is the Light of the world; that the true follower of Christ should strive to be Christ-like, to come up to "the full stature of Christ;" and that there can be no compromise with any sin, but a gradual growth in firm character, high manliness, a daily striving for sincerity and purity,—their great theme for the comfort of a lost

world has been that there is life in the acceptance of Christ; that there is health through our abiding union in Him, and thenceforth growth and development by virtue of our oneness with Him whose blood cleanses and whose Spirit quickens. Manliness and high morality, necessary graces of the Christian, have been attainable by all nations and all ages to a higher or lower degree. "*Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners,*" and all men of every degree are there included. Felt necessary in all ages, foretold in types and by inspired prophets, and heralded by messengers from heaven, at length, in the fulness of time, the Saviour came. He came not to bring a creed or bonds or forms: He came to bring salvation, freedom, spirituality. He came to publish a new kingdom, which could be entered only through Him. He finished His work fully, and, about to depart, He promised to "pray the Father, and he shall give you another comforter (strengthened), that He may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him: but ye know Him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you;" having said before, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and *greater works shall he do; because I go unto my Father;*" "Howbeit, when the Spirit of truth is come, He will guide you into all the truth;" "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Whoever believes the truth of the gospel record to its fullest extent, and actually accepts salvation through Christ, becomes not only a better man, but a new man; he will live henceforth not for this

world, but for that which is to come ; he will conquer and throw aside all his besetting sins ; and he will be a " living epistle " publishing the greatness of the good news to all others : furthermore, no work for his Lord will seem to be too great to be undertken, for the promise is, " greater things shall ye do ; for I go unto my Father."

Now, Eli Jones while a young man accepted his Saviour and experienced this new birth, and, seeking first the kingdom of God, he has not ceased to labor for the greatest possible bettering of the world. This, he believed, could be best done by spreading a knowledge of Christ and by endeavoring to bring about a literal fulfilment of His teaching. Christ, the source of life, the source of light, and a perfect example to be followed, has been his theme. Peace, total abstinence, and high education came in course as proper causes for him to uphold. He has always believed in supreme guidance, and before undertaking work has waited until the inward ear heard the voice, and so his going forth has been blessed. His whole life testifies that he has not deceived himself, and that he has not worked for his own material gain. He has always stood against formalism and spoken for spirituality, and he has wished for life to so abound that formality in any way could not exist. He has felt that all Christ's devoted followers must in some way, by life or voice, obey the command given to the first apostles : " Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature ;" and the message which he has carried has always been, " Ye must be born again." The equality of man and woman and the

equality of all men and all women, equality of worth before the Creator, has made him earnest to gain for woman her *real rights*, and he has felt the necessity of raising in the social scale all who have been bound down in any degree by the bonds of prejudice.

Points of doctrine have been little discussed by him, for he has felt called to live and preach the gospel, the same tidings which Paul went to Macedonia to declare—not to discuss and argue in regard to questions which can be settled only when we enter “the land which is very far off.” There are some things which must be clearly fixed, great cardinal truths on which to be wrong is to be wholly wrong; but a broad spiritual interpretation of the whole Bible, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, gives any seeking man enough teaching on necessary points to guide him; and Eli Jones has gladly received in addition all the help he could receive from the *wisdom given* to other men and women, such as fathers, counsellors, and elders.

Penn asked, “How shall I know that a man does not obtrude his own sense upon us as the infallible Spirit?” and he answers, “By the same Spirit.” Whatever is said contrary to the Scriptures, though the guidance of the Spirit is professed, must be accounted a delusion.* No man regrets more than Eli Jones that there are those who speak their own words as the truth given to them, for words become lifeless whenever the brain is allowed to speak for the Spirit, whenever any one deceives himself and gives his own thoughts for oracles; and he has felt that Friends, of all people, should beware of self-love and self-will, and that the

* *New England Discipline*, p. 14.

individual members should ever be ready to receive benefit from the counsel of others. Each human being has a special field to till in the great vineyard. He who has climbed a height is more than ever duty bound to reach down hands of help to the weak. The gifts differ, but it is every man's business to find out for what he was sent, and then do the mission—do it "ever in the great Taskmaster's eye;" do it for no reward, but for the truth's sake; and He who sends the workmen into the field will send the basket for their supply. Whether doing quiet work at home or more extensive work abroad, Eli Jones has had one mind—to obey orders; and whenever he has been free to do temporal work for his own support and for his aid in gospel work, he has improved every opportunity, imitating the example of the tentmaker, while Friends have generously furnished the means for him to go out into distant fields.

He has lived to see a decided change come over the Society in his own section—a change almost universally apparent. In his early manhood came the great separation of the "Hicksites," and he felt keenly the want of harmony in 1840-45, when John Wilber opposed Joseph John Gurney; but he has ever hoped that the small body of spiritually-minded Friends would hold fast to their faith, maintaining harmony throughout, and not provoking or exaggerating differences of opinion. Most who grew old with him have passed away, and some with the belief which saddened their old age that the end of their Society was near. He has continually—and never more than in his old age—believed in the progress of humanity; he has seen in

history and in his own life how one generation carries on the truth rejected by the former one; and in his thoughts faith and hope have been united. He trusts that in God's plan there is endless progress, and until something higher and purer and more perfect than Friends' conception of Christ's work and teaching appears the Society will be needed, and there will not be wanting those who hold fast the excellent spiritual truths of Quakerism, and a practical Christianity lived out with daily circumspection in their thoughts and words and deeds. He is impressed, as were the founders of our Society, with the truth that Christianity is both a faith and a corresponding life. The words of his old age have been not less acceptable and effective than those of his early manhood, and he has not changed his message. The earnestness with which he has pleaded for the essentials, the liberality he has shown in regard to non-essentials, and the rounded completeness of his life have given him a wide influence and have made him justly loved; but his strength has always been his calm faith in Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XIX.

HIS PLACE AS A WORKER.

“Quit you like men.”

THE people of a city or country in which is some great natural wonder or some magnificent work of man become so accustomed to its grandeur that only the largest-minded of them continue to appreciate its excellence and gain culture from it. This is not true of men. A man who has the qualifications to instruct and the power to inspire his deems men will have renewed power, and will gain a stronger influence over all of them, as age brings matured wisdom. Few greater blessings can come to a community than to have a strong man working like leaven in the midst of it, and few posts of honor are more to be coveted than to be a part of all that is best in one's environment.

Eli Jones has decidedly influenced his township, and he has the satisfaction of feeling in his old age that he is without enemies and in possession of a numerous company of friends, the “uncle” of all who know him. He has had the good fortune—or, better, the good judgment—to know just what his place was. He has done each duty, never wishing that he might have found something greater to do, and now his services combined into one whole make a record which men of great fame often fail to gain.

One of the best tests of a man's power is his influence over the young. There is a time in early life when there is a longing for real help, when a young person feels groping in the dark for the right road, which he wants, but cannot find. Eli Jones has been at hand to throw, by his counsel and Christian advice, light on the right path, and many a man and woman stands to-day fixed firmly in a good place and on a high road to a better because he spoke a good word or reached out his hand when there was need of just that word or encouragement.

His love of education and his fondness for books have made themselves felt. He has been one of the foremost in founding and sustaining two schools—"Oak Grove Seminary" and the "Erskine High School." The latter partly owed its existence to him. He has started and built up a number of libraries, and he has wished to leave coming sons and daughters supplied with a fountain from which to draw. Not a few of the college graduates who have gone out from China received their first impulses to higher aspirations from him, in one way or another.

In temperance work he has taken his part. He began to speak for total abstinence as a boy, which has been his theme ever since, and he took active part in securing a majority for the Prohibition amendment in the State of Maine.

For many years he was an active member of the "Sons of Temperance," and as Grand Worthy Patriarch of that organization he did much permanent good in the State. In this work he was intimately associated with Ex-Governor Sidney Perham, Neal

Dow, John Kimbal of Bangor, D. B. Randal, the aged patriarch of the Methodist Church, and others of the ablest advocates of the Maine law.

It was once a law of the State that the selectmen of each town should appoint some suitable man to fill his cellar with various liquors, and whose sole right it should be to sell such articles. For one year Eli Jones was appointed to act as liquor-agent for the town. Strange picture, that of a well-known Quaker minister and prominent advocate of total abstinence holding the office of drink-dispenser to his townsmen! It can be imagined with what feelings the toper would enter his yard, make known his desire, and what words of advice he would receive instead of the foaming glass.

It is needless to say that no cellar was stored that year, and during his term of office the community abstained.

In 1852, at the time of his first visit to England and Ireland, but few Friends in those countries had heartily espoused the cause of total abstinence. Since that time a great change has taken place. "To hail from Maine is *now* no discredit to the visitor. *Then* a specimen from Maine was looked upon with some distrust."

It will not be out of place to refer here to his connection with the origin of the "United Kingdom Alliance." Its essential declarations are as follows: "1. That it is neither right nor politic for the state to afford legal protection and sanction to any traffic or system which tends to increase crime, to waste the national resources, to corrupt the social habits, and to destroy the health and lives of the people. 2. That the traffic

in intoxicating liquors, as common beverages, is inimical to the true interests of individuals and destructive of the order and welfare of society, and ought therefore to be prohibited. 3. That the history and results of all past legislation in regard to the liquor traffic abundantly prove that it is impossible satisfactorily to *limit* or *regulate* a system so essentially mischievous in its tendencies. . . . 7. That, rising above class, sectarian, or party considerations, all good citizens should combine to procure an enactment prohibiting the sale of intoxicating beverages, as affording most efficient aid in removing the appalling evil of intemperance."

This was a union against intemperance on a most uncompromising platform, and its work during the last quarter of a century has been enormous. The simple facts of Eli Jones's connection with this organization are as follows: As he was returning from Dublin yearly meeting to London he found himself in company with Nathaniel Card, a Friend of Manchester, England. Their conversation turned upon temperance, for our friend had not been silent on this subject during his stay in Ireland. Nathaniel Card became much interested, and wished to take an American temperance paper, as well as to have a copy of the Maine prohibitory law. He was given the address of Neal Dow, and a correspondence was opened. About eighteen months after this conversation, Eli Jones being in Manchester, three gentlemen called on him. Nathaniel Card was one of them, who as speaker said, "We are the officers of the British and Foreign Temperance Alliance, and

whatever results come from its formation *began* with our conversation on our return journey from Ireland."

Many English Friends have been connected with this organization, and Eli Jones had the opportunity at the time of his later visits to England to attend some of the meetings and to hear the beneficent results of its far-reaching influence.

His work for the advancement of peace has been lifelong. He has strained his eyes to catch glimpses of a better era, in which the literal and spiritual teaching of Christ shall be fulfilled in a universal brotherhood of men and nations; and he has lived to see already "a flood of prophesying light." When over eighty years old he was sent as a delegate to the Friends' Peace Conference at Richmond, Indiana, in 1887, and his voice was often heard discussing with younger men and women the wisest course for binding nations into families by bonds of love, so that rust may dull the carnal weapons of war,

"And the cobweb be woven across the cannon's throat,
To shake its threaded tears in the wind."

He has always looked with joy on the advance of the human race, and he has had uncompromising faith in actual and triumphant progress. Nothing has made his crowning years more bright than the thought, ever present with him, that the good is gaining a gradual ascendancy, and that man's lot, already a happy one, is becoming more happy. He has seen nations that have sat in darkness rising to stand in the joy-bringing

light, and he has trusted the future will bring mature fruit. This buoyant hope has not only made his life joyous, but has pervaded all the messages of his later years, and he has shown that optimism which every true Christian must feel, for his Master "doeth all things well."

He felt called above everything else to preach the gospel, but he was sent to preach not only from the text which John the Baptist gave, but also he has "spoken unto men to edification." He has held up the perfect mark, the goal, "a life hid with Christ in God." Every power of man, physical, moral, mental, spiritual, is to be developed and expanded to its fullest extent, and then brought into strict obedience to the will of God. We are not in our place until we yield the same obedience to the celestial laws that we yield to the laws of gravitation. Character—which implies integrity, purity, unselfishness, love, patience, self-forgetfulness, and temperance—means the truth we have received, made our own, and put in action. Hence Eli Jones has spent his life telling all people to seek first of all the kingdom of heaven, which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost—to give their whole lives and beings to the Lord, and to build up pure Christian characters. The strength and manliness of his life have made his messages weighty, and the clearness of his thought, with his abundance of strong English words forcibly arranged, has caused his speaking on whatever subject to be effective. His speaking has always been from the fulness of his heart and with all the energy of his individuality. Never has he been known to speak weakly or unemphatically. If he had

no message, he kept his seat, and if he rose to speak it was because he had something which he deeply felt and which it was important for those present to hear.

Of medium height, possessing a very large head, penetrating, earnest eyes, and impressive in his movements, his rising always gained him attention. His voice, which in childhood had been imperfect, grew clearer and more emphatic with use, and by constant attention to careful enunciation he gained the power of distinct expression to such a degree that after having on one occasion found it necessary to speak continuously in the Newport meeting-house for three hours, he was told by those in the farthest galleries that not a word had been lost. In his most earnest appeals he is decidedly eloquent, and many there are who have heard in his vigorous words that call which lifts souls from dreamy thought to action. Not one of his sermons has been put on paper, for he spoke as the words came to his mouth, and reporters were not present; but there was a clearness and connection as marked as was the strength of the individual parts, so that his utterances if printed would be highly valued. If those men do us the greatest service who give us the clearest view of our relation to God and our duty to man, then we owe him gratitude, for he successfully helped feet that were failing to find a surer foothold on the abiding base of the Rock of Ages.

Further, he performed the true part of the citizen of a democracy, the part of one who sees the brother and sister mark on every forehead. Every person who hopes and prays for the highest success of the principles of our government will have moments of trial for

his faith as he sees the multitudes of responsible citizens who exercise their high privileges in town and State moved by no higher thought than the accomplishment of a selfish aim ; he will feel a deeper gloom still when he learns in how many hearts respect for pure men and sacred principles and reverence for the Ruler of men and nations have been obscured by the mists of party schemes and personal self-love. Eli Jones as a Quaker has clearly proclaimed the only basis on which a democracy can build with a reasonable hope of a beautiful and permanent structure. In a nation where every man is a legislator, every man must

“ Feel within himself the need
Of loyalty to better than himself,
That shall ennoble him with the *upward* look ;”

nor can he be a safe sharer in the rights of government who has not intimate converse with the Voice which calls for an *inward* look. Through a life of over eighty years he has sought to act at the ballot-box so that the largest number of human beings might feel the good effects of his vote.

Again, his life is an interesting example of continuous development. Though beginning early to obey the voice of duty in regard to public speaking, he had reached nearly the age of forty before he was really at work. Year after year since he has seen with clearer vision, and, catching the teaching of the nautilus, he has made

“ Each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut him from heaven with a dome more vast,”

and, feeling more truly each year the serious business of a denizen of earth, he has doubled his diligence to quit himself like a man.

There has been a deep vein of humor running through his whole life, and the genuine "mother wit" often found in New Englanders has shown itself in him to a marked degree. His answers to difficult questions always come at once, and have a keenness which goes to the marrow of the subject. Those who have listened to his conversation and heard his illustrative anecdotes need no example to call to their mind his native humor, for it has continually shown itself. The uniformity of his disposition should be spoken of. Calm and equable under trying circumstances, he was a strong support to his beloved wife when in feeble health she seemed almost weighed down, and he was especially fitted by this quality for the perplexing difficulties which necessarily beset a laborer in foreign lands.

His ripe years have been passed at the foot of China Lake near his boyhood's home, and he has sat in the meeting as a father in the midst of his family. Now and then called forth for short service, he has loved to hasten back and to be at home.

At the time I write he is still permitted to dwell among us, and we are fortunate in having before our eyes one who has the weight of many years of experience and wisdom.

When riding with him around China Lake one lovely summer day some of us younger members of the party pointed out a church-spire in the distance, and asked him if it was not a beautiful picture—the spire rising

from the abundant green of the surrounding trees and pointing to the cloudless blue sky. Slowly he said, "Yes, but it would be better if we knew that all who sit there owned what is above the spire;" and we felt, as we looked at his genial face lighted up as he gazed aloft, that "his citizenship was in heaven" and that "for him to die" would be "gain." There is a domain on earth which only the true servant enters, and there is a realm of which we do not speak definitely that opens its gates to admit those who hear the "Well done!" of the great Master. Blessed indeed is he whose life has been a preparation for the city where no sun is needed, but where the glory of God is the light, and the lamp thereof is the Lamb.

THE END.

